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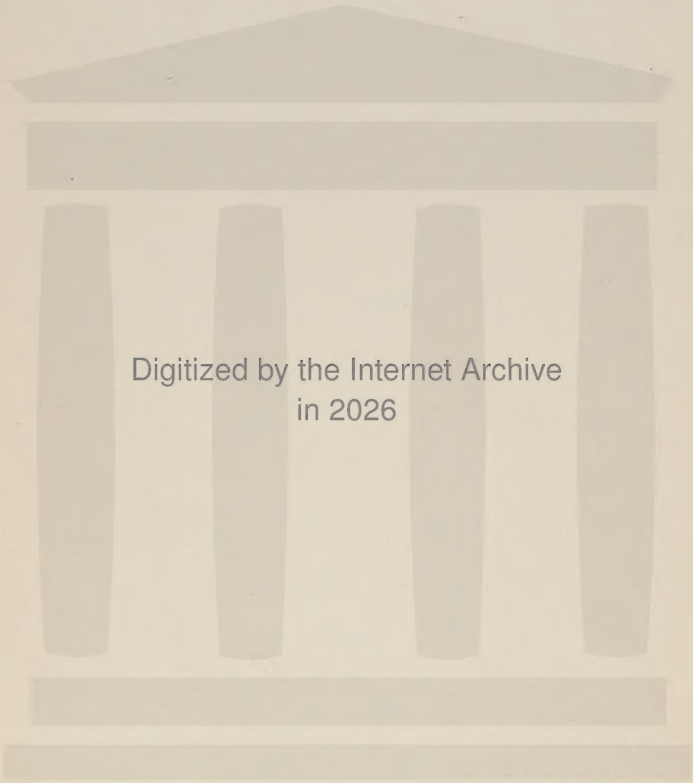
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MAYON VOLCANO, WITH A TAGALOG VILLAGE IN THE FOREGROUND — LUZON

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS AND THEIR PEOPLE

A RECORD OF PERSONAL OBSERVATION AND EXPERIENCE, WITH A SHORT SUMMARY OF THE MORE IMPORTANT FACTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE ARCHIPELAGO

BY

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PREFACE

During the years 1870–74, Dr. J. B. Steere made an extended trip for the purpose of gathering zoölogical specimens and ethnological material, and in the course of his travels visited the Philippine Islands.

He found the archipelago in an unsettled state. The fierce Moros of the south interfered somewhat with his work, means of communication between the islands were most unsatisfactory, and he was hampered by ill-health; but in spite of the disadvantages under which he laboured he secured a considerable collection of birds. This collection was afterward submitted to the authorities at the British Museum, and was found to contain representatives of no less than forty-three species which were new to science.

Dr. Steere's results tempted others to visit this little-known field, but Mr. Everett, an English naturalist, was the only one to make extensive collections. He also discovered a surprising number of new birds.

Believing that much still remained to be done in working up the birds and mammals of the archipelago,

Dr. Steere planned to visit the Philippines again in 1887–88. He offered to take with him a limited number of men, who were to bear their own expenses, to profit by his previous experience and his knowledge of the country, and in turn to allow him to work up the material collected by them.

An interest in the study of birds, as well as a desire to aid in the exploration of a little-known country, led three of his former students to join his expedition.

His party as finally constituted consisted of himself, Mr. E. L. Moseley, Dr. Frank S. Bourns, Mateo Francisco, and the writer. Mateo Francisco was a full-blooded Philippine native whom Dr. Steere had brought home with him in 1874, and who had continued to live in this country.

We arrived at Manila in September, 1887, and during the next eleven months visited Palawan, Mindanao, Basilan, Guimaras, Panay, Negros, Siquijor, Cebu, Bohol, Samar, Leyte, Masbate, Marinduque, Mindoro, and Luzon, in the order named.

The expedition was unofficial. We were regarded with more or less suspicion by Spanish authorities, and on more than one occasion were seriously interfered with by them.

The close of our trip found us with health seriously impaired by hardship and exposure. Bourns and I were firmly convinced that we should never again wish to risk such an undertaking. But unpleasant experiences

became enjoyable in retrospect, and as we worked over our material and realized what had been accomplished and what remained to be done, the old fever came back on us.

A year after our return we were making vigorous efforts to find ways and means for a second and more extended visit to the Philippines. We succeeded in interesting Mr. Louis F. Menage, of Minneapolis, Minn., in our project, and through his liberality our second trip was made possible.

We sailed in July, 1890, intending to remain in the islands two years. At the close of the second Mr. Menage gave us an eight months' extension of time, my companion going to Borneo, while I remained in the Philippines.

On our second trip we received the most courteous treatment at the hands of the Spanish officials. Warned by our previous experiences, we had applied through the Department of State to the Spanish Minister of the Colonies for permission to carry on our work unmolested. This gentleman had sent an order covering our case to Weyler, the Governor-General, and he in turn addressed a strong order concerning us to the officials in all the provinces which we visited.

We worked in Luzon, Panay, Guimaras, Negros, Siquijor, Cebu, Mindoro, Mindanao, Basilan, Sulu, Tawi Tawi, Palawan, Culion, Busuanga, Samar, Romblon, Tablas, Sibuyan, and Masbate during our stay, remain-

ing in each island long enough to get a fairly representative collection of its birds and mammals.

Owing to the semi-official character of our expedition, we had exceptional opportunities for observation. We were thrown among all classes, from the highest Spanish officials to the wildest savages. For our own satisfaction we made careful notes and numerous photographs.

At that time nothing could have seemed to us more improbable than that the information which we were gathering would ever be of use to our government, or of interest to the general public.

The rapid march of events during the present year has brought changes which no one could have foreseen. My friend and former companion, Dr. Bourns, has placed his services at the disposal of his country, and, on account of his special knowledge of the Philippines, has been assigned to duty on the staff of the commander-in-chief of the American forces operating there.

In view of existing conditions, it has seemed to me that our experiences might be of sufficient interest to justify their publication, and so the story of our sojourn in the islands has been written.

While I hope that some of the facts brought out may serve to throw light on the present state of affairs, it is certainly true that conditions as they are to-day can be properly understood only in the light of those of days long since gone. The place at present occupied by the Philippines in the world's history is so prominent as

naturally to suggest the question, *What place have they occupied in the past?* It has seemed to me fitting, therefore, to preface my account of personal observation and experience by a brief *résumé* of the more important points in the history of the archipelago, and I wish to say that I have drawn my historical facts chiefly from Mr. John Foreman's excellent book, "The Philippine Islands."

DEAN C. WORCESTER.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, September 1, 1898.

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THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

CHAPTER I

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS IN HISTORY

In the year 1519 there began a voyage which was destined to prove of great historic importance. The discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Balboa had stimulated numerous adventurers to search for the passage which was believed to connect it with the Atlantic, but their efforts had ended in failure, and it was reserved for Hernando Maghallanes to win enduring fame by overcoming all obstacles, and pushing on to success.

Maghallanes, or, as we are wont to call him, Magellan, was by birth a Portuguese nobleman. He bravely bore his part in the wars of his country until he received a wound in the knee which caused him to become permanently lame, and forced him to give up active campaigning. His success had been great enough to arouse jealousy, and his companions in arms were not slow to take advantage of his misfortune by circulating damaging reports concerning him. The king not only gave ear to these evil rumours, but

added to them by accusing him of feigning an infirmity from which he did not in reality suffer.

Stung by the ingratitude of his sovereign, whom he had faithfully served, Magellan renounced forever his rights as a Portuguese subject, and become a naturalized Spaniard.

He succeeded in winning the favour of King Charles I, of Spain, and eventually entered into an agreement with that monarch to undertake the discovery of new spice islands. The king was to provide and fit out five vessels, and in return was to have a liberal share of the profits of the venture.

On the 10th of August, 1519, the little fleet set sail, and on the 13th of the following December it arrived safely at Rio Janeiro.

Magellan now turned southward, determined to find the much-sought passage to the Pacific. Severe cold was encountered, and mutiny arose in the fleet. The commander wished to put into one of the coast rivers and pass the winter. Some of his followers were willing to abide by his decision, while others were determined to return home, and others yet wished to separate from the fleet and go their own way. The great discoverer showed himself equal to the emergency. One of his rebellious captains was put ashore in irons. Another, who had the presumption to attack Magellan on his own ship, was executed, and discipline was thus restored.

In the spring the expedition continued on its southward course and on the 28th of October, 1520, discovered the straits which have ever since borne Magellan's name.

His five ships had been reduced to three by the wrecking of one and the desertion of another. With those that remained he passed through the Straits, and for the first time in history European vessels breasted the waves of the mighty Pacific.

Magellan sailed steadily to the west, and on the 16th of March, in the following year, discovered the Ladrone Islands. They were named "Robber Islands" from the fact that the natives proved to be most adroit thieves, even going so far as to steal a boat from one of the ships. After a short stay at the Ladrones, Magellan continued on his westward course. The next land reached was the north coast of Mindanao, in the southern Philippines.

The natives proved friendly, and furnished the Spaniards with abundant provisions. Their king gave glowing accounts of the richness of Cebu, and as its ruler was a relative of his, offered to pilot Magellan's expedition to that island.

His offer was accepted, and after first taking formal possession of Mindanao in the name of the king of Spain, the bold explorer sailed for the north.

On the 7th of August he reached Cebu, and his arrival spread consternation among the armed natives

who gathered on the beach. Their fears were allayed by the Mindanao chieftain, who assured them that the Spaniards were merely seeking provisions, and had no hostile designs.

The king of Cebu accordingly proposed a treaty with Magellan, to be ratified by the ceremony of blood-brotherhood, after the native custom. Magellan assented, and the ceremony was performed. The Spaniards erected a hut on shore and mass was celebrated in it, to the great awe of the simple natives. Members of the royal family, chiefs, and other influential men received baptism, and swore allegiance to their newly found master, the king of Spain.

The singular alliance thus formed seems to have been of the offensive and defensive sort. At all events Magellan entered actively into a war which the king of Cebu was waging against his neighbours, and on the 25th of April, 1521, perished miserably in a skirmish on the little island of Mactan. The spot where he is supposed to have fallen is now marked by a simple monument.

Trouble soon arose between his followers and the natives, and twenty-seven of the Spaniards were treacherously slain at a banquet to which they had been invited.

Only one hundred were left to man three ships. The number was deemed insufficient, and one of the vessels was accordingly destroyed. The other two

sailed westward once more, discovering Palawan, and touching at North Borneo. At Tidor they loaded with spices, but one of them sprang a leak, and the cargo had to be removed. The other continued on her journey, and her crew, after many adventures and fearful hardships, finally reached their own country again, thus completing the first circumnavigation of the globe.

Encouraged by the results of this venture, King Charles organized two more expeditions, neither of which was productive of important results.

The Philippines had been nominally added to the Spanish realm, but their value was long a matter of doubt. The first serious attempt to take actual possession of them was made under Philip II, in whose honour they had been named. In providing for this new expedition Philip was inspired by religious zeal, his purpose being to conquer and Christianize the islanders. To this end four ships and a frigate were made ready, on the coast of Mexico. The army of invasion consisted of four hundred soldiers and sailors under the leadership of Miguel Lopez de Legaspi. Six Augustine monks accompanied the men-of-war, to watch over the spiritual welfare of the native races to be conquered.

In due time the expedition reached the Philippines. After touching at Camiguin and Bohol and despatching a boat to Mindanao, Legaspi decided to land at

Cebu. The ruling prince was greatly surprised at the appearance of so many formidable ships, and sent one of his subjects, noted for his bravery, to spy on the Spaniards and report. The man was much impressed by what he saw, and assured his master that the ships were manned by giants with long, pointed noses, who were dressed in magnificent robes, ate stones (hard biscuits), drank fire, and blew smoke out of their mouths. The artillery of the Spaniards also served to awe the prince, and he thought it best to make friends with such powerful strangers.

On the 27th of April, 1565, Legaspi landed, and took possession of the town. The natives, becoming suspicious of his motives, stoutly resisted him, and kept up their attacks for months, so that his position at one time became precarious; but he was determined to remain. Little by little the people grew accustomed to the new order of affairs, and the pacification of Cebu and the neighbouring islands was proceeding steadily and rapidly, when the Portuguese arrived on the scene to set up a claim to them. They were driven off, however. In 1570 Legaspi's grandson, Salcedo, was sent to subdue Luzon. He landed near the present site of Manila, and was well received by the rulers of the native tribes in that vicinity, who seem to have been overawed by the appearance of the heavily armed troops. A treaty of peace was duly signed, and was ratified by the usual ceremony, the natives giving up

their independence and agreeing to pay tribute. What advantage they were to gain in return does not appear.

One of the chiefs, Soliman by name, repented of his bad bargain, and attempted to make trouble. His forces were defeated by Salcedo, and he was compelled to renew his allegiance to the king of Spain. The territory now included in the province of Batangas was soon subdued, as was the island of Mindoro, and communication was established with Legaspi, who was subjugating Panay. He hastened to Manila, and on arriving there declared that city the capital of the archipelago, and the king of Spain the sovereign of the whole group.

Dwellings suitable for Europeans were built, and fortifications erected. On the 24th of June, 1571, a city council was established. A year later Legaspi died. The achievements of this remarkable man seem almost incredible when one considers the smallness of his force. Could the natives have looked into the future, they would doubtless have given him a very different reception.

Salcedo continued the work of subduing refractory tribes. His method was successful, and has been followed more or less closely by his successors up to the present day. It consisted in allowing the conquered people to be governed by their own chiefs, so long as the latter acknowledged the sovereignty of the Spanish king.

No attempt seems to have been made to explore the natural resources of the country, to open up communication between the different provinces, or to improve the condition of the people. Mere greed of conquest was apparently the chief motive of the invaders.

The Spaniards were not destined to remain in undisturbed possession of their easily acquired territory. Shortly after Legaspi's death a rival conqueror appeared in the person of Limahong, a Chinese pirate and outlaw. Limahong had chanced to fall in with a Chinese trading junk which was returning from a trip to Luzon. This he captured, and forced her crew to pilot him to Manila. He brought a formidable fleet of sixty-two armed junks, carrying 4000 men and 1500 women. The news of Limahong's proposed raid reached Manila before him, and hurried preparations were made for the defence of the city. The Chinese attacked at once upon their arrival, forcing their way within the walls of the citadel itself, but were finally driven out. A second and more determined attack was made on the following day, and the invaders not only again got within the walls, but stormed a fort into which the Spanish forces had retired. A bloody hand-to-hand combat followed. The Spaniards fought with splendid bravery, and the Chinese were finally repulsed. They retreated to their ships, but not before they had been so badly punished that they were glad to make their escape from the bay.

Limahong now landed on the west coast of Luzon, and set up his "capital" at the mouth of the Agno River. For some months he remained undisturbed, but a strong force was eventually sent against him, and he was again forced to flee. He left the archipelago for good, abandoning some of his followers, who took to the hills.

About this time began the long series of dissensions between Church and State which have continued to disturb the peace of the colony up to the present day. Supremacy was claimed by both civil and ecclesiastical authorities, and so much trouble arose that the Bishop of Manila despatched a priest to Spain, with instructions to lay the whole matter before the king. This resulted in the publication of an important decree, the first of its kind, which provided in detail for the conduct of affairs in the Philippines.

Tribute was to be levied upon the natives, and it was ordered that the sum thus raised should be divided in a definite ratio between the church, the treasury, and the army.

Import and export duties were also established, as well as fixed salaries for all soldiers and state employés.

Hospitals were provided for. The fortifications of Manila were to be improved, four penitentiaries were to be established at suitable points, and it was further decreed that a number of well-armed war-vessels should be maintained, to repel attacks from without.

A most important feature of the decree was a proviso that all the slaves in the colony should be set free within a specified time, and that none should be made in future.

Money was provided for the erection of a cathedral, the number of Austin friars was increased by forty, and the wandering mendicant friars, who had previously infested the colony, were now speedily suppressed.

Meanwhile, the only communication between Spain and the Philippines was by way of Mexico; and the colony was dependent for additional troops, for manufactured goods of all descriptions, and even for money, on the galleons which arrived from time to time.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the hostilities between the Spanish and the Dutch extended to the Philippines; and the latter not infrequently sent strongly armed vessels to lie in wait for, and capture, the Mexican treasure-ships, thereby inflicting heavy loss upon the colony. A detailed account of the naval engagements which followed would fill a volume. At one time a formidable Dutch fleet arrived off Manila Bay at a time when the governor was ill prepared to repel an attack, and had they pressed their advantage with vigour, they might have taken Manila and changed the history of the Philippines.

They preferred, however, to lie outside of the bay, and capture the rich merchantmen as they attempted to run in. Their delay gave the Spanish opportunity

to complete their preparations, and they eventually attacked the Dutch fleet, completely routing it in the famous battle of Playa Honda.

Reprisals followed on both sides, but the Dutch never succeeded in effecting a lodgement in the Philippines. They captured a Spanish colony in Formosa, but were themselves driven out by the Chinese twenty years later. After half a century of strife, they finally concentrated their energies on the development of their own East Indian possessions and ceased to molest the Spanish.

For some years thereafter, the only disturbing influences in the Philippines arose from the dishonesty of high officials and the eternal dissensions between Church and State. For a time the Inquisition had agents in the archipelago, to inquire into the private acts of individuals, and much suffering fell on many innocent people.

An event of importance in Philippine history was the first massacre of the Chinese. At the time of the Tartar invasion of China, in the middle of the seventeenth century, one of the few Mongol chiefs who refused to yield was a mandarin named Keuseng. He at first retired to the island of Kinmuen, but finding his communication with the mainland cut off, turned his attention to Formosa, on which there were at that time Dutch settlements. Twenty-eight hundred Europeans were attacked by about a hundred thousand

Chinese and were forced to surrender. Keuseng now bethought himself of the Philippines, and despatched a Dominican missionary, whose acquaintance he had formed, to demand from their governor the payment of tribute under penalty of attack.

In 1662 this envoy, Victorio Riccio, arrived at Manila, where he was received with honour. Letters from Formosa had meanwhile reached some of the Chinese at the capital, and the governor, learning this fact, accused them of conspiracy. All the available forces were concentrated, and when everything was ready the Chinese were incited to rebel, and a general massacre followed. It is said that the Spaniards at first planned to kill every Chinaman, but before they had carried out this intention it fortunately occurred to them that the resulting lack of tradesmen and mechanics would cause inconvenience, so those who remained were graciously pardoned on condition of laying down their arms. Some of the Chinese escaped to Formosa. Riccio returned to his master, and Keuseng prepared to take vengeance on the Spanish, but died of fever before he could carry out his plan.

In 1761 war was declared by Great Britain against France and Spain. Havana was captured by the British, and a fleet was despatched under Admiral Cornish, with orders to take Manila. On the 22d of September, 1762, this fleet arrived before the doomed

city, and land forces were disembarked under command of General Draper. The surrender of the place was demanded and refused, whereupon Draper bombarded it. The Spanish garrison was inferior to the English force in numbers, but made a stout resistance, and 5000 native recruits came to its support. Two thousand picked men were ordered to attack the British position in three columns. They were utterly routed, and fled in disorder to their homes. The city finally fell. Terms of capitulation were drawn up by Draper and the Archbishop of Manila, who, in the absence of a Governor-General, was serving in a double capacity. The agreement called for freedom in the exercise of religion; security of private property; free trade for all the inhabitants of the islands; and the continuance of the powers of the supreme court, for the maintenance of order. The Spanish were to pay an indemnity of $4,000,000.

What followed would not, at the present day, be considered greatly to the credit of a commander-in-chief. Draper placed guards at the doors of the nunneries and convents, and then gave the city over for pillage during three hours. The English troopers are said to have shown moderation, but the Sepoys, of whom Draper had some 2200, outraged women, and robbed and murdered the inhabitants in the very streets. On the following day there was a similar scene, whereupon the Archbishop protested, and Draper restored order.

The surrendered territory included the whole archipelago, but the English were not destined to occupy more than that part of it which lay immediately around Manila. The garrison at Cavite capitulated, and at one time it was planned to send a force to Zamboanga in Mindanao, and establish a government there, but nothing came of this project.

The conquerors were not left undisturbed at Manila. The day before the city fell, one of the justices of the supreme court, Simon de Anda by name, escaped in a native boat, taking refuge in the province of Bulacan. He carried with him a supply of government stamped-paper, and proceeded to declare himself Governor-General. He bombarded Manila with lengthy proclamations, and the British Council replied by declaring him to be "a seditious person, and deserving of capital punishment."

Anda raised troops, and desultory fighting ensued between his forces and the British without any decisive results.

A conspiracy to assassinate Anda and his Spanish followers was discovered among the Chinese in Pampanga province, and a massacre of the Mongols followed. Anda was so enraged with them that he issued a proclamation declaring them all traitors, and ordered them hanged wherever found. Thousands, who had been in no way concerned in the conspiracy, are said to have been executed.

The war indemnity which had been agreed upon was not forthcoming. The British forces were harassed by attacks from without the city, and by fear of treachery within, and at last the officers fell to quarrelling among themselves.

Meanwhile, the war had come to an end in Europe, and the evacuation of Manila had been provided for by the terms of the Peace of Paris, concluded on the 10th of February, 1763. A communication to this effect was given to the archbishop for the "Commander-in-chief" of the Spanish forces; but Anda, maintaining that he should have been addressed as Captain-General, refused to receive it, and the war really continued until the Archbishop died on January 30, 1764.

The British now recognized Anda as governor; but there were rival claimants for the honour, and quarrels ensued between them. The difficulty was settled by the arrival of a new Governor-General direct from Spain, one Don Francisco de la Torre. He at once notified the British commanders that he was ready to take over the city, and they promptly evacuated it and sailed away, although a considerable portion of the indemnity still remained unpaid.

Sufficient time had elapsed since the conquest to give the natives a taste of what Spanish rule meant. They had begun to weary of it, and during the troubled times which followed the departure of the British, several serious revolts against Spanish authority occurred.

The first noteworthy uprising was made by the natives of Bohol in 1622. The causes which led to it were the same which have provoked many of the more recent revolts; namely, the tyranny of the Church, and the burdensome taxes levied by Church and State alike. The rebels were dispersed by troops under the governor of Cebu.

Another revolt, which was promptly suppressed, occurred in northeast Mindanao in 1629.

In 1649 the people of Samar rebelled, on account of an attempt to force them into military service. Under the leadership of one Sumoroy they killed a priest, and sacked the churches along the coast. The governor of the island despatched native emissaries to bring in Sumoroy's head, but they sent him instead the head of a pig. The revolt spread, and troops were despatched into the interior to quell it. They failed to take Sumoroy, but found his mother in a hut, and, true to Spanish traditions, literally tore the defenceless old woman to pieces. Sumoroy was at length betrayed by his own people.

This uprising spread to other provinces, and trouble arose in Masbate, Cebu, and Mindanao. In the latter island things assumed so threatening an aspect that a large force of infantry was sent against the rebels. The captain in command, being a diplomatist, first published a general pardon in the name of the king. He then made prisoners of the crowds of in-

surgents who flocked to his camp, and sent them to Manila, where a few of them were pardoned, and others executed; but it is said that the majority were made galley-slaves.

In 1660 the natives of Pampanga province grew weary of being obliged to cut timber for the Cavite arsenal without pay, and revolted. Neighbouring provinces joined in the rebellion, and one Andres Malong was declared king. He organized three army corps, aggregating 11,000 men, and these were recruited on the march until they numbered some 40,000. Many Spaniards were killed, but the natives were finally defeated and scattered by a force ridiculously inferior to their own in numbers.

In 1744 the despotism of a Jesuit priest caused an uprising in Bohol. The priest had not only ordered his parishioners arrested when they failed to attend mass, but had directed that the body of one of them should be left unburied, to rot in the sun. The brother of this man organized a force, captured the priest, and paid him in his own coin, killing him and exposing his body for four days.

The rebel forces were rapidly augmented by men who complained that while they were risking their lives in military service for the government their homes were wrecked, and their wives and families maltreated to secure the payment of tribute. The insurgents maintained their independence for thirty-

five years, at the end of which time the Jesuits were expelled from the colony.

In 1823 a body of native troops revolted, trying to seize Manila and place their captain at the head of the government. It is needless to say that the attempt was an utter failure.

Other uprisings followed, among which may be mentioned one in Cebu in 1827, and one in Negros in 1844. The latter is said to have resulted from the governor's compelling state prisoners to work for his private advantage.

The most formidable rebellion before that of 1896 occurred at Cavite in 1872. There were conspirators both at the arsenal and in the capital, and it had been agreed that when the opportune moment arrived the Manila contingent should signal the fact by discharging a rocket. The Cavite insurgents mistook fireworks sent up at a local celebration for the expected signal, and began operations prematurely. They were forced to retire to the arsenal, and all were eventually killed or captured. Hostility to the Spanish friars was at the bottom of this uprising also. A certain Dr. Burgos had headed a party which demanded fulfilment of the decisions of the Council of Trent prohibiting friars from holding parishes. These provisions had never been carried out in the Philippines, and the various orders were steadily growing more rich, powerful, and arrogant. It is commonly believed that churchmen

were the real instigators of this revolt, desiring to involve Burgos and his followers in treasonable transactions and thus bring about their death. However this may have been, the friars insisted that they should be executed, and carried their point.

The history of the revolt of 1896 has not yet been written, and at this time and distance reliable facts are not obtainable. I, for one, was not surprised when the news came that several provinces were in rebellion, for during the years 1890–1893, while travelling in the archipelago, I everywhere heard the mutterings that go before a storm. It was the old story: compulsory military service; taxes too heavy to be borne, and imprisonment or deportation with confiscation of property for those who could not pay them; no justice except for those who could afford to buy it; cruel extortion by the friars in the more secluded districts; wives and daughters ruined; the marriage ceremony too costly a luxury for the poor; the dead refused burial without payment of a substantial sum in advance; no opportunity for education; little encouragement for industry and economy, since to acquire wealth meant to become a target for officials and friars alike; these and a hundred other wrongs had goaded natives and half-castes until they were stung to desperation.

Their early successes; their retreat to the mountains; the fearful mortality caused by the climate among the

Spanish troops sent against them; their "pacification" by promises of reform and by the bribing of their leaders, as well as the failure of the Governor-General to carry out his promises to them, are all matters of common knowledge.

Then came a fresh revolt, which was rapidly assuming dangerous proportions when Admiral Dewey's wonderful victory over the Spanish fleet gave it such an impetus as no other rising in the Philippines has ever had. When one considers the treatment which has been accorded to captured rebels by the Spaniards, he cannot fail to admire the self-restraint shown by the insurgents during the operations which followed.

On August 13th Manila fell, and as I write the Stars and Stripes are floating over the city, while the whole future of the Philippine Islands hangs in the balance.

CHAPTER II

MANILA

For many years the only regular and frequent communication between Manila and the outside world has been by way of Hong-Kong. To be sure, the monthly Spanish mail-steamers have come direct from the Peninsula, but the vessels have been so dirty, and the accommodations so poor, that even passengers from Europe have preferred to go to Hong-Kong and reship. The run from this port is about 630 miles, and occupies from two and a half to three days.

The trip is not one that can be anticipated with delight. The regular steamers are necessarily small, for they must not draw more than thirteen or fourteen feet if they are to enter the Pasig River. While Manila Bay is very beautiful to look upon, it is far too large to afford safe anchorage. Its circumference is about 120 miles, and the distance from the mouth of the Bay to the city is more than thirty. The sea runs heavily during a bad blow, and on more than one occasion in the past a typhoon has strewn the wrecks of large ships under the very walls of the city. Apart from the danger to shipping during the typhoon season,

it is both costly and unsafe to discharge cargo into lighters in the bay, so that nearly all the steamers on the run are built with special reference to crossing the bar.

The monsoons blow over the China Sea with force enough to stir up high waves, and the little flat-bottomed Manila boats roll in the constant beam sea until life on them grows decidedly burdensome. I have made the trip in my berth, because it was impossible to stand or sit with any comfort, and have arrived at my destination with elbows and knees raw from being used as braces to prevent my being pitched out bodily; this, too, in "good" China Sea weather, with nothing worse than the monsoon blowing.

It was in blissful ignorance of what lay before us that our party boarded the *Zafiro* in Hong-Kong harbour on an August afternoon in 1887. We were planning to spend a year in travel through the Philippine archipelago, and to collect and study the animals inhabiting the different islands; and, knowing that we were going to a country where many of the things necessary for our work could not be had, we had been busy for a week laying in the necessary supplies.

It was against the law to bring Mexican dollars into the Philippines, so at the last moment we had converted our money into Manila exchange, retaining barely enough to square our hotel bill and pay for the transportation of our numerous trunks and boxes

to the steamer. We were just settling with our landlord when in came a bill for freight, which we had not expected to see before our journey's end. When this was attended to, we found ourselves with an available balance of just ninety cents on hand. No sampan-man would transfer us and our luggage to the steamer for less than two dollars, and we stood on the wharf, gloomily watching our steamer get her anchor up, and thinking of the joys of another week in Hong-Kong, when along came a launch looking for a job. It was ninety cents or nothing, and her owner took the ninety cents. Five minutes later we clambered up the *Zafiro's* side, much excited over our narrow escape from being left; but we had hardly reached her deck when we learned that she was only running for a safer anchorage because the typhoon signal was up.

The next morning at daybreak, we got under way again and headed boldly out into the China Sea. The storm of the day before had blown itself out, but a tremendous swell was running, and our little flat-bottomed steamer tossed like a cockle-shell. We were not in the least daunted; for, after crossing the Pacific, and passing through a genuine typhoon on our run down from Japan, we felt ready for anything.

We were very happy over the thought that our seven weeks' journey was nearing its end, and, as no other passengers were visible, we ventured to give vent to

our feelings by singing college songs. At first the music went well, but it soon began to lag. After half an hour Moseley rose, smiled on the party, and withdrew. A few minutes later the Doctor also withdrew. He did not stop to smile. For an hour or more Bourns, Mateo, and I held the fort, until Bourns, in an unhappy moment, lit a cigarette. Before finishing it he decided to go and lie down.

Mateo, a native Philippine Islander who had spent thirteen years in America, was a man of few words, and his English was sometimes odd. As he watched the retreating figure of Bourns, he spoke for the first time that morning. "Guess they sick, ain't it?" I had myself already reached the conclusion that *it probably was*. A few moments later Mateo himself joined the majority.

At tiffin-time I decided that I was not hungry, but in the evening mustered courage to go down to dinner. The first officer and I had the table all to ourselves. Even the captain had "sore eyes," from which he recovered when the sea went down. The first officer told me that they planned on having the majority of their passengers sick, and carried much less provision than would usually be required for a run of such length.

Most of our party soon recovered, but few of the other passengers appeared until we were running up Manila Bay on the morning of the third day out.

A Spanish captain, more venturesome than the rest, joined us at table on the second day. The Doctor at once began to dust up his knowledge of Castilian, and he evidently needed to; for within ten minutes he had nearly driven the unfortunate man from the table by substituting *sapo* for *rana* and gravely informing him that in our country *toads* were considered a table luxury and he himself had often eaten them! The thought of this remarkable American dish, combined with the sea that was running, nearly proved too much for the *Capitan*, and it was evidently with difficulty that he restrained his emotions.

Whenever he met the Doctor after that, he would surreptitiously run out his tongue and remark, in a tone of reminiscent disgust, "*Pah! Sapos!*"

When at last we were running down the bay, a number of Spaniards whom we had not seen before appeared on deck. They had kept to their berths throughout the voyage.

We all watched eagerly for the first view of the city. One moment we could see nothing; the next, Manila lay before us. It is built on low ground, nowhere more than a few feet above tide-water, and, as one approaches, the little that can be seen from the bay all comes into view at once.

The tide was low and we could not get over the bar, but were obliged to anchor outside. A steam launch soon brought the usual harbour officials, and a few min-

utes later a second launch loaded with troops bore down on us. We imagined that an arrest, or something else exciting, was about to take place, and were quite disgusted to find that it was only a squad of *carabineros*, in charge of a gorgeous custom officer, who were to be stationed on our ship to watch for smuggling.

With great difficulty we persuaded the officer to allow us to take a few toilet articles and a change of clothing ashore. He, however, very kindly volunteered to put us off in his launch, and we were soon hurrying up the dirty Pasig River, which separates the old city from the new. On the surface of the water were what looked like numerous small heads of lettuce, and we wondered if the stream had been invading some one's market-garden, not knowing that a curious floating water-plant abounds in the marshes around the Laguna de Bay, and is washed down in quantity during the floods in the rainy season.

The river presented a strange scene to our unaccustomed eyes. Here and there huge square-ended *cascos* or cargo-lighters were pushed slowly up-stream by sturdy Malays, whose method of propelling them was quite new to us. Along each side of a lighter passed a procession of men clad only in very abbreviated pantaloons. Each of them carried a long bamboo pole. Walking to the up-river end of the clumsy craft, he would thrust his pole deep into the mud at the river bottom, step on to the edge of the boat, lean forward

SCENE ON A MANILA CANAL, SHOWING CASCOS AND DUGOUTS

and downward until his face was within a few inches of the water, place the end of his pole in a deep depression in the top of his shoulder and begin to push, walking along the edge of the lighter toward the stern as he did so, and literally *kicking* it out from under him and up the stream.

We met a particularly disreputable lighter coming down, and, having no previous knowledge of the familiarity with which sacred things are treated in some countries, were scandalized to see its name, J-E-S-U-S, painted on the side in letters two feet long.

Along the banks were steamers, schooners, and other craft from the provinces; huge canoes, each hollowed from a single tree-trunk, for receiving light cargo; small dugouts with *nipa* shades and bamboo outriggers, for carrying passengers to and from the shipping; Cavite ferry-boats, up-river ferry-boats, and what not. The various craft were all manned by Tagalogs, who either wore their shirts outside of their pantaloons or disdained to wear shirts at all. We were landed near the Puente de España, which stems the stream and affords communication between the new city and the old. Before we had fairly set foot on shore, vehicles of several descriptions and all degrees of antiquity began to bear down on us. There are three styles of equipage for rent in Manila. These are the two-horse *carruage* or barouche, the *quelis*, and the *caromata*. The *carruage* is the eminently proper thing to take.

The *quelis* is a little, square, two-wheeled trap with the driver perched up in front and seats for four inside. It is a respectable and inexpensive conveyance, and is very convenient in dodging along crowded streets.

Finally, there is the *caromata* or native cart with its one dilapidated pony and rope harness, a top-heavy, two-wheeled institution which goes racketing crazily along, apparently always on the point of turning bottom up. The driver rides inside with the passengers, sometimes sitting in their laps. It is needless to say that the *caromata* is patronized only by sailors, Chinamen, and natives.

We embarked in a *carruage* and set out to inspect the hotels. Our task was soon accomplished, for there were only two. We chose the Hotel de Europa, which seemed a little less bad than the other. Four of us were given quarters in one room, Mateo being put by himself.

Dinner was soon served, and we were almost immediately in the midst of our experiences with our first genuine Spanish meal. There was an abundance of food, and some of the dishes were good, but we were not accustomed to garlic, which we learned to like in time, nor to sweet peppers, which I for one never ceased to abominate, and, as most of the food was flavoured with the one or the other, we did not make out a very satisfactory *comida*. Our attention was rather

distracted from the main business of the hour by the performances of the native waiters and Spanish guests. We gazed in wonder at the dexterity and fearlessness with which the latter used their knives to shovel meat, cabbage, potato, gravy, beans, and even bread, into their mouths. The custom is evidently a national one.

One of the finest old Spaniards I ever knew once showed me regretfully that his hand had grown so unsteady he could no longer eat pease with his knife. We found later that even the Governor-General and his wife were no exceptions to the general rule. The practice doubtless has some things to recommend it, but it is well that knives should not be too sharp, or men who have practised a lifetime may come to grief.

Our friend Captain G. once entertained four Spanish officers at dinner on his steamer. He was famous for the excellent condition in which he kept his cutlery, and, being new to the country, and ignorant of its customs, he had his sharpest knives put on the table. Before the second course was finished, one of the officers split his lip wide open. As he wiped away the blood with his napkin, he remarked, "*Señor Capitan*, will you not have the kindness to order other knives brought? *These are so sharp one cannot eat with them.*"

We had, at first, been somewhat in the dark as to why the natives wore their shirts outside of their pantaloons; but when one of our party asked for a clean

spoon, and the waiter snatched a dirty one from a vacant place, wiped it on the tail of his shirt, and presented it with a cheerful smile, we decided that the custom had its evident advantages.

It was very hot, and after dinner, or more properly tiffin, we felt strongly inclined to adopt the custom of the country and take a siesta. This at once brought us face to face with that serious problem *the Philippine bed.* It is an imposing-looking structure. Its four high posts support lace curtains and a mosquito bar. In the place of springs or bed-cord is a network of cane, woven as in the seats of our chairs. Over this is spread a thin Malay sleeping-mat, with one or two sheets, a pillow, and a bolster. To get inside without at the same time admitting a cloud of mosquitoes is in itself an art, while the unfortunate novice who does not know how to use the bolster to support the otherwise unsupported portions of his body is apt to find the smooth, unyielding surface under him anything but comfortable. Once educated up to this bed, however, he comes to regard it as a luxury, and abandons it with regret when he leaves the country.

Our attempt at a siesta was not very successful, and we finally gave it up and started out to see the city, while the Doctor went to interview the Governor-General, without whose order there was no hope of getting our luggage through the custom-house. Our chests contained guns and ammunition, which in the

Philippines are at all times contraband, and we required permission not only to bring them in, but to retain and use them after they had passed customs.

It does not take one long to exhaust the sights of Manila, if one excepts the people, who are always interesting. It is difficult to get thoroughly reliable figures, but in time of peace the population of the city and its immediate environs does not vary much from 300,000 souls. Of these 200,000 are natives, 50,000 Chinese half-castes, 40,000 Chinese, 5000 Spanish and Spanish creoles, 4000 Spanish half-castes, and 300 white foreigners other than Spanish.

Many of the Spaniards are army or navy men, and have to appear in uniform, but unless there is some good reason to the contrary all Europeans wear white duck suits over very thin underwear, and remain comfortable in a temperature which would be unendurable were heavy or dark clothing worn.

The Chinaman sticks to his national costume, while the people of mixed blood almost invariably adopt the native dress. For men this consists of hat, pantaloons, shirt, and slippers. One occasionally sees a native, and more frequently a *mestizo* (man of mixed descent), sweltering in European costume of exaggerated style, his feet encased in pointed patent-leather shoes and his head topped by a black Derby hat. The hat is the most prized portion of the civilized native's costume, and is almost invariably the first ar-

ticle of European dress adopted by the unregenerate savage.

When good materials are used, the dress of the native and *mestiza* women is very pretty, and it is so comfortable that many of their European sisters adopt it during leisure hours at home. It consists of a thin *camisa* or waist, with huge flowing sleeves; a more or less highly embroidered white chemise, showing through the *camisa;* a large *pañuelo* or kerchief folded about the neck, with ends crossed and pinned on the breast; a gaily colored skirt with long train; and a square of black cloth, the *tapis*, drawn tightly around the body from waist to knees. *Camisa* and *pañuelo* are sometimes made of the expensive and beautiful *piña* or pineapple silk, and in that case are handsomely embroidered. More often, unfortunately, the kerchief is of cotton and the waist of Manila hemp. Stockings are not worn, as a rule, and the slippers which take the place of shoes have no heels, and no uppers except for a narrow strip of leather over the toes. It is an art to walk in these *chinelas* without losing them off, but the native and *mestiza* belles contrive to dance in them, and feel greatly chagrined if they lose their foot-gear in the operation.

Many of the *mestiza* women and girls are very attractive, and like the native women they have beautiful hair, which not infrequently reaches to their heels, and of which they are inordinately proud. They also

SPANISH MESTIZAS, SHOWING TAGALOG DRESS (WITHOUT TAPIS) — MANILA

take pride in small feet, if they happen to possess them, and it is not at all unusual to see slippers which are quite too small for their owners, and leave some of the toes dangling helplessly outside.

If one excepts the cathedral and a few of the churches, the buildings of Manila are anything but imposing. In fact, there is little encouragement to construct fine edifices. There is serious danger from earthquakes, which have recurred in the past with considerable regularity, and will probably continue to recur in future. Not a year passes without a number of slight shocks.

The most destructive earthquake of recent times was that of 1863, when 400 people were killed, 2000 wounded, and 46 public buildings together with 1100 private houses were seriously injured or completely destroyed. The total property loss was estimated at $8,000,000. In 1880 much damage was done to buildings, though no lives were lost. Other serious earthquakes have occurred in 1610, 1645, 1658, 1675, 1699, 1796, and 1852. In 1645 nearly all the public buildings were wrecked, and 600 persons killed.

As a result, one rarely sees buildings more than two stories high. The heavy tile roofs formerly in use have for the most part been replaced by lighter roofs of galvanized iron. Glass is not employed to any extent in windows, its place being taken by little squares of translucent oyster-shell, which soften the

glare of the tropical sun and give much the effect of ground glass. The sides of upper stories are often constructed almost entirely of frames filled with these *conchas* and so arranged that they can be slid back, thus throwing the rooms wide open to the breeze. (See page 311.)

The living-rooms are almost invariably in the second story, the ground floor being used for servants' quarters, shops, offices, or storerooms.

The streets of Manila are wretchedly paved, or not paved at all. In 1893 they were lighted by kerosene lamps, sometimes even by wicks suspended in dishes of cocoanut oil. There were, however, a few poor electric arc-lights along the river, to enable steamers to make their moorings at night.

There are two lines of street cars, one running along the Escolta and out through the residence portion of the city nearly to the English Club, the other extending from within Old Manila across the Puente de España, up the Rosario, and so out to the suburbs. The diminutive cars are each drawn by a single pony, and the drivers give warning of their approach by tooting on small tin horns.

The Escolta is the principal business street. We found there many Spanish and some French and German stores, with fair assortments of European goods, but prices were very high on account of the excessive import duties. Of the numerous Chinese shops

in the city a few are on the Escolta, but the greater number are on neighbouring streets. The Rosario is lined with them from end to end, to the exclusion of everything else. The variety of wares offered for sale on this street is astonishing, and it is one of the best places in the city to see the common people.

Outside of the shop doors are the native wives and often the children of their owners. The boys are frequently in Chinese dress, and it is said that their fathers often send them to China to be educated. The girls, on the other hand, are invariably in native costume. In each shop there are several Chinamen. One keeps accounts, others attend to customers. One often lies in wait at the door for the unwary passer-by and endeavours to beguile him inside.

On the street one meets natives of high and low degree, Spanish and Chinese *mestizos* of every shade of colour, Spanish *señoras* and *mestizas*, sailors, friars, coolies, but rarely a white man not a member of some religious order. The Spanish officials and foreign residents may be seen on the Escolta, but not to any great extent on the Rosario.

One is impressed by the erect carriage of the native women, which arises from their custom of walking with objects balanced on their heads.

Manila is entirely without any adequate system of drainage. Canals radiate from the Pasig River in various directions, and into these the filth of the city

is washed or dumped, if indeed it is not allowed to accumulate about the houses. In the quarter called Tondo, where the native fishermen, canoe-men, and laundrymen live, the ground is low, and the surface water does not run off readily, but gathers in putrescent pools under the huts during the rainy season. With the coming on of the dry season, stinking black mud is uncovered beneath these huts and in the canals, and fever follows.

Fortunately the city has a system of water-works which affords a good supply of fairly pure water for drinking and cooking purposes.

There are some fine houses and beautiful grounds in the residence portion of New Manila, but we derived much satisfaction from poking around the back streets. Here the Chinese are very much in evidence. One finds them serving as barbers, carpenters, cabinet-makers, tanners, dyers, cobblers, tinsmiths, coppersmiths, and mechanics.

Native merchants squat in the doorways or walk the streets hawking fruit, bouquets, articles of food for the coolies, and what not; but the most common salutation is "*Billete, señor?*" as a handful of lottery tickets is thrust under one's nose.

The Manila lottery is a great institution. From it the government derives an annual profit of half a million dollars, and the tickets are not only distributed throughout the islands but are even sent over to Hong-

Kong and sold along the China coast. It fosters the inborn gambling instinct which is one of the national characteristics of the Philippine native, and many a poor devil spends his last cent for lottery tickets and goes to jail for not paying his taxes.

In Tondo one finds the genuine native houses, with bamboo frames and floors, roofed and sided with *nipa* palm. Destructive fires are frequent in this quarter. At one time during our stay it was said that 7000 huts burned within the space of two hours.

Our sight-seeing was, for the first few days, confined to the new city. Meanwhile we were learning more about Manila hotels. Our room was lighted at night by a couple of tumblers filled with cocoanut oil, into which hung pith wicks, held by wire supporters. We objected, and in time got candles. We continued to object, and were finally favoured with a dim and sputtering kerosene lamp.

The early morning meal was a surprise to us. It was served in our room, and consisted of bread, very thick chocolate, and a "pair" of eggs *pasado por agua*. It was evident that the water must have been very moderately warm, and the passage of the eggs through it quite expeditious; for they were to all intents and purposes raw, slightly heated, to be sure, but with the albumen barely flecked with white. At first we could hardly swallow them, but we learned to like them in time. They were at least easily digested, and one's

digestion should be treated with great respect in Manila, especially during the early days of one's stay.

After a little we found time to visit Old Manila, or the citadel as it is sometimes called. It is surrounded by massive walls, some two and a quarter miles in length. They were built about 1590. Although cracked in several places by earthquakes, they would still be serviceable for repelling land attacks by forces not possessing heavy artillery, but they could not resist the action of modern guns.

The walls are completely surrounded by a moat which is supposed to be filled from the river. The sluices are out of repair, however, and the moat has not been cleaned for years. It is half full of mud and filth, its waters are choked with putrescent vegetable matter, and it is undoubtedly a menace to the health of the city; yet the authorities fear to disturb it lest they breed a pestilence.

There are eight city gates, and eight drawbridges span the moat. It seems odd enough to rumble over a drawbridge and through a gate in these old walls in so modern a conveyance as a Philadelphia-made horse car.

The character of the artillery defending the city at the time of our visit is well shown in the illustration on the opposite page. The old bronze cannon on rotting wooden carriages were a menace to those whose duty it was to fire them, but to no one else. On

A BIT OF THE WALL AND MOAT OF OLD MANILA. ENTRANCE TO PASIG RIVER IN LEFT BACKGROUND

the ground without the walls were two modern Krupp guns of heavy calibre. This battery has since been strengthened by the accession of four additional modern guns.

Old Manila lacks the hurry and bustle of the new city, and impresses one as a quiet, sleepy place. Within its walls are the city hall and a number of other government buildings, a cathedral and eleven churches, numerous monasteries belonging to various religious orders, the palace of the Archbishop, and the Jesuit and Dominican colleges. There are a few stores, which do an exclusively retail trade, but the shops and homes of the common people are comparatively infrequent.

Extending from the end of the fortifications for some distance along the bay is Manila's great resort, the Luneta. It is a drive and promenade, the carriage road enclosing an oval piece of slightly raised ground, on which are a couple of band-stands, and numerous chairs and benches for the convenience of the public. The Luneta is deserted by day, but as evening draws near is thronged by a constantly increasing crowd, representing every class from the highest to the lowest. Fine concerts are often given by excellent military bands, composed of natives but drilled by Europeans. The carriages drive in endless circles around the promenade, all taking a direction contrary to that in which the hands of a watch move. Only the Governor-Gen-

eral and the Archbishop may drive in the opposite direction, so that there is no excuse for failing to recognize and salute them as they pass. Fine music and the cool breeze from the bay combine to make the Luneta a delightful place on a pleasant evening.

But I have been writing of the Luneta as it was in time of peace. Since the revolution of 1896 it has been put to very different uses; and the élite of Manila have gathered there, not to hear fine music, but to applaud while droves of helpless natives were lined up on the sea-wall and shot down by their own countrymen, at the command of Spanish officers.

On our first visit to Manila, Bourns and I had nothing to do with the official calls and the annoyances incident to getting our contraband goods through the custom-house, as we did not know enough Spanish to be of any use. The matter was left in the hands of Dr. Steere, and through the courtesy of Governor-General Terrero we obtained our things at the end of a week. We left the capital at once, and returned a year later only to take ship for home.

We never expected to come back, and thought ourselves fortunate to have escaped once for all the annoyances incident to dealing with Manila officials of high degree; but the Fates had decreed otherwise. In 1890 we returned, equipped for a long expedition through the provinces. Warned by certain unfortunate experiences on our first trip, we had arranged

through the Department of State for an order covering our case, from the Spanish Government to General Weyler, at that time Governor-General of the Philippines.

At Hong-Kong we learned that this important document had not come, nor could we ascertain when it would be likely to arrive. The American consul strongly advised us to postpone our trip to Manila, as he had reason for believing that trouble was brewing between our consul at that place and the Governor-General. We determined to push on, however, and reached our destination on the morning of September 7th.

Things move slowly in Manila, and the only change we could detect in the city was the erection of a new and rather imposing hotel, which at first promised, and in fact furnished, decent accommodations. It ran down so rapidly, however, that within half a year we had to go elsewhere when we visited the capital.

On this occasion also our baggage was loaded with contraband goods. It contained four shotguns, five rifles, two revolvers, and ammunition galore. We accordingly had to turn diplomats at once, as we were alone and there was no one to help us out.

The American consul laughed at the idea of serious trouble with Weyler, and at once despatched a note to him announcing our arrival and requesting him to grant us gun-licenses and to expedite the passage of our belongings through the custom-house. The

consul had great faith in the efficacy of his request, and we were at first inclined to share his cheerful view of the situation.

He very kindly accompanied us on a visit to the *administrador* of the custom-house, and we wakened that gentleman from his siesta, having long since learned that in dealing with Spanish officials we came out quite as well if we pretended to some importance ourselves. Between the recommendations of the consul and our own tolerably formidable array of documents we quite overwhelmed the *administrador*. Our credentials were liberally decorated with expansive seals, and as he could not read them, their import was left to his imagination.

He promised to come down to the custom-house in half an hour and pass all of our luggage except the cases containing arms and ammunition, and rather to our amazement he kept his word.

At the end of our first day we had made astonishing progress and were delighted with our success, but our joy was premature. A week passed, and the consul received no reply to the letter sent to Weyler. As it had been delivered at the palace by messenger, it could not have miscarried, and we began to fear that we should have trouble. At last we lost patience and urged the consul to push his request. He forwarded to Weyler a copy of his first letter, saying that he inferred the original had not been received. This

time the reply was prompt enough. It stated that it would afford the Governor-General the greatest pleasure to accede to the request of the distinguished consul of the United States, *but unfortunately the matter lay entirely without his province, as he never interfered in the affairs of the custom-house.* We were referred to the Civil Governor of Manila, Sõr. Perojo.

The communication was effusively polite, but an English official of similar rank would perhaps have expressed the same idea by saying, "The Governor-General's compliments to the American consul and will he kindly go to — a warmer place than the Philippines." It was quite evident that Weyler proposed to make us trouble.

The consul was at the end of his resources, but when we realized that the most influential man but one in the colony was against us, we warmed to the fray. We had been referred to the Civil Governor, and to the Civil Governor we accordingly went. We found him busy supervising the packing of his things, preparatory to sailing for Spain the following day. Our array of documents seemed to produce some impression on him, but it was probably to get rid of us that he scratched off what purported to be an order to the *administrador*, and armed with this we hastened to the custom-house, congratulating ourselves on our good fortune.

The *administrador* glanced hastily through the note, and was just directing that our things be passed when an officious clerk called his attention to a word of ten letters printed on one corner of the paper. That word was "*Particular*," and it changed what would otherwise have been an order to a personal request, not worth the paper it had been written on; for the *administrador* knew better than to pass two hundred pounds of rifle powder at the *request* of any one. He seemed rather sorry for us, however, and assured us that if the Civil Governor would re-write that communication on official paper, he would gladly release our things.

We hastened back to the home of Sõr. Perojo, determined to ask him if he had not made a mistake, and met him just leaving to call on the Governor-General. He said it *was* a mistake, and his secretary would give us an official order. The secretary did not see it in that light, however, so we calmly awaited the Governor's return.

By the time he got back he had discovered that the matter lay quite outside of his province, and could only be settled by the Governor-General. The game seemed to be going against us, but we had not yet played our high card. Our first year in the Philippines had taught us who really governed the islands, and before our departure we had taken the wise precaution of procuring a letter from a distinguished

Catholic divine to the Archbishop of Manila. We realized that in this letter lay our last chance of avoiding serious delay; for, if we could not secure the intervention of the Archbishop, there was clearly nothing for it but to camp down and await the arrival of our long-delayed order from Spain. Visions of the interception of the order in the Manila post-office rose before us, but we comforted ourselves with the reflection that if worst came to worst there was yet one way of influencing Weyler. It was a way that we did not wish to take, but we felt that he was trying to bring us to it.

As our letter to the Archbishop was in English, and we feared that our rather halting Spanish might hardly prove equal to the task of interpreting it and pleading our cause, we began to cast about for an interpreter; and hearing pleasant accounts of an English-speaking priest at the Jesuit college, I went over to see him. He was at class when I arrived, and I was instead introduced to the professor of English.

On learning my business in the islands, he invited me to inspect the college museum, which I was glad to do.

I found that it contained a large amount of interesting material which was sadly in need of identification, as the *padre* in charge had been hampered by lack of literature. When he found that I could name his birds for him, his joy knew no bounds. I managed to convey the idea that I had come on purpose to inspect

that museum, and wanted to see more of it. It was arranged that I should return with Bourns on the following day and work over the specimens.

We were on time to the minute, and put in a busy day. At its close the *padres* courteously inquired if there was not something they could do for us in return. We assured them that there *was* one little thing, and told them about our letter to the Archbishop. They at once offered to translate it for us, but we called their attention to the fact that it was sealed (it had providentially sealed itself), and they agreed with us that it would hardly be the thing to open it. We incidentally learned that the Archbishop was in Spain. At last Padre S. offered to take us to visit the gentleman who was officiating in his stead, if we would return in the morning *with a suitable turnout.*

We spared no expense on that rig, and it was a truly imposing affair, but when we reached the Jesuit college we discovered that there was a hitch in the proceedings. Under pretext of a knotty problem in identification to be solved, we were invited up to the museum once more, and after the imaginary difficulty was disposed of, a little round table appeared from nowhere in particular. Some good cigars were passed, and we were invited to name our drinks. We chose beer as the mildest possible tipple, the *padres* protesting that sherry would be better, but we knew Spanish sherry too well, and insisted on our first choice.

The beer appeared, with a supply of sherry in reserve. As I set down my empty mug, Padre S. inverted a bottle of sherry over it, and, pouring out a similar deadly dose for himself, he proposed a health which I could not decline to drink.

He evidently thought that the fire-water would make me speak the truth. After giving it some fifteen minutes to work, he asked me very directly *exactly* what I wanted to get out of the acting Archbishop. I quite frankly told him of our predicament, and added that we desired His Grace to *request* Weyler to let us have our things and go about our business. At first he looked very sober, shook his head, and asked if I did not consider myself rather young to be in *politics*. I held out stoutly, however, and little by little he softened. I have sometimes thought that the sherry might have warmed the cockles of his kindly old heart a bit. At all events, he finally consented to accompany us, and so well did he do his part that when we left the palace, after a very pleasant half-hour, we took with us a personal letter from the acting Archbishop to Weyler, "*requesting*" him to pass our things.

Resolved to lose no time, we dropped Padre S. at the college and started at once for the Governor-General's palace, in Malacañan, although we knew very well that it was "mail-day," and visitors were not regularly received. We had a very definite idea, however,

that the insignia on the outside of that envelope would open doors, and so it proved.

Sentries halted us at a long distance from the palace. We showed them our letter and they fell back and saluted. At the entrance to the grounds we were halted again with the same result.

We entered the lower story of the palace, but were stopped at the stairs. We presented our letter, and, after being requested to wait "a little minute," were ushered upstairs and left in the reception-room. An officer in the uniform of a general came wandering along, and, catching sight of us, conceived it to be his duty to get rid of us. He told us it was mail-day. We tried to look surprised. Then he said the Governor-General was ill. We asked when we *could* see him, and were informed "next week." We requested the return of our letter, so that we might again gain entrance. "Impossible." We were very politely informed that we might take our departure whenever we felt inclined to do so, but our knowledge of Spanish suddenly failed us and we refused to understand.

The officer hardly knew whether to be angry or amused. We felt certain that he was acting entirely on his own responsibility, and when he finally withdrew to consult his superior we rather expected a change in his demeanour. It came. With many apologies, he begged that we would have the condescension to resume our seats. We did so, and in a moment

were summoned to Weyler's presence. He is naturally far from imposing, and on this occasion, dressed in a dirty linen suit, and with both ears full of cotton, he looked decidedly commonplace.

He excused himself for having kept us waiting on the ground that it was not his regular day to receive visitors and that he was both busy and ill. It evidently caused him a severe effort to swallow his own words. He said that, as he had already informed the consul, he had no real authority in the matter under consideration, and the custom-house officials might not like his interference, but he was going to "request" them to pass our things. He added that a gun-license of the first class could be legally issued only to a Spanish subject, but that out of regard for his friend the acting Archbishop he would make an exception in our case.

Our business disposed of, we bowed ourselves out and returned to our room at the Hotel de Oriente, where we were quietly celebrating our good fortune when there came a rap at the door. On opening it we discovered a Spanish officer in full uniform. He saluted with great respect, and presented us with a large envelope on the outside of which was a statement that the Governor-General's secretary kissed our hands. We could not see why he should, and opened the envelope to find out.

It contained a very courteous note, stating that after our departure it had occurred to Weyler that we

OUTSKIRTS OF NEW MANILA, FROM A WINDOW IN THE HOTEL DE ORIENTE

might find an order from him to the governors of provinces useful: if we would send a list of the localities we expected to visit, he would gladly give us such an order. We sent the list.

We were at a loss to understand what was at the bottom of this change of heart on the part of the enemy, so sent for a native clerk at the *secretaria*, whom we had employed in the past to find passports. These valuable documents are very apt to get "lost" at Manila, and to remain so until it is made worth the while of some one to find them. This native had proved himself able to locate ours promptly, and we thought he might throw some light on the existing situation. We asked him what had happened that Weyler was *offering* to do us favours, when but half a day before we had been compelled to bring pressure to bear on him in order to secure decent treatment. "Do you not know, then?" asked Juan. We reiterated the fact that we did not. "*Royal Order* covering your case arrived this noon, and you will have no more trouble," said Juan. He was right.

We soon received from Weyler a communication addressed to governors of provinces, directing them to furnish whatever assistance we might need. The acting Archbishop very kindly sent us a letter of recommendation to the parish priests throughout the islands. The Jesuits gave us personal letters to the priests of their mission in the Moro country, and for the next

two and a half years every facility for travel and observation that the colony afforded was at our disposal.

I am very glad to testify that with two or three unimportant exceptions we were treated with uniform courtesy, and in not a few cases with very great kindness.

Armed with an explicit order from Weyler, it still took us several days of steady work to get our things. We had to find a horde of minor officials. First it was the *comandante* of the *guardia civil;* then the new Civil Governor; then two other officials whose rank I forget. Then came the custom-house, with every one from the *administrador* down to be satisfied that we did not mean to start a revolution, or blow up the palace, and that we really had Weyler's order.

Even after our things had been passed we were not allowed to remove them without the consent of the lieutenant in command of the custom-house guards for the day, who was taking his siesta in a distant part of the city. I drove to his quarters and called him out. He was angry at being awakened, and refused to budge without an order from the *comandante* of the *guardia civil.* To the *comandante* I went once more, and the order with which I returned brought that young lieutenant to his right mind very promptly. He apologized all the way to the custom-house, and we were shortly in possession of our guns and powder. We proceeded to take them out of town without loss of time.

So it has happened that I have twice journeyed through the Philippine archipelago, once as a private individual, and once with the strongest official recommendations. As a result it has been my lot to see two very different sides of Spanish character, and, as either view would be incomplete without the other, I am glad to have had both.

Since we visited many of the islands twice, and followed very different routes on our two trips, I shall not attempt always to keep events in their actual sequence, but shall rather describe the various islands, and our experiences in each of them, in the order which I find most convenient, prefacing what I have to say with a brief account of the archipelago as a whole.

CHAPTER III

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE ARCHIPELAGO

The average traveller who wishes to see the Philippines contents himself with visiting Manila, and taking a few trips into the interior of Luzon. Occasionally a more ambitious tourist runs down to Ilo Ilo and Cebu, and makes a few excursions into the country in the neighbourhood of these cities, going his way at last with the feeling that he has pretty well exhausted the sights of the archipelago. Nothing could be further from the truth.

The population of the Philippines is roughly estimated at about 8,000,000. Of the natives, who form the bulk of it, there are more than eighty distinct tribes, each with its own peculiarities. They are scattered over hundreds of islands, and one who would really learn to know something of the country and its people must travel widely. More than that, he must leave cities and towns behind, and turning from the beaten path, push into the almost unexplored regions where the wild tribes are to be found.

In the study of these primitive peoples, and in the wonders of the tropical forest, he will find enough

that is strange to satisfy his longing for novelty; enough that is grand and beautiful to repay him for the risks he may be called upon to face and the hardships he will certainly be forced to undergo.

Lines of mail and merchant steamers afford tolerably frequent communication between the more important islands of the group. The difficulties begin when one attempts to make his way into the interior of the larger and less explored islands, or desires to reach ports at which vessels do not call. I have not infrequently been compelled to skirt the coast, or go from island to island, in native sail-boats, which answered my purpose very well in fair weather, but proved wet and unsafe in a heavy sea.

In the vicinity of the larger towns one occasionally finds what purports to be a carriage road. In the rainy season it is sure to be impassable, while even in the dry months one is likely to be brought to a sudden stop by a ruined bamboo bridge or a washout that has never been repaired.

Many of the paths which by courtesy are called roads are reduced to ditches, pools, and sloughs during the rains, and are utterly impracticable for a man on horseback, while there are plenty of "roads" on which a horse is worse than useless at any time. Although the lack of bridges is, of course, not so serious a matter for a rider as for one who attempts to drive, it is not at all uncommon to encounter streams too deep and

BAMBOO BRIDGE AND COCOANUT GROVE — LUZON

swift for fording or swimming. Even in crossing fordable streams one needs to exercise care, for they are sometimes infested by man-eating crocodiles.

One occasionally finds a rude ferry-boat, made by building a platform on a couple of canoes. Dr. Bourns once attempted to cross the mouth of a river in Mindoro on a contrivance of this sort. A light breeze was blowing from the sea, and the water lapped over the edge of the outside canoe until it filled and sank, precipitating horse, rider, ferryman, and luggage into the river.

The water-buffalo, called by the natives *carabao*, will go where a horse cannot, but he is a most uncomfortable brute to ride, and has certain peculiarities of disposition which make him a rather unreliable means of conveyance. He has an inborn prejudice against white men, and the smell of one is sometimes enough to stampede all the buffaloes in a village. The worst trouble with him is that he absolutely declines to work in the middle of the day if the sun is hot. When one urges him against his inclination, an impromptu mud-bath is likely to result; for sooner or later he will get his eye on a tempting slough, and into it he will go, regardless of what happens to be attached to him or on his back.

All in all, it is usually easier to walk than to ride a buffalo, and if one really cares to penetrate into the wilder islands, he will, in any event, soon find himself

where even a *carabao* cannot go. It is safe to lay down the rule that one should always go by water when quiet seas or conveniently situated rivers make it possible to do so; by carriage or on horseback when roads will allow; buffalo-back or on foot when there is no other way.

One's baggage must be planned so that it can be borne on men's backs, or suspended on poles between pairs of carriers, unless one would part company with it; for while it can ordinarily be dragged along in sledges by the slow-plodding *carabao*, sooner or later one is sure to come to a place where it must be carried by coolies or left behind.

It is hardly possible to make a general statement as to the best season for a trip through the provinces, for this varies with the locality to be visited. The Spaniards epigrammatically describe the seasons as consisting of "*seis meses de polvo, seis meses de lodo, seis meses de todo*" (six months of dust, six months of mud, six months of everything), but when it is dusty in one place it may be muddy in another. While we were in Marinduque, in May, 1888, the ground was so parched that one could thrust a hand into the cracks, yet we looked just across the strait to Mindoro and watched the storm-clouds gather and burst day after day.

The whole archipelago down to 10° north latitude is affected by trade-winds. The southwest monsoon begins to make itself felt in April or May, and blows

for about five months; then comes a period of variable winds and calms, followed by the setting in of the northeast monsoon.

The southwest winds usually bring the rains, but a high range of mountains may make weeks of difference in the beginning of the wet season. On the Pacific coasts of the eastern islands it comes with the wind in the northeast. By moving from place to place, we once contrived to dodge the rains through an entire year.

Rivers often overflow their banks during the wet season, and extensive areas in some of the islands become submerged; but floods are much less feared than are the terrific revolving storms of wind and rain known as typhoons. They, fortunately, seldom occur below 9° north latitude, but they often cause immense damage to property, as well as serious loss of life in the portion of the archipelago lying in their track.

The approach of a typhoon is heralded hours before its arrival by a sudden and considerable fall of the barometer, while, if the centre of the storm passes at all near the point of observation, the mercury jumps up and down in a way that is far from reassuring. The force of the wind is well-nigh incredible. Huge trees are uprooted; houses are unroofed, or carried away bodily, and the stanchest ship is in deadly peril if it cannot keep clear of the terrible cross-seas at the vortex of the storm. It is not unusual to see the ribs of a

sailing-vessel bleaching far inland in some paddy-field, and one naturally wonders whether there has been a repetition of Robinson Crusoe's exploit with his big boat. The real explanation is that the terrible wind of a typhoon has combined with an incoming tide to heap the waters up on shore, and the vessel has been stranded where no one would believe the sea could ever have reached.

The Philippines extend from 4° 45′ to 21° north latitude. Lying, as they do, wholly within the tropics, a hot climate is to be expected; and since they extend through some sixteen degrees of latitude it necessarily follows that the intensity of the heat varies considerably in different parts of the group. No one city can be taken as typical of the archipelago; but as the only place where careful and continuous temperature records have been kept is the Jesuit observatory at Manila, I shall be forced to content myself with the statistics gathered at this point.

One hears such contradictory reports as to the climate of the capital that it is a satisfaction to fall back on reliable figures. The temperature records which follow are obtained by averaging the results of observations extending over a period of thirteen years.

The mean annual temperature at Manila is 80° Fahrenheit. The thermometer almost never rises above 100° in the shade, nor does it fall below 60°. There is no month in the year during which it does not rise

as high as 91°, while the mean monthly temperatures are as follows: January 77°, February 78°, March 81°, April 83°, May 84°, June 82°, July 81°, August 81°, September 81°, October 80°, November 79°, December 77°.

With a mean temperature for the year of 80°, falling to only 77° in the coolest months, it will be seen that the climate of Manila leaves something to be desired, especially when one remembers that during much of the time the air is heavily charged with moisture, which makes the heat doubly trying.

In December, January, and February the nights are usually fairly cool, but during the hot season one gets little relief from one week's end to another.

Malaria is very prevalent in some of the islands, notably in Mindoro, Balabac, and portions of Palawan, Mindanao, and Luzon, but there are many localities entirely free from it.

Numerous contradictory statements have recently appeared as to the climate and its effect on white men. One author calls it "lovely"; another is equally positive that it is "deadly"; a third assures us that "for a tropical climate that of the islands may be considered healthful for people of the white race"; while a fourth asserts that "the climate of the Philippines is particularly severe and unhealthy," and backs his assertion by showing that it killed twenty-five per cent of the Spanish troops, sent out in 1896, within fifteen months of their arrival.

With the exception of the first, *all* are right, but I confess that I cannot see how any one can honestly use the word "lovely" in this connection. There are some localities in which it might perhaps apply during two or three months of the twelve, although I have never yet experienced, at sea-level, a day when a white man could endure severe physical exertion without suffering from the heat.

Briefly stated, the facts are as follows: if one is permanently situated in a good locality, where he can secure suitable food and good drinking water; if he is scrupulously careful as to his diet, avoids excesses of all kinds, keeps out of the sun in the middle of the day, and refrains from severe and long-continued physical exertion, — he is likely to remain well, always supposing that he is fortunate enough to escape malarial infection. I knew an old Spaniard who at the end of a residence of thirty-nine years in the Philippines was able to boast that he had not been ill a day. He had always been so situated that he could take care of himself, and had done it.

But how is it with the explorer, the engineer, the man who would fell timber, cultivate new ground, or in some other way develop the latent resources of the country? That, as Mr. Kipling so often remarks, is another story. It is likewise a *very different* story, and after travelling in the provinces for three and a half years I think I may fairly claim to know it.

Any one really exposed to the climate, under such circumstances, will find it severe. He cannot humour his digestive apparatus; for his bill of fare will be limited to what he can carry and what the country affords, and he will be fortunate indeed if sooner or later he does not suffer severely from bowel troubles. He will be more than fortunate if he escapes malaria, which is especially prevalent where forest land is being cleared or new ground broken. It is often very bad near paddy-fields during the dry season.

Our work sometimes made it necessary for us to visit localities where fever was known to be prevalent, and we came to look upon it as one of the necessary evils of existence. A temperature of 106.5° was not comfortable, but it did not occasion us any alarm. After our third trip to Mindoro the temperature of one member of our party touched that mark on ten successive days; and I may add that although I have visited Mindoro three times with other white men, and have each time had considerable numbers of natives in my employ, I have never yet escaped malaria, nor was any other member of our party, white or native, more fortunate.

The traveller soon learns to recognize several types of fever: one recurs every third day, another every second day, and a third daily. If promptly and energetically taken in hand, any of these may be shaken off, but the much-dreaded *calentura perniciosa* is a very malignant disease, running its course in a few hours,

and frequently terminating with black vomit and death. Fortunately, "*la perniciosa*" is very local in its occurrence, and the places where it is known to exist are shunned by natives and whites alike.

It has been shown in a number of instances that malaria was due to causes that could be remedied. Before the time of General Arolas, Sulu was a fever-centre. By improving the drainage of the town, and by filling in low places with coral sand, he succeeded in almost completely stamping out the disease. Still more striking results were obtained at Tataän, in Tawi Tawi, by an officer who had worked under General Arolas in Sulu. The garrison at this point had suffered terribly, and two governors had died there, but after the forest was cleared away for half a mile around the blockhouse, and the ground thoroughly cleaned up, fever almost completely disappeared.

It is unfortunately true that the climate of the Philippines is especially severe in its effect on white women and children. It is very doubtful, in my judgment, if many successive generations of European or American children could be reared there.

We must then, I think, necessarily admit that we have here a serious, though not necessarily insurmountable, obstacle to the development of the great resources of this remarkable country.

Malaria and digestive troubles aside, the health of the colony is fairly good, and the danger from epidemic

disease is comparatively slight. Smallpox is always present, but it seldom spreads rapidly, as a large percentage of the natives have it during childhood, so that there is hardly material for an epidemic. Cholera is infrequent, but when it once starts cannot be controlled. The natives believe that a black dog runs down the street, and the disease breaks out behind him. They declare that it is the will of God, and refuse to take the simplest precautions.

Leprosy occurs, but is not common. There is a great deal of biri-biri in Balabac, and I have seen it in Mindoro. The bubonic plague has, fortunately, never gained a hold in the Philippines.

Considerable misapprehension exists as to the number of islands in the archipelago, which has been given all the way from 600 to 2000. The latter estimate is ridiculous, unless the Caroline and Ladrone groups are included with the Philippines proper. If they are excluded, as they should be, the number of islands remaining can hardly exceed 1200, even if every uninhabitable rock and sand-spit that projects above sea-level be reckoned in.

The following is a list of the more important islands, with their approximate areas in square miles.

Luzon . .	41,000	Palawan . .	4150	Cebu . . .	1650
Mindanao .	37,500	Mindoro . .	4050	Masbate . .	1315
Samar . .	5300	Leyte . . .	3090	Bohol . . .	925
Panay . .	4600	Negros . . .	2300	Catanduanes .	450

The following islands have areas ranging from about 100 to 250 square miles: Basilan, Busuanga, Culion, Marinduque, Tablas, Dinagat, Sulu, Guimaras, Tawi Tawi, Siquijor, Balabac, Sibuyan, Panaon, Camiguin, Romblon, Ticao, Burias, Biliran, Siargao, and Polillo.

The figures above given are taken from Spanish official estimates, but are doubtless in many cases far from accurate. In fact, the whole Pacific coast of Luzon, Samar, Leyte, and Mindanao is so imperfectly known that an accurate statement of their extent cannot be made.

The total land area is approximately 114,000 square miles, Luzon and Mindanao including more than half of it.

One sees, almost everywhere, evidences of the action of earthquakes and volcanoes. Elevation and subsidence are going on with great rapidity at the present time. It is not unusual to have a native assure one that he now fishes where his grandfather used to live, or *vice versa*. Some of the islands, like Cebu, are covered with limestone caps, and give indisputable evidence of having been heaved up from beneath the sea; while in other parts of the archipelago extinct volcanoes, *sulfatéras*, old lava-beds, and boiling springs afford mute witness to the state of things which must have existed in the past.

But not all of the volcanoes are extinct. Of the active peaks by far the most beautiful is the Mayon. (See frontispiece.) It is an absolutely perfect cone

some 8900 feet in height,[1] and is in a state of constant activity, its last destructive eruption having taken place in 1888. Apo, in Mindanao, with an estimated height of 10,312 feet, heads the list for size, while Canloön or Malaspina, in Negros, measuring 8192 feet, is not far behind Mayon.

Taäl holds the record for damage done within historic times. It has repeatedly been in destructive eruption within the past two centuries, and is still smouldering. With a height of but about 900 feet, it is one of the lowest volcanoes in the world. It lies in the midst of a fresh-water lake, and has the form of a very much truncated cone, its entire top having been blown off by a terrific explosion at the time of the last great eruption.

Other active volcanoes are found in Mindanao, Camiguin, Luzon, and the islands between Luzon and Formosa.

One would expect frequent earthquakes within this area, and as has been already stated, they do occur. It is an interesting fact that there are few signs of past volcanic action in the Palawan group, and that earthquakes are unknown there. Moderately high mountains are found in all the larger islands, and some of the more important peaks are the following: —

Mt. Halcon, Mindoro .	8865 feet.	Giting Giting, Sibuyan	6424 feet.
San Cristobal, Luzon .	7375 "	Cuernos de Negros .	6244 "
Isarog, Luzon . . .	6424 "	Banajao, Luzon . . .	7333 "

[1] Heights of mountains taken from British Admiralty charts.

The non-volcanic mountains are, for the most part, entirely clothed with vegetation. The summit of Mt. Halcon is bare, while Giting Giting looks as if it might have been miraculously transported to the Philippines from the American Rockies. The peaks of northern Palawan are also very rugged.

Luzon and Mindanao have fresh-water lakes and rivers of considerable size. The navigation of the large streams is greatly impeded by shifting sand-bars at their mouths, so that vessels drawing more than ten or eleven feet cannot safely enter them.

There is one small lake in Mindoro, and there is said to be another in northern Palawan, communicating with the sea by a subterranean river.

Vast areas in many of the islands are still covered with magnificent virgin forest, but the denudation of the country is going on steadily, though not rapidly. When a native wishes to start a farm, he clears away the trees on a tract of the desired size, burns them, and cultivates the ground thus laid bare. Sooner or later his plantation is invaded by a tall rank grass, known as *cogon*. With the simple implements at his disposal he cannot kill out this strong-growing pest, so he abandons his ground and clears more. When the *cogon* once gets a hold, nothing else can compete with it, and the result is that great areas, known as *cogonales*, are overgrown with this almost useless grass. I say *almost* useless because it serves fairly

well for thatch, and its coarse stems are sometimes used for making a fire to cook by.

At the close of the dry season the natives often burn over the *cogonales*, and cattle and horses feed greedily on the fresh green shoots, which spring up as soon as the first showers break the drought.

PRIMITIVE AGRICULTURE — LUZON

The soil of many of the islands is astonishingly fertile. Year after year crops are taken from the same piece of ground, without thought of enriching it artificially. The productive area is by no means limited to the valleys and bottom-lands. Some of the most

valuable crops grow particularly well on the mountain-sides.

At present the most important agricultural products are sugar, *abacá* or Manila hemp, tobacco, rice, coffee, maize, *cacao*, yams, cocoanuts, and bananas.

Various attempts to grow *abacá* have been made in other parts of the world, but with one exception they have failed. *Cacao*, from which chocolate is obtained, was introduced from Central America. It produces beans of excellent quality. The guava, which was also introduced from tropical America, has spread over the whole archipelago, probably by the agency of birds, which devour the fruit greedily, and scatter the seeds. Long-staple cotton was at one time successfully grown in Luzon, but the authorities discouraged its cultivation, preferring to have the natives raise tobacco. Much doubtless remains to be done in the way of introducing valuable plants of one sort and another.

Fruits are the chief luxury. I have already mentioned bananas; there are some fifty varieties, varying from tiny, pear-shaped things that make but a single mouthful to huge fruits eighteen inches long. Bananas form one of the really important articles of food. At the extreme south, in Mindanao, and more especially in Sulu and Tawi Tawi, grows the malodorous *durían*, which in spite of its abominable stench is the king of all tropical fruits. The much-prized mangosteen also flourishes in the southern islands.

Among other edible fruits may be mentioned mangoes of unsurpassed quality, papaws, oranges of several varieties, lemons, limes, citrons, shaddocks, jack-fruit, breadfruit, custard-apples, lanzones, tamarinds, and laichees.

The value of the forest products is enormous. Fine woods, useful for cabinet-making or building, are abundant; the *nipa* palm furnishes a valuable material for thatching and siding houses, and from the sap obtained by cutting off its blossom-stalk, strong alcohol, of excellent quality, is readily obtained; there are many varieties of that most useful of plants, bamboo; the hard outer wood of the *palma brava* resists the action of water indefinitely, and the trunks are used not only for conducting streams of fresh water, but for piles under wharves; rattan of excellent quality is one of the important forest products, and is useful in many ways; in addition, there are gutta-percha, dammar, cinnamon, wax, and gums of various sorts.

The mineral wealth of the islands is great, although it has never been developed. There are extensive lignite beds in Cebu and Mindoro, and petroleum has been found in the former island. Gold exists in paying quantities in Luzon and Mindanao, while valuable deposits of iron and other minerals have long been known.

A number of difficulties have thus far prevented the development of these great natural resources. The

most serious obstacle has been the hostile attitude of the Spanish government, which has shown a disposition to check enterprise by all manner of legal quibblings, and to kill profits by levying exorbitant taxes.

The lack not only of railroads, but of roads of *any* description, has impeded communication and transportation. Finally, the problem of securing good and cheap labour has not as yet been very satisfactorily solved. Many a time have I seen rice and sugar-cane spoiling in the field, for want of men to harvest them.

The native is a philosopher. He works when obliged to, and rests whenever he can get an opportunity. His wants are so few, and nature has done so much for him, that he finds it possible to rest much of the time. Labourers must often be procured from a distance, and it is usually necessary to pay them a considerable sum in advance. Whether they would develop industry under improved conditions remains to be seen. Should the islands come under the control of some progressive nation, great opportunities will open before the capitalist who has patience and enterprise enough to familiarize himself thoroughly with existing conditions, and to overcome the obstacles which they present.

It is not my purpose, however, here to discuss at length the natural resources of the Philippines. Readers who take an especial interest in this subject are referred to the appendix at the close of the volume.

CHAPTER IV

FIRST VISIT TO PALAWAN

When we left Manila for the first time, it was to visit the island of Palawan. We had supposed that our troubles would be over when our belongings were out of the custom-house, but some annoyances still awaited us. On our arrival at the capital, we had been compelled to turn over our passports to the authorities. Now they were "misplaced," and it took some time to unearth them. Then it was necessary for them to be endorsed with permission to travel by the captain of the port, and handed to the agents of the steamer on which we were to sail, before we could purchase tickets.

At last we got off on the good ship *Gravina*, one of the stanchest vessels in the islands. From the moment we left the bay, we were running into the teeth of the southwest monsoon, which kept us cool without raising enough sea to cause discomfort. The fresh air was delightful after the sweltering heat of Manila. We got on pleasantly with our Spanish fellow-passengers, and struck up a great friendship with the first engineer. He was very fond of shooting, and it delighted his heart to throw bottles over the

stern and peg away at them with one of our repeating rifles. We kept him in cartridges, and so laid the foundation of a friendship destined to prove of use to us later in a way that we did not dream of at the time.

Good old Don Pablo was the only Spanish engineer I ever knew who kept his engine-room clean and his machinery in thoroughly good condition. There was no fear of breakdowns on the *Gravina*, and she kept on her course in rough weather when other steamers were running for shelter. It seemed like the irony of fate when she, of all the ships in the archipelago, foundered in a typhoon, just off the entrance to Manila Bay, and I have always hoped against hope that her first engineer was one of the two men reported saved.

Although our voyage proved, on the whole, very enjoyable, we soon found that there were some drawbacks connected with life on a Philippine mail-steamer. In such a climate a daily bath is more than a luxury; it is an absolute necessity. It took us some time to locate the bath-room, and when we succeeded, we found it piled full of ship's stores. There was an ants' nest of some six weeks' standing under the lid of the wash-bowl in my cabin, and after a long wrangle with the "boy" on the subject of furnishing us with towels, we decided that it was not fashionable to wash, on that boat at least.

Our first stop was at the Calamianes Islands, where we ran in between Culion and Busuanga to load cattle.

The way in which the poor brutes were taken on board surprised us. They were made to swim off to the ship, ropes were tied around their horns and connected with the donkey-engine, and one by one they were jerked into the air, kicking and bellowing frantically. Each was caught by the tail and swung in, as it came level with the deck.

There was a native village in sight near the beach. It was the first we had ever seen, and we studied the odd houses with much interest, but decided it would hardly be a safe place to stop. We knew very little of the islands then, and a "native" seemed quite a formidable being to us. Five years later I stayed alone at that very village for a number of weeks.

As soon as our cattle were loaded, we put out to sea again, and our next stopping-place was Cuyo, where we ran in to leave the mails. Cuyo is the capital of the province called "Calamianes," which includes the numerous islands lying between Palawan on the west, and Mindoro, Panay, and Negros on the east.

For convenience in administration the whole archipelago is arbitrarily divided into provinces and districts, of which there are sixty-nine. There seems to be no definite rule as to the size of these political divisions, each of which may include a whole island or a very small part of one. Where islands are small, a number of them may be included in a single province; and if, as often happens, communication between the vari-

ous islets is difficult, it results that their governor has very little to do with them, and their affairs are managed chiefly by the village friars.

Nineteen of the provinces have a civil, and forty-three a military government, while four are under naval officers. The governor of a province is assisted by a secretary and numerous other officials.

On arrival at Cuyo we were surprised that the people who came off to the ship with fruit, eggs, chickens, and the like were all women. Later we learned that there were very few men to come. It is so difficult to gain a livelihood in this island that the boys and young men make their escape as soon as they are big enough to shift for themselves, and the result is that ninety per cent of the population are women.

In due time we reached our destination, and landed at Puerto Princesa, the capital of Palawan. The Spanish call this island Paragua. It formerly belonged to the Sultan of Borneo. Early in the eighteenth century Spaniards began to settle its northern end, and in order to protect them from the warlike Moros, who lived in its southern third, a garrison was established at Labo. It was left without the necessary supplies, and was finally given up after many of the troops had perished miserably of hunger and want.

A few years later, the Sultan gave the island to the Spanish. Troops were sent under a captain, to take formal possession. They ultimately died from eating

rotten food, or were killed by the Moros. Still later, a third garrison was established at Tay Tay. At first a little settlement grew up around it, but it ultimately shared the fate of its predecessors.

The present capital of Palawan is a fairly prosperous place, situated on a good-sized bay which affords safe anchorage. The town has no defences, and all it can boast in the way of public works is a fixed white light, visible at eighteen miles, marking the entrance to the harbour, and a little slip for repairing vessels. Two gunboats make headquarters there, and as a result the place is dignified by the name of "Naval Station."

Palawan is the westernmost of the larger islands of the Philippine group. It is about three hundred miles in length by twenty in average breadth. There are high mountains in the interior throughout a considerable part of its extent, but there is said to be a large plain in the northern part of the island. Here, too, if accounts are to be believed, is a lake opening to the sea by a subterranean river. The whole island is well watered, but the numerous streams are necessarily small, as the distance from the mountains to the coast is everywhere short.

The known wealth of Palawan lies chiefly in its forest products. The greater part of its surface is covered with magnificent timber, and it is rich in valuable woods, among which may be mentioned ebony, logwood, and *ipil*. The latter is a very hard wood,

which can be had in logs eighty or even ninety feet long. Rattan and bamboo of good quality are abundant.

Nothing is at present known as to the mineral wealth of the island. It is a noteworthy fact that there are few signs of former volcanic activity. The earthquakes which have caused such havoc in other parts of the archipelago have not been felt here.

It has long been known that the soil is enormously fertile, and various attempts have been made to encourage colonization.

In 1885 it was provided by Royal Order that military posts should be established in Palawan and Mindanao for the protection of prospective settlers. All Spanish subjects who should migrate from Spain, as well as all civilized natives who should settle in these islands, were promised exemption from the payment of tribute for six years. They were also to be given free transportation to their destination, and provided with seed and implements.

As this order failed to have the desired effect, it was later provided that the governors of the provinces of North and South Ilocos should "stimulate voluntary migration" of native families to Palawan, twenty-five to go from each province annually. All debts owed the government by these families were to be cancelled. They were to receive free transportation for themselves and their cattle, to be given three hectares of land

each, and practically supported during the first six months after their arrival. It was provided that each child should have one *chupa* of rice per day during that time, while each adult was allowed two *chupas* (one and a third pints) and ten cents.

The building of highways, and opening of free ports, was also provided for. Nothing came of all this. In the course of time a few little military outposts were established in Palawan, but no highways were built, no free ports opened, nor did any voluntary immigrants arrive. This might have been expected. It is easy to make such plans for the undeveloped islands in this archipelago, but thus far one important feature, namely, the providing of funds to carry them out, has been neglected; or if provided, the money has been diverted to uses quite foreign to the original plan.

Although there have been no voluntary immigrants worth mentioning, the number of those who have come against their will has been considerable; for Puerto Princesa has been made a penal settlement. Convicts and suspects from other parts of the colony are sent there for longer or shorter periods, and when their sentences expire, if they live so long, they have as a rule no means to pay for passage back to their homes; so they make a virtue of necessity, and remain.

The convicts are obliged to work while serving their terms. There was formerly a sugar plantation

near the town, on which they were employed, but this has long since been abandoned. At the time of our visit they were cutting timber. They suffered severely from hard labour, poor accommodations and poorer food, and I was told that the death rate among them was very high, amounting to about twenty-five per cent yearly.

The steamer which carried us brought a fresh detachment of these "*presos*," and they made the trip from Manila manacled to a heavy iron bar.

The Governor-General had sent a personal letter concerning us to the governor of Palawan, and we were in consequence very courteously received. The governor's secretary secured a house for us, and a gang of convicts was detailed to bring up our baggage. Some of them had ball-and-chain decorations on their ankles, and they were a hard-looking set.

We devoted a day to settling our house, and in the course of it learned several things about housekeeping in the provinces. We had foolishly neglected to hire servants before leaving Manila, and were therefore obliged to take two jail-birds into our service. One of them was to cook, while the other, who bore the reassuring name of *Paraiso* (Paradise), was to run on errands.

The only furniture in our house was a decrepit bed, a table, and a stove (?) consisting of a box of earth supported on four legs, in which we could build an

open fire, the smoke escaping by the door, windows, or any other openings it could find. We utilized boxes of gunpowder for chairs, and slept in hammocks, which make very comfortable beds when one has learned how to sling them properly.

Our bill of fare was rather limited. At first it consisted of boiled rice and fish, with such edible birds as we could shoot. Once or twice a week we could buy beef or pork in the market, and after a time we arranged with the baker of the place to supply us with bread. The great problem was something to drink. The town had no supply of potable water. The governor and the priest each had a large tank in which rain-water was caught and saved. The convicts drank from a cistern in the middle of the yard where they were confined, and died promptly in consequence. We bought what we needed of a man who procured it from a river on the opposite side of the bay, but it was sometimes too rough for him to cross, in which case we were forced to content ourselves with cocoanut "milk." We made coffee, of course, but there was no milk for it, and we had to sweeten it with very dirty brown sugar.

Bright and early on the second day we got off for the forest, which began within half a mile of town. *Everything* was new to us, and I shall perhaps never again experience such keen delight in my surroundings. It was my first near sight of the marvellous

tropical vegetation which never ceased to be a wonder to me. Huge trees towered to such a height that my strong-shooting gun would not bring down the birds perched among their branches; these mighty forest monarchs were draped and festooned with fantastic creepers, and beautified with graceful birds'-nest ferns and exquisite orchids. So dense was the foliage that the intense rays of the tropical sun hardly penetrated it, and the jungle was always dripping and steaming with moisture.

When I shot a bird I had not the faintest idea what I was going to pick up, or, indeed, whether I should pick up anything; for three-fourths of the specimens brought down were lost in the dense vegetation, or fell in thorny tangles into which I could not penetrate.

My leather shoes and heavy canvas shooting-coat proved a grievous burden. Long before I got back to the house every garment I had on was drenched with perspiration, and my feet were badly blistered. The other members of the party had not been more fortunate, but as we spread out our fine array of specimens on our return we forgot how tired and sore we were.

Little by little we modified our costume until we had devised a simple and serviceable rig, and we soon learned to note before shooting whether a bird would fall where there was any likelihood of our being able to get it.

The convicts whom we met in the woods were a hard-featured set of rascals, and as there had recently been some killing of guards and escaping to the mountains, we felt rather uneasy when near them. I was hunting alone, one morning, when the stillness of the forest was suddenly broken by the sound of heavy blows, accompanied by blood-curdling shrieks and a curious, intermittent bumping noise, as of heavy bodies falling. I fancied that a gang of "*presos*" must be chasing their guards through the brush and beating them to death. The sounds drew rapidly nearer, and thinking discretion the better part of valour, I hid in the bushes and waited with gun cocked. Here I was shortly discovered by a miserable yellow dog, and was just debating whether it was best to shoot him and clear out, when the cause of my alarm suddenly appeared. A gang of convicts were diligently pounding three *carabaos* (water-buffaloes) attached to a heavy piece of timber, that bumped along, causing the sound which I had mistaken for the noise of falling bodies. I could not at first make out where the screams, which I had certainly heard, came from, but in a moment strangely human cries from the branches over my head caused me to look up and discover a flock of *mina-birds*, which for some reason known only to themselves had seen fit to follow the crowd and add their outcries to the general hubbub.

From the very outset our servants stole from us.

At first only small change disappeared; then clothing followed suit, and finally we missed a box containing twenty-five pounds of gunpowder. We had no powder to spare, so the Doctor went to consult the governor as to what should be done. On learning that we had reason to suspect Paradise of the theft, he advised us to scare him into telling us where the plunder was hidden if possible, and if not to "kill him and be done with it"!

Acting on the first suggestion, we shut Paradise into a room, and introduced him to the business end of a heavily loaded shotgun at very close range. We told him that he must choose between confessing and parting company with his upper story. He at first denied all knowledge of the matter; then admitted that he had taken the powder, but said he had forgotten where he put it. Finally, after his memory had been vigorously jogged, he offered to take us to the place where it was hidden.

Bourns, Mateo, and I escorted him, and we carried two shotguns and a revolver, lest he should try to make for the jungle. We were hardly out of sight of the house when he had another lapse of memory. We took him back again, and the Doctor stimulated his lagging nerve-cells by vigorously applying to his person a cleaning-rod made of good Michigan hickory. This treatment had the desired effect, and we set out once more, the Doctor bringing up the rear, and occasionally refreshing recollection with the rod.

Our servant piloted us to what we took for a native house, where we asked and received permission to enter. Paradise now conducted us to the kitchen, saying that he had left the powder concealed beneath the stove. There was no powder there, however, and he accused a little boy, not strong enough to lift the box, of having carried it off. The Doctor, despairing of getting the truth out of him, finally set off for the headquarters of the *guardia civil* to seek help, leaving us on guard.

Presently a very pretty young Spanish woman appeared on the scene, and, after staring for a moment in blank amazement at the tableau *in her* kitchen, screamed and ran. Five minutes later a much-excited lieutenant rushed in and proceeded to ask numerous pointed questions.

Mateo endeavoured to explain the situation, and the lieutenant calmed down a little. When the Doctor returned, we found that our wretch of a boy had deliberately led us into the house of one of the officials, in order to get us into trouble. Mutual explanations followed, accompanied by many apologies on our part. The Spanish lady, who proved to be the wife of the owner of the house, returned and laughed at the whole affair, while the lieutenant himself insisted on accompanying us, and aiding us in our search.

We now took Paradise to the headquarters of the *guardia*, and turned him over to the captain in command, who ordered him whipped. As this failed to

produce the desired result, he was then bastinadoed. Meanwhile the lieutenant knocked him down a few times, during breathing-spells. He finally led the soldiers off on the same sort of a wild-goose chase he had taken us. By the time they returned with him, nearly every Spaniard in the place was on hand, and each of them felt called upon to aid in punishing him. At last, after he had taken the *guardias* around the town a second time, and had once more forgotten where the powder was, they beat him a little more and locked him up for the night.

Our polite friend, the lieutenant, insisted on escorting us to the door of our house, and bade us a courteous good night. The next morning he went down to the house of the governor, and swore out a warrant for us on the charge of entering his house *with armed violence*, alleging that we had not only pushed his majordomo aside with the muzzles of our guns, but had struck and choked him! These interesting facts he had learned from the majordomo himself, who was, like our own servants, a convict.

I had started for the woods that morning with no suspicion of trouble. On my return I found soldiers watching our house, and learned that the Doctor was already standing trial at the "*gobierno*," while we had all been notified to consider ourselves under arrest, and to remain at home. A dismal rain began to fall, and as the hours passed, and the Doctor did not return,

our hearts turned to lead. We imagined all sorts of evil things.

It was very unusual for any vessel except the regular monthly Spanish mail-steamer to put into Puerto Princesa, and the governor had us completely in his power; for we had no means of communicating with the outside world.

Nine o'clock came, and still the Doctor did not return. We had just decided that he was surely in jail, and were wondering how soon they would take us to the same place, when to our great relief he appeared. It seemed that the necessary officials had not been able to get together until dark, so he had spent an afternoon visiting with the governor, and had been on trial all the evening.

Proceedings continued during the next day. We suggested to the Spaniards that it was rather far-fetched to put the word of a criminal against that of five honest men, and they seemed to see the point; for they dropped the first charge and brought up a second, saying that we had carried loaded firearms on the street after dark, which was against the rules of the town. We admitted the truth of this accusation, but suggested that they ought not to push us too hard for the violation of a police ordinance of which they had not told us; especially since the Governor-General had granted us unusual privileges in the matter of using firearms. They then abandoned the second count, but had a third

all ready. It was the most astonishing of all. They said that we had shamefully abused Paradise, and that the poor boy had been laid up in hospital ever since.

Now it happened that one of us had seen him on the street, the morning after our unfortunate adventure, engaged in the healthful occupation of breaking stones. Furthermore, in view of the fact that our friend the lieutenant had knocked him down, and nearly every Spaniard in town had struck or kicked him, between the numerous whippings and bastinadoings bestowed on him by order of the captain of the *guardia*, we felt that we might properly decline to take *all* the responsibility for any injuries he might have sustained.

This last charge was so evidently trumped up for the occasion that the Doctor's temper gave way. With much frankness he told the surprised Spaniards that they were simply trying to badger us into paying a fine. He served notice on them that we should go about our business, refusing to consider ourselves under arrest, or to obey any summons to appear before them; and ended by threatening them with bombardment and destruction if they molested us further. The old gentleman was so much in earnest that they must have concluded he had a fleet hidden away somewhere up the coast.

They dismissed court for the day, and the governor tried to avoid further responsibility by running off on one of his gunboats to visit the outposts, but was

driven back by foul weather, whereupon he quashed the proceedings against us. We were fortunate to escape so easily, for the worst misfortune which can befall a man in the Philippines is to get into a lawsuit.

Foreman's statement of the probable result of a legal entanglement is so good that I quote it.

"Between notaries, procurators, solicitors, barristers, and the sluggish process of the courts, a litigant is fleeced of his money, often worried into a bad state of health, and kept in horrible suspense and doubt for years. When judgment has been given, it is as hard to get it executed as it was to win the case. Even then, when the question at issue is supposed to be settled, a loophole or flaw in the sentence can always be concocted to re-open the whole affair. If the case has been tried and judgment given under the Civil Code, a way is often found to convert it into a criminal case, and when apparently settled under the Criminal Code, a hitch will be discovered under the *Laws of the Indies*, or the *Siete Partidas*, or the *Roman Law*, or the *Novisima Recopilacion*, or the *Antiguos fueros*, Decrees, Royal Orders, *Ordenanzas de buen Gobierno*, and so forth."

By way of illustration he cites the case of a Negros planter, who was accused of homicide. After being acquitted by the judge of his province, he went to Manila in order to get a confirmation of the verdict from the supreme court. The expenses of the legal proceedings were so great that he had to mortgage his plantation to meet them, and after the matter was apparently ended in his favour, a new provincial judge, in hunting over old cases for something that might bring him fees, came across this, and got the unfortunate man sent to jail for eight years!

There is no justice in the Philippines except for those who can afford to pay for it very liberally, and one of the most crying needs of the colony is *one* simple but comprehensive code of laws, and honest and prompt enforcement of its provisions.

The readiness with which the officials at Puerto Princesa seized on a very poor excuse to make us trouble illustrates well the general feeling toward foreigners. In our case they may have been suspicious that we were trying to spy out the land, for they are always hunting for mares' nests, and did not believe that we were really working so hard and wasting so much good ammunition merely for the sake of a few apparently worthless bird-skins.

This was not to be our last clash with Spanish authorities, but we were not again molested in Palawan. Nevertheless, we were glad when the time came for us to sail for Mindanao.

Four years later Bourns, Mateo, and I returned to Puerto Princesa, and as we saw a great deal on our second visit to Palawan which we missed on our first, I shall take up our further experiences on this little-known island in the following chapter.

CHAPTER V

SECOND VISIT TO PALAWAN

In December, 1892, three members of our old party returned to Palawan. When we had left the Philippines, at the end of our first expedition, Mateo had preferred to remain at his old home in Mindanao. Here Bourns and I had found him, six months after our return to the archipelago, and we had at once added him to our permanent force.

We had looked forward to a second visit to Palawan with some misgivings. Our previous encounter with the governor there had become the gossip of the whole colony, and repeatedly during our wanderings we had heard grossly exaggerated accounts of the performances of the *naturalistas americanos* at Puerto Princesa. We had not thought it necessary to claim any relationship with those "*naturalistas*," but had felt certain that we should be recognized by some one when actually on the ground. Backed as we were by a strong order from Weyler, our position was secure, but it is not agreeable to feel oneself an object of dislike to a whole community.

Our concern was needless, although our first attempt in a social way was not a success. We were resolved to do our part, at least, and soon after our arrival went to the one Spanish *tienda* in the place, where the Europeans were accustomed to meet, in order to make the acquaintance of our neighbours. In five minutes we had turned a very jolly assemblage into a Quaker meeting, and in fifteen we had beaten a retreat.

Our official call on the governor was promptly returned, however. The other Spaniards followed the example of their superior, and we were soon on good terms with everybody.

Not one of the officials whom we had known during our first visit remained. They had all been transferred to other places. The new governor was a handsome and courtly old Spaniard, and more than that, he was a gentleman, in the best sense of the word. Unfailing courtesy marked his dealings with every one. Time and again we saw him halt in his tracks, to return the salute of some poor native marine from one of his gunboats. During our stay he lost no opportunity to show us kindness. We were invited to join in all the little social events of the place, and several weeks passed very pleasantly. The illustration on page 96, from a photograph taken at a birthday party given by one of the officials, shows the Spaniards of the town, with the governor in the seat of honour at the head of the table.

A SPANISH BIRTHDAY PARTY — PUERTO PRINCESA, PALAWAN

When in the island before, we had seen next to nothing of the wild people who form practically its whole population; for the little settlement of Spaniards and civilized natives at Puerto Princesa is hardly worth considering, when it comes to a question of numbers. This time we were determined to get among the savages.

In the southern part of Palawan *Moros* are found, in the central portion and along the northern coasts a tribe called *Tagbanuas*, and in the northern mountain region *Battaks*. We knew the Tagbanuas to be a pacific people, and we hoped they might be of use to us. We

had heard circumstantial accounts of two strange mammals said to inhabit the mountain region. One was a large ape, and the other a goat. A Spanish officer who had been stationed at one of the outposts in the island had assured us that a wild goat had been brought him by the Tagbanuas, and had been kept in captivity by him for some time. Another Spaniard had vowed that he had himself seen the apes, which were as large as men.

While we did not take much stock in the goat story, the proximity of the island to Borneo led us to give some consideration to the big-monkey tale, and we were anxious to get hold of the mountain people and learn the truth.

There happened to be an engineer in the place, who was conducting a private experiment in civilization. He had won the confidence of a considerable number of Tagbanuas, and had persuaded them to come down from the mountains and construct a village under his direction. None but "good" Tagbanuas were allowed in the place. Little by little he had encouraged his people to plant rice, bananas, and cocoanuts, and had helped them to organize a form of local government.

His motives had not been purely disinterested, to be sure. He had been sent to Palawan to construct a highway across the island, in order to establish land communication between the capital and the outposts on the west coast, which cannot readily be reached

by sea. After the road had been carried half of the necessary distance, his men were taken from him and sent to Mindanao. This is the way with most government enterprises in the Philippines.

Señor D'Escouvet was very much interested in that road. He hoped his men might be sent back to him sometime, and knowing that what had already been accomplished would soon be lost unless the rapidly encroaching vegetation was constantly cleared away, he organized his Tagbanua village, and made it the duty of the headmen to see that the road to town was kept clean and in repair.

He promised to make inquiries among his people in regard to strange animals, and a few days later sent a messenger to summon us to his house, where we found a number of Tagbanuas assembled. They assured us positively that both the goat and the big ape existed in the island. Not only did they have names of their own for these animals, but one of the young men insisted that he had actually seen a goat within two weeks. He described it in detail, and as his account sounded plausible, and there were no tame goats which he could have seen, we were inclined to believe him.

D'Escouvet invited us to move up to his model village and establish our headquarters there, and offered to go with us himself. We at once accepted his invitation, and he sent for carriers to transport our luggage.

When they arrived, we set out for Tagbarus. All the people of the place met us at the confines of their territory, and we were triumphantly escorted to a house that had been made ready for us.

TAGBANUA TYPES — IWAHIG RIVER, PALAWAN

Mateo started at once to look for goats, taking the man who professed to have seen one as guide, while for the next week Bourns and I studied our strange hosts, or hunted near their village. The Tagbanuas are a decidedly interesting people. They are commonly believed to be a half-breed race between the Negritos (the little black aborigines of the archipelago)

and some Malay tribe. At all events, they are quite dark skinned, and their hair shows a decided tendency to curl.

On ordinary occasions the men wear only a clout, while the women content themselves with a piece of cloth wrapped around the body and reaching from waist to knees. The Tagbanua costume is not a safe subject for generalization, however. Some of the men adopt the Moro dress. Others, especially in the vicinity of Puerto Princesa, have obtained cast-off articles of European clothing. So far as we could judge, hats came first in their estimation, coats second, and pantaloons last.

The women usually have in reserve a semitransparent *camisa*, or waist, and a second fairly long skirt, which they don on special occasions. (See page 103.)

During our stay at Tagbarus we were fortunate enough to witness an uncommon sight. Noting an unusual stir among the villagers one day, we inquired the cause, and learned that they were about to have a *macasla* festival. *Macasla* is the name of a mixture used by the Tagbanuas in taking fish. We had heard of its remarkable properties with some incredulity, and we therefore awaited developments with much interest.

The mixture was prepared late in the afternoon, in order that it might ferment over night. It contained six vegetable ingredients, which were pounded up in an old dugout canoe, together with earth and wood-ashes. The *macasla* itself was the all-important ele-

ment, and they had sent miles away to get a little. It proved to be the fruit of a low-growing bush. Among the other plant substances used we recognized *chiles* (fiery red-peppers) and *carote*, a tuber sometimes used by the natives for food after preliminary treatment for the removal of a poison which it contains. The three remaining vegetable substances were unfamiliar to us.

I crushed a little of the *macasla*, soaked it in alcohol for a few minutes, and gave a spoonful of the resulting solution to a monkey which I wanted to get rid of. He promptly died.

Half the village gathered about the old canoe and watched the making of the mixture, which was prepared under the direction of a very old man. When all was to his mind, he covered the canoe with banana leaves, and forbade any one to remove them before the following day.

The village was stirring early, for it was necessary to catch the tide at its turn. Men, women, and childrer assembled about the old canoe, each carrying a loosely woven wicker basket, into which was put some of the *macasla* mixture. All hands then adjourned to the beach. There were extensive shoals along the shore, which had been left bare by the receding water. We walked out as far as we could go, and awaited the turn of the tide. It came in a short time, and the waves were soon racing in over the shoals. The critical moment had now arrived. The

Tagbanuas formed a long line, and at a given signal each dropped his basket into the water, and jerked it about by a thong until the *macasla* was washed out and well scattered. Then all began to retreat slowly toward the shore.

For the first ten minutes we noticed no effect, but at the end of that time things began to get lively: Crabs forsook their holes and scuttled aimlessly about, as if seeking to escape from something. Small fish began to come to the surface for air. In five minutes more some of the large fish showed signs of distress. They jumped out of the water, or floated at the top a moment, finally coming to rest on their sides at the bottom. If touched, they would dart off for a few feet, only to turn over and sink again.

The natives rushed around, grabbing them in their hands, or disabling them with machetes if they chanced to be too big to handle easily; all the time laughing and shrieking with delight. Their baskets were soon filled, and we then returned to Tagbarus.

Although fish of all sorts were temporarily disabled by the *macasla*, only a few very small ones died. The others had begun to recover before we left the beach. We could not make out how the mixture acted. The Tagbanuas said that it affected the eyes of the fish, but I doubt this somewhat. On the other hand, while certain of the ingredients were poisonous enough if swallowed, I saw no fish attempting to eat the stuff,

TAGBANUA MOTHER AND CHILDREN — PALAWAN

and the effect was too prompt and widespread to have been entirely due to such a cause.

There was much celebrating in town that night, with music, dancing, and feasting. Like many of the Philippine tribes, the Tagbanuas are born musicians. Their instruments were of the simplest sort, consisting of drums with shark-skin heads, flutes of bamboo, "jew's-harps" of the same material, and guitars or banjoes with hemp strings; but the pleasing harmonies which they sometimes managed to produce were the more remarkable because of the rudeness of the contrivances which they were obliged to use.

Dancers sometimes came out singly, sometimes in pairs. Many of the dances were very interesting, but as we did not understand the words which accompanied them, much of their significance was lost to us. In one of the commonest a man and a woman, or a boy and a girl, took part, each showing off fancy steps of a very lively order while the man tried to catch his partner off her guard and gain a position immediately in front of her. She would allow him to all but succeed, foiling him at the last instant by a quick dodge or sudden turn. If the man gained the desired position for so much as an instant, his partner at once retired, and another took her place. In not a few instances this dance resolved itself into a test of physical endurance between two individuals, the one who first gave out being liberally jeered by the crowd.

In another of the dances a woman executed some difficult movements on her knees.

The day after the *macasla* festival Mateo returned. His trip had resulted in complete failure. His guide had at first stood by the assertion that he had seen a goat himself. As they drew nearer their destination, he decided that it was *his uncle* who had seen it, and when they were finally on the ground, admitted that he had only heard from "the old men" that there *used* to be goats there! As there was nothing to indicate that even the old men had spoken the truth, Mateo returned.

We at once decided to attempt the ascent of Mt. Pulgar (Thumb Mountain), lying southwest of Puerto Princesa. We had been assured that both goats and apes abounded on it, and as we knew that the few attempts made to climb it had failed, we expected to find conditions undisturbed by man.

Three previous efforts had been made to ascend this mountain, but in each case Tagbanua guides had got lost in the forest, and had led the exploring party aimlessly about until its members were only too glad to get back to the place from which they had started. The Tagbanuas had always insisted that there was no path to the base of Pulgar, but this we did not believe. We wanted to win their confidence, and learn the truth from them; and it was decided that I should go back to town, cross the bay, ascend the Iwahig River

until I struck a *rancheria*, and devote my energies to getting into the good graces of its inhabitants. Bourns was to follow a few days later, with the luggage.

A TYPICAL TAGBANUA HOUSE — PALAWAN

I succeeded beyond my expectation. The wild Tagbanuas proved much more interesting than their partially civilized brethren. They were very friendly, and much less suspicious than most of the savage

tribes which we encountered. Their village houses were built of *nipa* palm and bamboo, like those of the civilized natives, but were of smaller size, and many were perched high up in the air instead of being within six or eight feet of the ground.

To my utter surprise I found that they had a simple syllabic alphabet, and that it was in common use. In place of note-paper they used fresh joints of bamboo, scratching their letters on the smooth surface in vertical columns. The possession of this alphabet, as well as their odd religious belief, seems to me to point backward to a day when they had a much higher civilization than at present.

They told me that "in the early days" they had been governed by a ruler called *Magogoórang Gínóö*, who held office for life. If he proved a good chief, his eldest son was allowed to succeed him; if not, a new one was chosen by the will of the people. At present, however, there is no ruler for the whole tribe. The affairs of each community are directed by a council of old men, who administer justice according to Tagbanua traditions and their own ideas of what is fitting.

If a person is charged with a serious crime, accused and accuser are conducted by the old men to the bank of some deep pool, and there, in the presence of relatives and friends, the two dive beneath the water at the same instant. The one who remains under the longer is held to have spoken the truth.

Theft is punished by a fine, equivalent to twice the value of the stolen article. If the culprit cannot, or will not, pay the fine, he is whipped. In case of adultery an injured husband may kill both his wife and her paramour, but may not kill the one and let the other go free.

Polygamy is not allowed. A father sets a price on each of his daughters, and whoever wishes to marry one of them must pay the amount demanded. Should a father object on personal grounds to a suitor who is willing to give the price set, he must himself pay a fine to the injured individual.

Child marriage is extremely common. Women are in demand, and it is said that children are sometimes betrothed before birth, with the rather necessary proviso of their turning out to be of the proper sex! The illustration on the opposite page shows a group of women at Iwahig, dressed in their best clothes. Of the little girls on the right, the first and third were married.

If a marriage proves unhappy, either contracting party can break it by paying a fine to the other. The parents of the two settle the sum to be paid.

Tagbanua women are, as a rule, well treated, but are expected to do their full share of hard work. It is not uncommon for a woman to bathe and go about her usual duties the day after bearing a child.

When a death occurs, the relatives of the deceased person set a time for the funeral. At the appointed

hour his house is torn down, and his body is carried to the woods and buried in the earth. Dishes and earthen pots belonging to him are broken over his grave to mark it.

While a corpse is awaiting burial, the Tagbanuas are in dread of a mythical creature called *balbal*,

TAGBANUA WOMEN AND GIRLS — PALAWAN

which they say comes from the Moro country. It sails through the air like a flying-squirrel. In form it is man-like, with curved nails which it uses to tear up the thatch of houses, and a long tongue with which it reaches down and "licks up" the bodies.

I was especially interested in their views as to a

future life. They scouted the idea of a home in the skies, urging that it would be *inaccessible*. Their notion was that when a Tagbanua died he entered a cave, from which a road led down into the bowels of the earth. After passing along this road for some time, he came suddenly into the presence of one Taliákood, a man of gigantic stature, who tended a fire which burned forever between two tree-trunks without consuming them. Taliákood inquired of the new arrival whether he had led a good or a bad life in the world above. The answer came, not from the individual himself, but from a *louse* on his body.

I asked what would happen should the man not chance to possess any of these interesting arthropoda, and was informed that such an occurrence was unprecedented! The louse was the *witness*, and would always be found, even on the body of a little dead child.

According to the answer of this singular arbiter, the fate of the deceased person was decided. If he was adjudged to have been a bad man, Taliákood pitched him into the fire, where he was promptly and completely burned up. If the verdict was in his favour, he was allowed to pass on, and soon found himself in a happy place, where the crops were always abundant and the hunting was good. A house awaited him. If he had died before his wife, he married again, selecting a partner from among the wives who had preceded their husbands; but if husband and wife chanced to

die at the same time, they remarried in the world below. Every one was well off in this happy underground abode, but those who had been wealthy on earth were less comfortable than those who had been poor. In the course of time sickness and death again overtook one. In fact, one died seven times in all, going ever deeper into the earth and improving his surroundings with each successive inward migration, without running a second risk of getting into Taliákood's fire.

I could not persuade the Tagbanuas to advance any theories as to the nature or origin of the sun, moon, and stars. Clouds they called "the breath of the wind.'

They accounted for the tide by saying that in a far-distant sea there lived a gigantic crab: when he went into his hole the water was forced out, and the tide rose; when he came out the water rushed in, and the tide fell. The thing was simplicity itself.

I asked them why the monkey looked so much like a man. They said because he *was* once a man, who was very lazy when he should have been planting rice. Vexed at his indolence, a companion threw a stick at him which stuck into him; whereupon he assumed his present form, the stick forming his tail.

One afternoon, when I was busily at work caring for specimens which had been brought to me, a much-excited Tagbanua appeared and asked what I would give for a big snake. He said he had one for sale which was

eight times as long as a stick that he carried, and he also showed me a bit of rattan two feet in length, which, he said, measured its girth. I found that if he was telling the truth, his snake was twenty-two feet long.

Pythons are numerous in the Philippines, and during our first trip we had often heard of very large ones; but the nearer we got to them the smaller they grew, until at last, when we applied the yard-stick, they shrank about a half, so that I had rather lost faith in *very* large specimens. This man seemed decidedly in earnest, however, and I accordingly offered him six dollars, with the proviso that I would add fifty cents for every foot that the snake ran over twenty-two, and take off the same amount for every foot he fell short. Six dollars seems a princely sum to a Tagbanua, and he closed with me at once. He explained, however, that as the snake was about six miles away, and it had taken a day to get him one mile, after catching him, it might be some time before the goods could be delivered.

It seemed that he had been hunting porcupines, in company with two companions, when they had discovered his snakeship coiled up under a fallen tree. Arranging rattan slip-nooses so that he could not well escape them all, they had then poked him up and caused him to crawl into their snares, when they jerked the knots tight, and made the lines fast to trees. How they ever managed to transport the creature after catching him, I could not quite make out.

I suggested to the native that it might be easier for me to go to the python than for him to bring the python to me. This happy solution of the difficulty delighted him greatly, and as it was too late for me to start that night, he left me a boy for a guide, and hurried back to watch that six-dollar snake.

Mateo and I got off bright and early the next morning, taking preservatives and a pint of chloroform with us.

When we reached our destination, I nearly stepped on the python, which was stretched perfectly straight on the ground, and looked for all the world like a log. A venomous hiss warned me of my mistake, and caused me to beat a retreat so sudden as to afford intense delight to the assembled crowd of Tagbanuas. Evidently they had not intended that the huge reptile should escape, for they had tied him to stumps, house-timbers, boulders, in fact everything to which they could make a line fast.

He had about three feet of play for his head, however, and as he did not seem amiable, I thought it wise to treat him with great respect. Drenching a handful of absorbent cotton with chloroform, I presented it to him on the end of a piece of bamboo. He bit it savagely, and it caught on his long recurved teeth, so that he could not get rid of it. In a few moments I was watching in amazement the most remarkable exhibition of brute force that I ever saw. Under the stimulus of the chloroform that python broke *green*

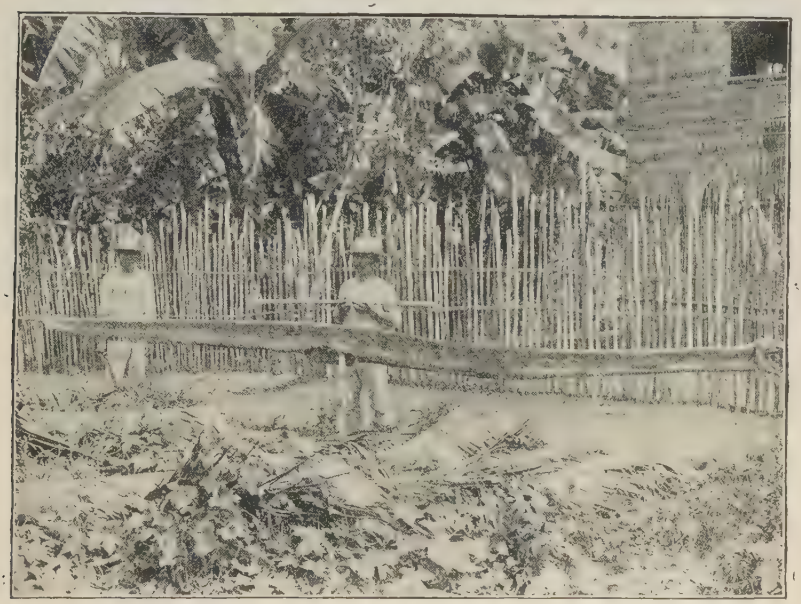
rattans three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and he did it without apparent exertion. There was no thrashing about. It was all quiet, steady pulling. He soon broke, or twisted out of, every one of his fastenings except a running noose around his neck; and getting a hold for his tail around a neighbouring stump, he pulled until it seemed as if his head would come off.

Eventually the chloroform quieted him somewhat, and I was then able to give him more. Finally, after he was well stupefied, I pulled out his tongue and poured what remained down his windpipe.

When he seemed to be pretty thoroughly dead, I had him dragged under the shade of a house, but fortunately took the precaution of again making fast the free end of the rattan about his neck. Wishing to avoid injury to the skin, as far as possible, I cut through it on his belly for about eighteen inches, at the point where the body was largest. I planned to work the skin off clear around him, then cut the body in two and skin both halves of it out through the one opening. I was just beginning to halve him, when he suddenly recovered consciousness. It was evident that he strongly disapproved of the treatment he had received. I did not want to shoot him, because it would injure the skin too much, and my chloroform was all gone. By carefully watching for its beat, I finally located his heart, and, choosing a time when he was stretched at full length and could not strike,

pierced it with one blow from a dagger, and he slowly bled to death.

We measured him carefully, and found his length to be twenty-two feet six inches. We had no means of accurately determining his weight, but it could not have been far from 375 pounds.



SKIN OF HUGE PYTHON — PALAWAN

It cost us six hours of hard work to remove the skin, and took us nearly all night to clean it.

I have always regretted that I did not have the camera with me. When Bourns brought it, a few days later, we got a photograph of the skin.

When we first broached the subject of ascending Pul-

gar, the Tagbanuas declared it to be impossible. They said there was no path to the mountain, and they did not know the way; that even if we could find it, the "*packda*" (big apes) would roll stones down on us; and finally the old men had told them that near the top the sides of the mountain were perpendicular, so that we could not get up anyhow. No Tagbanua had ever yet climbed Pulgar; how then could a white man hope to do it? We assured them that we were *looking* for "*packda*," and after watching the effect of our heavy rifles they gained some confidence. It took us a long time to win them over, but they finally consented to accompany us on condition that they should be allowed to run as soon as the dreaded apes appeared.

On the day appointed for the start Bourns was ill, but the time remaining was so short that delay was out of the question, so Mateo and I went on without him, accompanied by nine Tagbanuas. We soon found that, as I had all the time suspected, there *was* a path straight to Pulgar.

Although I had reduced my baggage to the lowest possible terms, and had only a gun myself, the tramp proved a hard one for us all. On our way we met Tagbanuas carrying heavy loads of dammar to the coast. They had it in large baskets, each of which was fitted to the back of the bearer, and held in place by a thong across his forehead, and two more over his shoulders and under his arms. The loads carried in this way were very heavy.

Later we came to the "mine," where dammar was being dug. It is a vegetable gum, which exudes from a large tree. In some places there are extensive deposits, which have run into the earth in bygone years, or have been gradually covered with accumulating leaf-mould. It is abundant in Mindanao, as well as Palawan, but the deposits have never been systematically worked.

Near this dammar mine were the huts of the workmen, and I had a chance to see how the Tagbanuas live while in the forest. They spend much of their time in search of honey, wax, and the like during the dry season, and the huts which they build while in the woods are merely rude leaf shelters over platforms of poles. These miserable shacks are so low that their occupants cannot stand erect. Smudges are kept constantly going underneath them, to drive away insect pests, and men, women, and children squat contentedly in smoke that would choke a white man.

We saw no utensils save a few earthen pots, and what the people lived on we could not discover. The men are very skilful in setting snares, however, and porcupines and jungle-fowl doubtless formed an important part of their food.

We tarried at this settlement only long enough for lunch, and hastened on. By four o'clock I was ready to make camp, 2500 feet up on the side of Pulgar. I chose to stop at this point because above it the mountain was one huge moss-grown stone pile, and the

streams were all deep down in the crevices between the rocks. Near the site of our camp a fine brook came gushing from the mountain-side, and furnished us with a plentiful supply of delicious water.

Leaving my men to construct a leaf shelter under Mateo's direction, I pushed on up the mountain, and ascended a thousand feet without serious difficulty. Here a projecting crag gave me a clear view of the thumb-like peak from which Pulgar takes its name, and I was able to map out a feasible route for the next day. Compass in hand, I took careful bearings, and then went back to camp. I was pleasantly surprised to find Bourns there. He had grown a little better, and had been unable to resist the temptation to follow us. I promised him that we would eat dinner on the tip of the thumb next day, and we did, though at a rather late hour.

In the morning we left one man to watch the camp, and pushed on, taking with us food, water, extra clothing, two rubber blankets, and two guns. We soon got above the line of large trees. At no point had we seen the palms on the buds of which the big apes were said to feed, and we knew they would not inhabit the mass of ferns and wet scrub which lay between us and the summit. Our men soon realized that the "*packda*" theory was exploded, and the mere mention of the word was enough to set them off into fits of laughter. Our climb was not without its rewards, however. Exquisite ferns and orchids were on every hand, but what especially

interested us were the remarkable pitcher-plants, of which we found two species. One trailed over bushes and low trees, and bore frequent tendrils, on the ends of which were graceful pitchers with overhanging lids, each large enough to hold half a glass of water. This species disappeared somewhat abruptly at a height of about 3000 feet, and its place was taken by a still more remarkable form, with a stiff central stem reaching a height of three or four feet. The stem bore whorls of long, knife-like leaves, the midribs of which projected beyond the blades, and hung down to the ground, where each bore an immense pitcher, with a neat lid. The largest of these held a pint and a half of water. Examination revealed the fact that they were most ingenious insect traps. The water which they contained tempted thirsty creatures, and smooth grooves leading inward made their entrance easy; but a ring of keen-pointed spines, directed in and down, about the edge of each pitcher, made escape impossible for any but winged insects, after they had once entered.

We soon found ourselves in the clouds. It was fortunate that I had mapped out a route the night before, for otherwise we should never have made the summit. As it was, our progress was steady, though slow. The scrub grew thicker as we climbed higher, and we had to wait for our men to cut their way through the tangle, foot by foot.

The summit proved to be one of the disappear-

ing sort. A dozen times we thought we had almost reached it, but it was after two o'clock when we finally stood on the point of the thumb.

A cold wind swept the crest of the mountain, and in five minutes after we stopped climbing we were chilled to the bone. Our Tagbanuas had never experienced such cold, and were much alarmed; but we gave them heavy clothing, and when they had built a fire they felt better. We had been shut in by dense clouds, but suddenly they broke away, and it was worth all the fatigue of the trip to see the astonishment of those savages. They now realized for the first time that they were *in* the clouds, and we could hardly make out which surprised them most, that fact, or the wonderful view which spread out before them. They had never dreamed of anything like it, nor, for that matter, had we. To the north and south lay absolutely unbroken forest, as far as the eye could reach. To the east we looked over the Mindoro Sea to distant mountain peaks beyond it, and to the west we searched the China Sea in vain for any sign of land; but our eyes ever came back to that vast expanse of splendid forest, which seemed to stand as it was in the beginning, with never a trace of the marring hand of man.

Hunger and thirst soon brought us back to the contemplation of practical things. Through an accident, we had lost our supply of drinking water during

the ascent. We knew it was hopeless to search for a spring, and were obliged to content ourselves with pouring the water from some of the pitcher-plants, straining out the deceased insects, and making coffee with that. An idea now occurred to us, and we cleaned out forty or fifty big pitchers. When the rain began again, as it soon did, we caught a good supply of clean water.

It was too late to descend the mountain that day. Bourns and I managed to rig up a rude shelter, with a roof of rubber blankets and sides of brush, while our men huddled around their fire. The next morning we put our names, the date, and the height of the mountain as measured by our barometer, in a small bottle, and wedged it securely into a crevice within eighteen inches of the top. This done, we rigged a big banner, to prove that we had really gained the summit, and reluctantly turned our backs upon a sight on which the eye of man had probably never before rested. We reached our temporary camp wet and hungry, and rested there over night.

When we arrived at Iwahig the next day, the natives at first refused to believe that we had really climbed the mountain; whereupon our men got angry, and a free fight followed. After convincing their fellow-townsmen, by *very forcible* arguments, that they spoke the truth, they found themselves suddenly converted into popular heroes, and they were still basking in the sunshine of their newly acquired greatness when we left them.

While up the Iwahig River, we visited the scene of one of the many melancholy failures which have resulted from attempts to develop the resources of the Philippines.

Señor Felipé Canga-Arguelles y Villalba was for some time the governor of Palawan. He long tried unsuccessfully to interest his countrymen in the tremendous possibilities of his province, and finally, after resigning his official position, secured a concession of 12,000 hectares of land. He was to be allowed to work mines, cut timber, and cultivate the soil. He found it necessary to employ Chinese labour to clear away the forest, but was refused permission to employ aliens.

Not content with this, his countrymen accused him of trying to interest foreigners in his concession, which was of course a deadly crime! It was even hinted that he meant, eventually, to declare Palawan independent territory, and additional restrictions were imposed on him until his concession became absolutely worthless.

He had started a sort of experiment station near us, and a visit to it furnished abundant proof of the wonderful fertility of the soil. The overseer was delighted to see us, and was anxious to detain us. We found his tales of *what might have been* very interesting, but it was necessary for us to hasten back to Puerto Princesa and get ready to take the mail-steamer. A few days later we turned our backs on this island of great possibilities, and sailed for Sulu.

CHAPTER VI

BALABAC, CAGAYAN SULU, MINDANAO, AND BASILAN

Our first stop on the voyage to Sulu was at Balabac, a small island just south of Palawan. It is inhabited by Moros, who, while not so warlike as their brethren in Sulu and Mindanao, are still very far from being good citizens.

Balabac is hilly, and is almost entirely covered with forest, but in the few places where attempts have been made to cultivate the soil, it has proved very fertile.

The island is extremely unhealthful. Fever, of a virulent type, is very common, and so is that disgusting disease biri-biri. An appointment as governor of Balabac is not ordinarily regarded as a compliment. In fact, it is quite generally understood that this honour is, as a rule, reserved for some one who could be conveniently spared should he be providentially removed. This was at all events the view of the case taken by the poor, fever-marked governor who came off to our steamer. His face and neck were covered with the evil brown spots that are the sure sign of bad malarial poisoning, and he openly avowed his belief that he had been sent to the accursed place to die. We at first

thought he had a very bad case of "funk," but when, a few minutes later, marines from one of the gunboats were brought out to our ship for removal to hospital, and we saw that they were swollen into utter shapelessness with biri-biri, we decided to drop Balabac from our list of islands to be visited.

Our next stop was at a little volcanic island in the midst of the Sulu Sea, called Cagayan, where we put in to load more cattle. It is inhabited almost exclusively by Moros, the only government representative being a *mestizo* interpreter. The people seemed to be peaceable, and on our second visit to the Philippines we planned to make a stop there. Unfortunately, they had in the meantime fallen into bad ways. While we were at Sulu, a boat-load of them were brought in by a gunboat. They had been caught selling firearms and ammunition in Tawi Tawi. General Arolas put them to work on his streets. Among their number were two chiefs who felt that they had been mortally insulted, and when finally allowed to return to their homes, they promptly stirred up so much ill feeling that their island became a very unsafe place for white men; so we were forced to abandon our proposed visit.

When we arrived at Sulu, we found things unusually lively. General Arolas had sacked Maibun, the Moro stronghold, only two days before, and the island, dangerous enough at any time, was in a ferment. Arolas objected strongly to our going outside of the

walls, saying that he felt personally responsible for our safety, and, if we insisted on hunting, he should have to send a strong escort of troops with us. It was useless to attempt to collect under such circumstances, so we remained on the steamer until we reached Zamboanga, at the extreme southwestern point of Mindanao, and disembarked there.

Mindanao is nearly as large as Luzon, and many times larger than any of the remaining islands of the Philippine group. Until within a short time, next to nothing has been known of its interior; but the priests of the Jesuit mission have persistently and fearlessly pushed explorations until they have gathered data for a fairly complete and accurate map.

They recognize twenty-four distinct tribes of people, of whom seventeen are pagan, six Mohammedan (Moro), while the remainder are Christian Visayans, who have come in from the northern islands and settled at various points, especially along the north coast.

Most of the wild tribes are of Malayan origin, but there still remain in Mindanao a considerable number of the little black Negritos, and with them some of the Malay tribes have intermarried.

The warlike Moros are especially dreaded. They are found along the southern and southwestern coasts, and near the large rivers and inland lakes.

Although the island is nominally divided into provinces, Spanish control is, as a matter of fact, effective

only in narrow and more or less isolated strips along the sea and near a few of the rivers which afford the only means of communication with the interior. There are no roads, and the futility of attempting to move troops inland was beautifully demonstrated by General Weyler during our second visit.

For some reason best known to himself, he saw fit to send in an expedition against the Moros. It was very broadly hinted by his countrymen that he had an itching for the rank of marshal, and hoped to win it. Whatever the cause, all the available forces in the archipelago were concentrated, and marched into the Mindanao forest. An officer who accompanied the expedition told me that the enemy simply ran away, and they were never able to overtake them, while eighty per cent of their own men were disabled by starvation and fever. Although the starvation might have been avoided, it is tolerably certain that the fever was inevitable.

The mortality was certainly terrible. We saw the wreck of the expedition come back, and in spite of the fact that the priests from all the towns near Zamboanga were called in, they could not shrive the soldiers as fast as they died. Sick men were sent away by the shipload. Meanwhile, Weyler was directing operations from a very safe distance, spending much of his time on a despatch-boat.

We learned, later, that several glorious victories

were announced at Manila, and were celebrated with processions, fireworks, and great rejoicing.

The scenery in Mindanao is very fine. The largest known flower, measuring some three feet in diameter, has been discovered there. There are several active volcanoes in the island, of which the most famous is Mt. Apo, near Davao. Extinct volcanoes are numerous.

Extensive areas are covered with magnificent trees, and apart from the valuable forest products which Mindanao has in common with several of the other islands, gutta-percha is abundant in certain localities.

As might be inferred from its name, which signifies "man of the lake," Mindanao is well watered. Its rivers are more important than those of Luzon. The Butuan rises within a few miles of the south coast, and runs north, traversing the whole island. The Rio Grande, on the other hand, rises near the north coast, and flows south and west. Important lakes are connected with the Rio Grande and the Butuan, while Lake Lanao, situated just where the western peninsula joins the main body of the island, empties into the sea by the river Agus.

The soil, especially in the river and lake regions, is enormously productive. Little is known of the mineral wealth, but it is certain that gold exists in paying quantities at a number of points. Diggings have long been worked by the natives near Misamis and Surigao.

Zamboanga, the port at which we landed, is the capital of a province bearing the same name. It is the oldest of the Spanish settlements, having been taken and fortified in the early days as a base of operations against the Moros. It still has an old stone fort into which the inhabitants might retreat if attacked.

The town is large and clean. It has a pier extending out to moderately deep water, but large vessels have to lie some distance offshore. The port would be a convenient place for Australian steamers to call, and as a matter of fact they used to stop there; but the excessive harbour fees and senseless customs restrictions have long since caused it to be shunned.

We established ourselves at a small and very poor hotel, on our arrival, and while there had an opportunity to see how natives are sometimes treated. There was a gray-headed old fellow about the place, who did some work in the stables. He one day chanced to pass through a room in which we were sitting, in company with several Spanish officers, and one of the latter ordered him to bring a drink. Although he was not a waiter, he set off on the errand; but he was old and slow, and when he returned the officer flew into a passion because he had been gone so long, knocked him down, and kicked his ribs in. We found him, later, dying in a horse-manger.

The natives of the town and vicinity, known as *Zam-*

Zamboangueños, are an odd lot. Perhaps a majority of them are descended from Visayans who migrated to the island long ago; certainly a very considerable portion are the offspring of slaves who have con-

A GROUP OF ZAMBOANGUEÑOS — AYALA, MINDANAO

trived to escape from the Moros. As the latter people were not at all particular where they obtained captives, so long as they got them, the result has been that representatives of most of the Philippine coast-tribes have found their way to Zamboanga, where their intermarriage has given rise to a people of de-

cidedly mixed ancestry. On account of the multiplicity of native dialects, Spanish became the medium of communication, but they have long since converted it into a Zamboangueño patois which is quite unintelligible to one familiar only with pure "*Castellano*."

Many of these people have the best of reasons for hating the Moros, and on one occasion they displayed such bravery in helping the troops to repel an attack on the town that a special decree was issued declaring them all "Spaniards of the first rank." This honour seems to be without practical value, however.

It happened that our boy Mateo was a Zamboangueño, born of a Tagalog father and a Visayan mother, both of whom were escaped Moro slaves. Thirteen years before, Dr. Steere had picked him up at the little native village called Ayala, some eighteen miles from town. Having gone almost immediately to America and remained there ever since, without once hearing from his own people, he was naturally anxious to find them, and at once set off on horseback for his old home.

As there was no good collecting ground near Zamboanga, we decided to follow him by sea, as soon as we could get a boat to take us and our belongings. We soon found one, but unfortunately the Doctor paid the owner in advance. He promptly got very drunk, and remained in that condition for three days, at the end of which time we got off.

The boat was a clumsy dugout, kept upright in the water by means of bamboo outriggers, lashed to heavy cross-pieces, which held them parallel to its sides, and about eight feet out. If the craft tipped, the bamboos on one side were sunk in the water, while those on the other were lifted out, and the buoyancy of the former combined with the weight of the latter to right it at once. An arched *nipa* shade at the stern protected us from the sun. Our men were obliged to row with oars made by tying board blades on to poles of suitable length. Although we started early and had a good crew, it was long past noon when we reached our destination; for one of the strong currents which sweep the coast of Mindanao ran against us all the way.

Mateo met us with a very sober face. He had long counted on seeing his father and mother, but they had both died of cholera, and of his large family of brothers and sisters, all but three had met the same fate.

At Ayala we saw, for the first time, a village of decent, civilized natives completely under Spanish control. There is a good deal of similarity between such villages. Each has a church, a *convento*, and a *tribunal*. The church is usually the most pretentious edifice in the place, and the *convento*, or priest's house, the most comfortable. (See page 254.)

The *tribunal* (see page 257) is the one which chiefly

concerns travellers. It is a sort of town-hall, where the head men of the village meet to transact business. It contains a pair of stocks, or some other contrivance for the detention of prisoners. It is frequently used as a barrack for troops, and, last, but not least, any traveller who chooses to do so has a right to put up there.

Hanging on the wall is ordinarily to be found a list of the proper local prices for rice, fowls, eggs, meat, and other articles of food, as well as for horse-hire, buffalo-hire, carriers, etc. The object of this list is to protect strangers from extortion.

The priests and friars in the smaller towns and villages are, as a rule, very hospitable, and are frequently glad to have the monotony of their lives broken by a visit from a stranger. They are often imposed upon, however, and as our party was so large, and our work so dirty, we made it a rule not to stay at a *convento* even when urged to do so.

Upon our arrival at Ayala we at once started for the *tribunal*, where the *gobernadorcillo* immediately set about making us comfortable.

A *gobernadorcillo* (literally "little governor") is to be found in every Philippine town or village, and is a very important personage. He is always a native or *mestizo*, and is the local representative of the governor of his province, from whom he receives instructions, and to whom he sends reports. His headquarters

are at the *tribunal*. He is addressed as *capitan* during his term of office, and after his successor has been chosen is known as a *capitan pasado*.

He settles all local questions except those which assume a serious legal aspect and therefore properly belong to the justice of the peace; but his most important duty is to see that the taxes of his town are collected, and to turn them over to the administrator of the province. He is personally responsible for these taxes, and must obtain them from his "*cabezas*" or make good the deficit. He is obliged to aid the *guardia civil* in the capture of criminals, and to assist the parish friar in promoting the interests of the church, frequently, also, in advancing his private ends. Finally, he is at the beck and call of all the officials who visit his town. He often has to entertain them at his own expense, and not infrequently finds it *advisable* to make them presents. He is liable at any time to be called to the capital of the province, but is given no compensation for the cost of travelling or the loss of time. If he does not speak Spanish, he must employ a clerk (*directorcillo*).

There is a great deal of writing to be done at the *tribunal*, and as the allowance for clerk-hire is usually utterly insufficient, the *gobernadorcillo* must make up the difference. In return for all this, he is allowed a salary of two dollars per month, and is permitted to carry a cane! If he does not "squeeze" his fellow-

townsmen, or steal public funds, he is apt to come out badly behind.

While the office is nominally filled by election every two years, the elective system is of such a nature that

A TYPICAL GOBERNADORCILLO — SIQUIJOR

service can readily be made compulsory. Wealthy men are chosen for the place, if any such can be found, and are often kept in office for years, sorely against their will. Yet there is nothing quite so dear to the heart of the average Philippine native as a little authority over his fellows, and in spite of the numer-

ous drawbacks, the position is sometimes earnestly sought.

The families of every town are divided into groups of from forty to sixty, each under a "*cabeza de Barangay*," who is responsible for their taxes. If he cannot get them from the people, he must pay them out of his own pocket. Excuses are useless. For obvious reasons, men of means are chosen for this position, and though nominally elected every two years, they are actually kept in office as long as they have anything to lose, and sometimes longer. I have seen *cabezas* suffer confiscation of property and deportation, because they could not pay debts which they did not owe.

The *gobernadorcillo* has a "ministry," consisting of the first and second *tenientes* (lieutenants) who take his place in his absence; other *tenientes* having charge of outlying districts; and chiefs of police, plantations, and cattle.

At the *tribunal* is maintained a small force of *cuadrilleros*, who perform police duty, and are supposed to defend the town against bandits and the like.

A man who has been elected *teniente* or *gobernadorcillo*, or who has served ten years as a *cabeza de Barangay*, is numbered among the "headmen" of the place.

The headmen meet at the *tribunal* from time to time, and discuss public affairs with great gravity.

They assemble every Sunday morning, and headed by the *gobernadorcillo*, and frequently also by a band playing very lively airs, they march to the *convento* and escort the friar to the church, where they all attend mass. Their state dress is quite picturesque. Their white shirts dangle outside of their pantaloons after the Philippine fashion, and over them they wear tight-fitting jackets without tails, which reach barely to their waists. When the jacket is buttoned, it causes the shirt to stand out in a frill, producing a most grotesque effect.

The *gobernadorcillo* of Ayala proved to be a very accommodating old fellow. He speedily made us comfortable in one of the rooms of the *tribunal*, which afforded space for our hammocks, and was furnished with a table and wooden benches. As there were no conveniences for cooking about the building, we hired a man next door to prepare our meals and serve them to us, and the plan worked successfully after he had once gauged our appetites. We fared better than in Palawan, getting plenty of fruit, fowls, and eggs, but were forced to content ourselves with boiled rice in place of bread, as there was not an oven in the vicinity.

The villagers were a happy-go-lucky set. We were rather touched by their never-failing hospitality. The Philippine native seems always ready to kill his last fowl for a stranger, or share with him his last pot of

rice. When we stopped at a hut and asked for a drink, its inmates were loth to offer us water in the cocoanut-shell cups which served their own purpose, and hunted up and washed old tumblers, or even sent to some neighbour's to borrow them. With a glass of water they always gave us a lump of *panoche* (coarse brown sugar) that we might "have thirst"—an entirely unnecessary precaution.

Their houses were like those of the poorer civilized natives throughout the archipelago. The typical Philippine house rests on four or more heavy timbers which are firmly set in the ground, and its floor is raised from five to ten feet into the air. There is not a nail or a peg in the whole structure. The frame is of bamboo, tied together with rattan. The sides and roof are usually of *nipa* palm, although the former may be made by splitting green bamboos, pounding the halves flat, and then weaving them together; while if *nipa* is very scarce, the roof may be thatched with the long grass called *cogon*.

The floor is usually made of bamboo strips, with their convex sides up. They are tied firmly in place in such a way that wide cracks are left between them. The windows are provided with swinging shades, which can be propped open during the day. One has to climb a ladder to enter the house.

Often there is but one room for cooking, eating, and sleeping. The cooking is done over an open fire,

built on a heap of earth in one corner, and smoke often makes a house almost uninhabitable. In the better dwellings there is a place partitioned off for cooking, usually just at the head of the ladder, while the body of the house is divided into two or more rooms.

NATIVE HOUSE OF CAÑA AND NIPA

Native houses of this sort have much to recommend them. If shaken down by an earthquake, or blown over by a typhoon, no one gets hurt; for the materials used are too light to do harm when they fall. The ventilation is perfect, and the air keeps much cooler than in a tightly closed building.

Wealthy natives sometimes build houses of boards, with galvanized iron roofs and limestone foundations, but they are very much more expensive, and decidedly less comfortable, than the humbler dwellings of *caña* (bamboo) and *nipa*. (See page 311.)

On our arrival at Ayala we began our collecting at once, but found ourselves at some distance from forest, and tramping seemed to come hard. We had foolishly overworked, and needlessly exposed ourselves, in Palawan, and the day of reckoning had arrived promptly, as it usually does in such a climate. The Doctor came down with dysentery, and Moseley with fever, while Bourns and I soon became so disabled by unhealed cuts and ulcers that we could no longer get to the woods. Mateo held out longest, but finally he, too, had a touch of fever.

Fortunately, we were in a place where there were plenty of native hunters. We supplied them with ammunition, and in some cases with guns, and depended on them for specimens, while we deliberately gave most of our own time to getting well. Sea-bathing helped us all, and we were soon able to resume work.

After making extensive collections, we returned to Zamboanga by water. It was after sunset when we got in. We were held up by *guardias*, and not allowed to unload our belongings until we had hunted up a custom officer, which seemed a rather needless precaution, as we had come from only eighteen miles up the coast.

We decided to cross at once to Isabela, the capital of Basilan, a small island distant some eighteen miles from Zamboanga. As there was no steamer due for some time, we hired a native sail-boat. Before getting off, we experienced some of the inevitable delays which tend to give the new arrival in the Philippines nervous prostration. As an old Spaniard once remarked to me, "In your country time is gold; here in the Philippines it is — *boiled rice*." Just as we were ready to start, Mateo had a bad attack of fever. By the time he was well enough to travel, a two days' church-festival had begun and our men refused to budge until it was over.

Meanwhile, we had an opportunity every evening to watch a remarkable sight. In the little island of Santa Cruz, just in front of the town, there was a roost of huge fruit-bats, which measured from three to four and a half feet across their wings.

For about an hour, just after sun-down, a dense black column of the creatures whirled up out of the trees to a great height, and then spread out as they scattered to their feeding-grounds. Many of them came straight toward us, and we admired their easy, rapid flight until they pitched suddenly into the neighbouring trees, hung themselves head down, and began to squall and scramble about in search of food.

Early in the morning they returned to their roost, and then the whirling black column descended and

disappeared among the trees. We decided to go over and get a nearer look at them. The boat which we engaged proved too small to accommodate all of us, and I was crowded out. Determined not to be left behind, I hastened to a neighbouring Moro settlement and hired a boatman to take me over. When we were half a mile from shore I happened to glance at the upturned bottoms of his feet. To my horror I noted that I could see the bare bones of one, while all the toes were gone from the other. A moment later the rag dropped from one of his hands. Joints were missing from several of his fingers. The man was a leper. It is needless to say that I kept in my part of the boat.

When we reached Santa Cruz I was thirsty, and finding the proprietor of a cocoanut grove, sent him up a tree to throw me down a young nut, so that I might get a drink. My Moro seized it as soon as it fell, partly split it with his knife, tore it apart with his leprous fingers, and offered it to me. He got that nut for himself!

The bat-roost proved to be in an impenetrable mangrove swamp, where we could not get at it. I finally managed to find a dozen of the creatures that had strayed off by themselves, and were hanging in a tree near the edge of the swamp. I killed three, and had a great time fishing them out of the deep black mud. They were neither handsome nor fragrant, and had any one then told me that the day was coming when

I would not only eat fruit-bats but be very thankful to get them, I should have been incredulous.

On the morning after the church-feast was over, the men came to carry our things to the boat. When the last chest was gone, we followed ourselves, only to find that the idiots had been too busy loading baggage to heed the fact that the tide was on the ebb. The big, clumsy craft in which we were to sail was hard aground, and it looked as if we should have to wait another day; but we went up town, hired every native in sight, and finally managed to drag her into deep water.

We started across the dangerous Basilan Straits with a fair wind, but it died out when we were half over, leaving us becalmed. Our men took to the oars, meanwhile whistling for a breeze, after the curious Philippine fashion. They must have blown the wrong tune. The wind came with great promptness, but it was straight offshore, and brought a furious thunderstorm with it. We were driven far to the north, and were badly pounded by a heavy sea. For a time things looked rather serious, but eventually the wind died down, the sea subsided, and just at dark we made the entrance to the narrow channel between Basilan and Malamaui, on which Isabela is situated.

Now a new difficulty confronted us. Basilan is inhabited by Moros who sometimes forget themselves. The channel is picketed at night by native troops, to

guard against a surprise, and sentries have orders to fire on incoming boats that do not show lights. Our stupid men had known this all the time, but expecting to get in before dark, had neither mentioned it to us nor provided anything with which to make a light.

We managed to get our kerosene lamp out, and to fill and light it. The wind caused the flame to flare and break the chimney, and just as a sentry hailed us the lamp went out. We rather expected him to follow up his challenge with a rifle bullet, but he considerately held his fire, and we finally got the light to going again.

When we reached the pier, we found that the whole guard had turned out. Whether they took us for pirates, I do not know. At all events, they refused to let us leave our boat until the Doctor had been escorted to interview the governor, who promptly ordered our release. He had us shown to the only vacant quarters in town, which proved to be in the second story of a board house. There was a gambling-joint in full blast on the ground floor. The upper rooms had evidently been vacant for some time, as a colony of bats had taken possession and perfumed the whole place. Water was standing in pools, where it had come through leaks in the roof. The Doctor and I had both escaped seasickness coming over, but we were very *landsick* when we got ashore. All in all, we did not feel very comfortable, but we

made a virtue of necessity, strung our hammocks, and passed a rather miserable night.

In the morning the governor very kindly sent us tables and chairs, and after airing our new domicile thoroughly, and having the roof patched, we got on very well.

Isabela, the capital of Basilan, is a small place of less than 1000 souls. The only Spaniards there are the officials and the Jesuit priest. The town is on high ground, which slopes sharply down to the edge of the channel separating Basilan from the little islet called Malamaui. This channel, although extremely narrow, is very deep, and large vessels can come close inshore. Tremendous currents rush through it with the ebb and flow of the tides.

Isabela is a supply station for gunboats, the coal-yard and magazines being located in Malamaui, just across from the town. To defend the important stores which they contain there is only a ridiculous old lime-stone fort on a neighbouring hill, armed with two or three antiquated smooth-bore cannon, and garrisoned by a few marines.

The Moros of Basilan, locally called *Yacans*, have always borne a bad reputation, but at the time of our visit they were held in check by a remarkable man known as Dato (Chief) Pedro. His real name was Pedro Cuevas. At one time he had been confined as a convict at the penal settlement of San Ramon, in

Mindanao, where he had been sent from one of the northern islands. With two companions he worked out a plan of escape. After behaving so well as to quiet suspicion, they suddenly attacked their guard, when at work in the field, killed the Spanish officer in command, and escaped, taking a carbine with them.

That night they reached Ayala, where they murdered a Chinaman, plundered his shop, and stole a boat in which they crossed to Basilan. The story goes that they landed at a Moro village, where Pedro called for the *dato*, and boldly entered his house, narrowly escaping a lance which the enraged owner hurled at him as he came through the door. Pedro at once challenged him to come out and fight, which he was happy to do. Arming himself with a wooden shield and recovering his lance, he began the ridiculous prancing with which the people of his tribe preface the throwing of a weapon; whereupon Pedro banged away with his old carbine and killed his man, putting a bullet through his shield. He and his companions then devoted themselves to the remaining Moros with such effect that they decided they would rather fight *with* him than against him.

He next attacked another village, performing prodigies of valour, if accounts are to be believed, and having numerous narrow escapes. The Moros began to believe that he bore a charmed life, and as there is nothing which they admire so much as personal brav-

ery, he soon gained a great influence over them, and they finally made him a *dato*.

He knew his people and ruled them with an iron hand, punishing the slightest opposition to his will with death. At first he did his own killing, but, when his reputation was once firmly established, he turned work of that sort over to his subordinates. If he chose to drive off a herd of cattle, and the owner ventured to object, Pedro only said, "Cut off his head," and it was done. If the father of a girl whom he wished to add to his large circle of wives protested, the answer was, "Cut off his head."

Pedro was shrewd enough to know that it was not worth while to fight the Spaniards, and when some of his unruly subjects made an unsuccessful attack on Zamboanga, he awaited their return, and gave them a vigorous drubbing. In return for this service he was forgiven for having killed a Spanish officer and committed a few other little indiscretions. At the time of our second visit to Basilan, in 1891, the governor was in constant communication with Dato Pedro, who still continued to keep his people in fairly good order, while, if the Spanish officials happened to want the head of one of his subjects, he had it cut off and forwarded at once.

During our stay, he invited a former acquaintance in Mindanao to come over and go boar-hunting with him. The Zamboangueño accepted the invitation. At

the close of their day's sport they were standing in front of Pedro's house, when a Moro from a neighbouring village rode up on a fine horse. The visitor admired the horse, and when Pedro asked him if he would like it, thoughtlessly replied in the affirmative. Decidedly to his surprise, his host picked up a rifle, took deliberate aim, shot the Moro dead, and presented him with the mount. A hundred similar stories were told of this strange man, who, himself an alien, had succeeded in dominating an island full of pirates; had *almost* succeeded, I should rather say, for one large village, on a hill in the interior, still managed to hold out against him.

Our stay in Basilan was without special adventure, and after completing our work there we returned by steamer to Zamboanga.

CHAPTER VII

SECOND VISIT TO MINDANAO — THE MOROS

When we returned to Mindanao, it was our intention to go to Davao, on the south coast, and push into the interior from that point; but we were forced to abandon this plan. Small injuries do not heal readily under the conditions to which we had been subjected, and three of our party were practically disabled by ulcers before our work in Basilan was completed.

A Spanish physician whom we consulted at Zamboanga warned us that unless these sores were attended to systematically the consequences would be serious, and we finally decided to go up the coast to a little Moro village, near which there were said to be very fine corals. In order to collect these we should merely have to sit in our boats and direct the divers, and with only this easy work on hand, we hoped to be able to get into good physical condition again.

There is nothing attractive about the reputation of the Moros of Mindanao, but the inhabitants of the village which we proposed to visit were reported to be "*Moros de paz*," and unarmed, so that we felt tolerably secure from danger.

We accordingly bought all the empty boxes we could find in Zamboanga, to pack corals in, and set off for El Recodo, where we rented a house from a Chinaman and began work. We were fortunate enough at the outset to win the friendship of the *mandarin* who ruled the village, and were soon wandering about at all hours of day and night without so much as sticks in our hands, to the great amusement and admiration of the grim Moslem inhabitants, who never wearied of giving us very significant illustrations of how they would cut our throats if we were only Spaniards.

Although we had seen Moros before, both in Mindanao and Basilan, this was our first really good opportunity to observe them. The inhabitants of this particular village were supposed to be especially peaceable, and entirely without arms. We settled the latter point to our entire satisfaction by offering to buy some of their weapons. The number of *barongs*, *krises*, and lances that immediately appeared was amazing. As to their peaceableness: three Chinamen living near their village had been cut to pieces and portions of their bodies used to decorate their dwelling, a few days before our arrival at El Recodo, and there was little room for doubt as to who had done the deed.

The tribe to which the people among whom we now found ourselves belonged, have played a very important part in the history of the Philippines. They entered the archipelago from Borneo just at the time of the

Spanish discovery. They first landed in Basilan, but rapidly spread over the small islands of the Sulu and Tawi Tawi groups, and eventually occupied the whole coast of Mindanao, as well as Cagayan Sulu, Balabac, and the southern third of Palawan. Before they could

MORO HOUSES — SULU

complete the conquest of Palawan, they had their first serious collision with Spanish troops, and they have not since been able to extend their territory; but most of what they had already taken they have continued to hold.

Hostilities between the Spaniards and the Moros were precipitated by an unprovoked attack by the for-

mer on one of the Moro chiefs of north Mindanao. The attacking force was almost annihilated, and the fanatical passions of the fierce Moslem warriors were thoroughly aroused. They forthwith began to organize forays against the Spanish and native coast towns of the central and northern islands. From the outset they met with great success, and their piratical expeditions soon became annual events. With each recurring southeast monsoon, hordes of them manned their war-praus and sailed for the north, where they harried the coasts until changing winds warned them to turn their faces homeward.

Thousands of captives were taken. Men were compelled to harvest their own crops for the benefit of their captors, and were then butchered in cold blood; while women and children were carried away, the former to enrich the seraglios of Moro chiefs, the latter to be brought up as slaves.

Reminders of this state of affairs are not lacking at the present day. Near many of the more important northern villages the traveller still finds old stone towers, which show evident signs of neglect. (See illustrations on pages 254 and 283.) Heavy rains have washed the mortar from the chinks between their stones, and occasional earthquakes have widened the crevices thus formed, but the injuries go unrepaired, if not unnoticed. Twenty years ago this would not have happened, for the village watch-tower was then a most

important institution. Day and night, during the time when the southwest monsoon was blowing, it furnished a vantage point for vigilant sentries who turned keen eyes seaward and watched for the approach of a Moro fleet. They seldom watched a season through in vain.

For two and a half centuries this state of affairs continued. Emboldened by continued success, the Moros did not confine their attention to defenceless natives. Spanish planters and government officials were killed or held for ransom. The special delight of the grim Moslem warriors was to capture the Spanish priests and friars, toward whom they displayed the bitterest hatred. It is only fair to state that this feeling was warmly reciprocated by the churchmen, many of whom took active part in the counter attacks.

It should not be supposed that the Spaniards tamely submitted to this state of affairs. Expedition after expedition was organized. Millions of dollars and thousands of lives were wasted. Temporary successes were gained, but they resulted in no permanent advantage. On several occasions landings were made on Sulu itself, forts built, and garrisons established, but the troops were eventually massacred or driven from the island. The steel weapons of the Moros were of excellent quality, and for many years they were really better armed than were the soldiers sent against them; but such cannon and rifles as they possessed were antiquated, and the improvement in firearms brought

to the Spaniards an advantage in which the Moros did not share to any great extent. It was not, however, until the day of light-draught steam gunboats and rapid-fire guns that piracy was finally checked.

An efficient patrol of gunboats was at last established. The Moro praus were forbidden to put to sea without a written permit from the nearest Spanish governor, and were ordered to fly the Spanish flag. When a prau was encountered that did not show the flag, or could not produce a *pasaporte*, it was rammed and cut in two, or sunk by the fire of machine guns. No quarter was given.

As opportunity offered, the gunboats shelled the villages, which were built over the sea and so could be easily reached. The town of Sulu, which had always been the seat of the Moro government, and the residence of the reigning Sultans, was destroyed in 1876, and a Spanish military post established in its place. At first the Moros had an unpleasant habit of dropping in and decimating the garrison; but it was constantly reinforced, and from 1876 to the present day Spanish occupation has been nearly continuous.

Other points in Mindanao, Basilan, Sulu, and Tawi Tawi were taken and fortified. More of the coast villages were burned and the inhabitants driven inland, and there finally arose a sort of armed truce, which was not infrequently broken by each of the parties to it. This was the condition of affairs at the time of

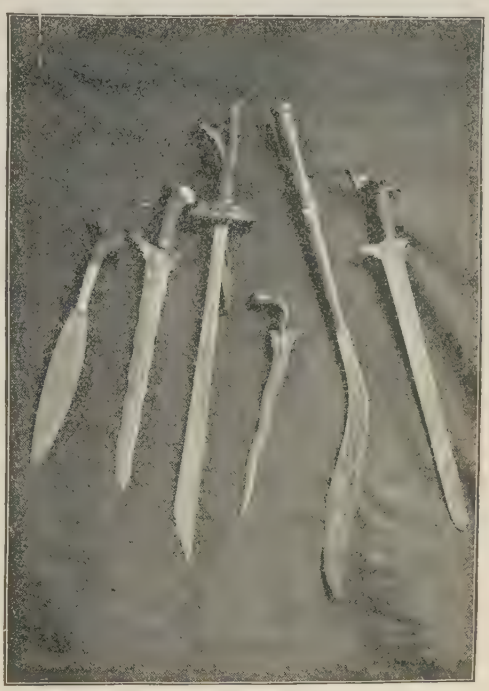
our visit, and as I have said, it was not without some misgivings that we took up our abode on the outskirts of a Moro village.

The houses at El Recodo were built on piles over the sea, as Moro houses always are when circumstances will allow it. Some quiet cove is selected for the site of a village, in order that it may not be injured by heavy waves. Rude bridges afford communication with the shore, and praus are tied at the doors, so that their owners can board them and be off at a moment's notice. (See illustrations on pages 150 and 167.)

The men are of medium height, and their physical development is often superb. They dress in pantaloons, waistcoat, jacket, sash, and turban. Their garments are gaudily coloured, and are often showily embroidered or otherwise ornamented. Their pantaloons are usually skin-tight below the knee, and loose above. If fighting is expected, however, they wear loose black trousers. The rank of a Moro is indicated by the way he ties his turban.

All males above sixteen years of age go armed, unless prevented from doing so by the Spanish. The Moros make their own steel weapons, which are often beautifully finished, and are always admirably adapted to the purposes for which they are intended. In close combat they usually trust to a *barong* — a weapon fashioned somewhat on the plan of a butcher's cleaver, with thick back and thin razor edge. It is capable

of inflicting fearful injury. To lop off a head, arm, or leg with a *barong* is merely child's play. The strong and skilful warrior prides himself on being able to halve an opponent, if he can catch him fairly across the small of the back. Executioners use heavy, two-handed knives for beheading their victims.



MORO ARMS

Taken from left to right they are *barong*, serpent *kris*, *campilan*, *kris*-dagger, executioner's knife, and straight *kris*

The straight *kris* is a narrow-bladed, double-edged sword, used for cutting and thrusting. The serpent *kris*, with its wavy double-edged blade, is used for thrusting and inflicts a horrible wound.

The *campilan* is a straight-edged, two-handed sword, with a blade wide at the tip, and steadily narrowing toward the hilt. It is used for cutting only, and is tremendously effective.

Under all circumstances, a Moro carries *barong*, *kris*,

or *campilan* thrust into his sash. If he expects serious trouble, he has in addition a shield of light wood, and a lance with a broad, keen head. (See page 170.)

His conveniences for working steel are of the simplest, but the blades which he produces are highly tempered and often beautifully finished. He sometimes works silver in with the steel, or even inlays it with gold. The hilts of his side-arms are of hard polished wood or ivory, and are sometimes handsomely carved.

He is crazy to get hold of firearms, but seldom succeeds. In any event he is usually a very bad marksman.

Moro women are inordinately fond of bright colours, scarlet and green being their favourites. Their garments are a skin-tight waist, which shows every line of the bust and arms, a baggy divided skirt, and a *jabul* made by sewing together the two ends of a long piece of cloth. The *jabul* is draped about the body in various ways, and may be thrown over the head to keep off the sun.

Moro children usually *possess* clothes, like those of their elders, but up to the age of puberty they seldom make much use of them, as most of their time is spent in the water. They swim and dive like little ducks. In passing through a village in a canoe I have often seen a crowd of children standing on the edge of a house-platform, while one of their number repeated

MORO CHILDREN — SULU

some formula, until, at a given word, they all jumped into the water, and tried to see which could remain under longest. They never deigned to swim around my boat, with its wide outriggers, but simply dived and went under it.

The men are very skilful boatmen and sailors. Their praus, which are carved out of logs with great skill, are

frail-looking affairs, but bamboo outriggers prevent their sinking even when filled with water. In bow and keel they are sharp as a knife, and they pass through the water with very little resistance. Most of them carry small sails, but their crews are always provided with long, slender paddles. In fact, the paddles are so long that they have to be put into the water with a peculiar sidewise sweep. The Moro stroke is very odd. As the paddle is brought into the water, edgewise, it is struck near the blade against the side of the boat; it is then carried quickly back, and at the end of the stroke the blade is brought out by depressing the handle until it hits on the other side of the boat. The two clicking sounds thus produced enable the men to keep perfect time. Of course the handles of paddles on opposite sides cross each other as the stroke is completed, and a war canoe rushing on, with kettledrums beating, men swinging and paddles crossing in perfect time, is a sight that one is not likely soon to forget.

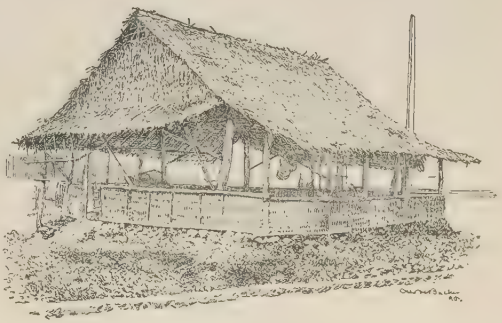
As a rule, the men consider it beneath their dignity to engage in manual labour. What are slaves for? They do condescend to dive for pearls, however, and their performances are almost incredible. I have held the watch on them while they remained under water from two to three minutes. We once sent the *mandarin* of the village into "black water" for a certain kind of coral which we believed could be found there.

He came up with blood running from nose and ears, *but he brought the coral.*

The Sultan of Sulu is the ruler of all the Moros, although his authority is at present not well established in Mindanao, where there are two subordinate Sultans.

Under the Sultan of Sulu are a Regent, who acts in his place should he be absent, a Minister of War, and a Minister of Justice, as well as numerous *datos* or chiefs. Each village is directly under a *mandarin.*

The spiritual welfare of the people is looked after by *panditas*, or priests, who are in turn subject to *cherifs.* The latter dignitaries have authority in temporal as well as spiritual affairs, and their office is hereditary.



MOSQUE OF SULTAN HARUN — SULU

The Mohammedanism of the Moros seems to be of a rather washed-out description. Their mosques are built of bamboo and *nipa*, and are far from imposing.

Their language is said to be based on Sanskrit roots, and is written with Arabic characters.

We found them very satisfactory helpers, and the energy and industry which they displayed were in marked contrast to the listless idleness of the Zam-

boangueños whom we had previously employed. To be sure, there were certain kinds of work that Moros would not do at all, but what they did, they did with vim.

They furnished us with boats and divers, and we had only to float over the clear, quiet waters of our little bay, and point out the corals that we wanted. A diver would quietly slip over the side, swim down to the bottom with perfect ease, and if possible wrench one of the desired specimens free. If it did not yield, he would come back to the surface, get a machete, and, diving again, would hold the specimen with one hand and chop away with the other until he cut it loose.

The Moros at first thought we were joking when we said that we wanted coral, but when they found that we were really foolish enough to pay for it, the unemployed men and boys went to work on their own hook, and brought it to us by the boat-load. Ten cents per load was about their idea of a fair price, and we obtained a magnificent collection. While men and boys were diving for us, the women and girls were busy shredding cocoanut husks, and preparing for us a soft, elastic fibre which we found to be a perfect material for packing the most delicate specimens.

Their enterprise was shown in other ways. One day a woman brought me a starfish, of a kind that I had never seen. I gave her a quarter, and told her

to bring more. The next morning I was presented with between four and five bushels of the same sort!

There was a beautiful snow-white deer at El Recodo, which was perfectly tame, and roamed about at will.

MOROS FENCING WITH STRAIGHT KRISES — SULU

Some years before, a little boy had found two tiny fawns in the brush. One of them was spotted, the other white. He caught them both, and started back for the village with one under each arm, but the way was long and the sun hot. Finally he had to drop

the spotted fawn, but the white one he bore home in triumph. His older sister brought it up, and it would come instantly at her call. She was in the habit of holding certain leaves, of which it was very fond, between her teeth. It would carefully put its fore feet on her shoulders, and take its food from between her lips. The girl was handsome, and usually gayly dressed, and she made a striking picture with her snowy and graceful pet.

Bourns and I were sufficiently versed in diplomacy to know that the way to win the hearts of the older people was through the little ones, and we always kept a supply of copper coins and lumps of sugar on hand for our diminutive acquaintances. The bread thus cast upon the waters returned to us with unexpected promptness. Toward the close of our stay, we were honoured with an invitation to attend a religious festival, to which the other members of the party were not bidden. Great preparations had been making for several days, and we had been anxious to see the performance.

It came off in the evening. When we reached the house of the *mandarin*, we found in one corner of it a most remarkable artificial tree, composed of sugar-cane and other edible materials. It was hung with ornaments, all of which were good to eat.

Moro men, from all the region round, soon began to come in. They were armed, but on entering de-

posited their wicked-looking weapons under the tree. It took a deal of explanation on the part of our host,

MORO CHIEFS — MINDANAO

the *mandarin*, before they were reconciled to the presence of two white men; but we dealt out cigarettes

with a liberal hand, and did our best to be agreeable. The mutterings finally subsided, and the ceremony began. An old *pandita* began to read, or rather chant, from a book written in Arabic. What the volume was we could not learn. After chanting two or three lines, he paused, while the whole assembly took them up after him. This continued for an hour, when women appeared with refreshments. Bourns and I were invited to eat off the box that served the *mandarin* for a table, which was, of course, a great honour. They gave us separate dishes, however, and I fancy that they threw them away after we had finished.

I will not attempt to describe the delicacies with which we were served. We knew altogether too much about some of them, having, unfortunately, seen them prepared, and never were stomachs of mortals more severely tried. Chanting and feasting alternated with each other at tolerably regular intervals. Considerable quantities of a drink, which I fancy was not in strict conformity with Mohammedan teachings, had been consumed, and the men began to grow hilarious. They showed a decided tendency to get their weapons from under the tree, and to dance and flourish them about. We decided that the time for going had come, especially as we were both very sick at our stomachs, and had no desire to create a scene; so we excused ourselves.

When we awoke the next day, the festivities were

still in progress; but the sounds which we heard were suggestive of such extremely high spirits that we thought it prudent to remain at home. The performance ended with the eating of the artificial tree, and all that was on it, after which the assembly broke up.

We continued on good terms with our strange hosts until the close of our stay, and they then took us back to Zamboanga in their boats. From this point we sailed for Ilo Ilo.

Upon our second expedition to the Philippines, Bourns and I again visited Mindanao and Basilan, after which we decided to attempt to work in Sulu and Tawi Tawi. I shall narrate our experience in the latter islands before continuing the story of our first trip.

CHAPTER VIII

SULU

I HAVE already mentioned the fact that when we first touched at Sulu, in 1887, heavy fighting was going on between the Spanish garrison and the Moros, so that it was useless for us to attempt to work there. Bourns and I returned to the island in September, 1891, and I confess it was not without misgivings. Friendly Moros in Mindanao and Basilan had passed their hands suggestively across their throats when we had mentioned our intention of visiting Sulu, or *Jolo*, as they called it. Government officials in Mindanao and Basilan had strongly advised us to keep away.

Not only were the Joloanos "the Moros of the Moros," and bitterly hostile toward all outsiders, but additional danger to us arose from the fact that a member of our party had shot and killed one of their tribe in Mindanao. The man was running amuck, butchering women and children, and there was no other way to stop him; but his brothers had not taken kindly to his death, and as one of them lived in Sulu, we had a blood-feud on our hands.

General Arolas, then governor of the island, is a

A MORO VILLAGE AT LOW TIDE — SULU

man with a history. He has always been an outspoken republican, ready to fight for his convictions. In the days when his party triumphed in Spain, he is said to have cast the royal throne out of a window, with his own hands, in order to show his respect for its former occupants.

After the fall of the Spanish republic he continued to display what was considered unseemly activity, and there is little doubt that when he was *honoured* with an appointment as governor of Sulu, it was with the intention of exiling him to a place from which he was not likely to return. He found the town unhealthful, the defences inadequate, and the garrison in constant danger of annihilation; but he is a man of many resources and tremendous energy, and in spite of unfavourable conditions he at once set himself to improving things. He made prisoners of the Moros, and compelled them to work in strengthening the defences until these had been made impregnable. He improved the sanitation of the town, changing it from a fever centre to an unusually healthful place. He constructed water-works, built a splendid market, established a free-school system, and thoroughly equipped a hospital. Sulu soon became the wonder of the Philippines.

Meanwhile, he was making *soldiers* of his slovenly native troops. After putting his town in satisfactory condition, and teaching his men how to shoot, he first took several Moro villages, and later sent to Manila

for permission to attack the capital, Maibun. It is said that his request was three times refused, and he was warned that his force would be wiped out should he make the attempt.

One evening he summoned the captain of a gunboat which was lying in the harbour, ordered him to take up position off Maibun, and open fire on the town at dawn the following morning. The officer refused. Arolas is reported to have given him his choice between obeying the order (which, by the way, he had no authority to give, since the land and naval forces were independent of each other) and facing a firing-squad in the plaza. The officer decided to go to Maibun, and a strong guard was placed on his vessel, to see that he did not reconsider his determination.

At eleven o'clock Arolas put himself at the head of his two regiments, had ammunition passed, and gave the order to march. The men had no idea where they were going, but before daylight found themselves hidden in the rear of the Moro capital. Meanwhile the gunboat had arrived, and the enemy were busy training their rude artillery on her. Promptly at dawn she opened fire, and as the pirates replied for the first time, Arolas and his men swarmed over their rear palisade, taking them completely by surprise. They fought desperately, but suffered a crushing defeat. The Sultan contrived to escape, but many important chiefs were killed, the heavy guns taken, and the forti-

fications destroyed. Arolas followed up his advantage, and attack succeeded attack until the fanatical Moslems were cowed as never before.

Then came an armed truce, which was still in force at the time of our second visit. Arolas had several times

FULLY ARMED MOROS — SULU

escaped unscathed from deadly peril, and the Moros believed that he bore a charmed life. They called him "papa," and when "papa" gave orders they were treated with great respect. In his dealings with them he was just, but absolutely merciless. Every threat that he made was carried out to the letter. For once the Joloanos had met their master, and they knew it.

We had often heard of the governor's unconventionality, and were not particularly surprised to find him in pajamas when we called on him in his office, at eleven. He greeted us most cordially, and in the course of the conversation which followed, took occasion to express his admiration for our country, as the type of what a republic should be, adding that if he were not a Spaniard he would be an American.

We asked him whether he would allow us to hunt outside of the town, and he readily gave his consent, saying that while he could not guarantee our safety, he *thought* that if we followed his directions we should come through all right. The directions were simplicity itself: "If you meet armed Moros outside of the town, order them to lay down their weapons and retire; if they do not instantly obey, shoot them."

After giving us some further advice, he summoned a renegade Moro, one Toolawee, who served as guide and scout for his own expeditions, and was "Minister of War" to the nominal Sultan. Repeating in his presence the instructions just given to us, he directed him to take enough of his own people to put up a good fight, and accompany us each day.

Our future guide was a character. A Moro by birth and training, he had thrown in his lot with the Spaniards. As a slight safeguard against possible backsliding he was allowed a fine house *within the walls*, where he kept several wives and some forty

slaves. Arolas reasoned that rather than lose so extensive an establishment, he would behave himself. Later we had reason for believing that the precaution was a wise one.

Sulu was in a rather disturbed condition when we arrived. Some time before it had been decreed that the Sultan should hold office under the "protection" of Spain, and the rightful ruler had been ordered to Manila, in order that he might be duly invested with authority. Taking warning from the fate of a predecessor, who had been summoned to the capital and made a prisoner there, he had declined to go. The Spaniards had then selected a prominent chief, and "appointed" him Sultan. He had consented to visit the capital, and had been duly invested with authority under the imposing title "His Excellency Paduca Majasari Malauna Amiril Mauinin Sultan Harun Narrasid." (See illustration on page 187.)

Sultan Harun had not proved an unqualified success. Although backed by Spanish bayonets, his following among his own people was small. He lived in a palace, which incidentally served the purpose of a fort, and he was in constant fear of assassination. Within five hundred yards of his dwelling was a settlement of hostiles, who showed a strong tendency to utilize him as a target for rifle practice whenever an opportunity presented itself.

The rightful Sultan (see illustration on page 177), on

THE OLD SULTANA OF SULU, WITH BODY-GUARD
Taken as she was leaving the house of General Arolas

the other hand, had a very strong following, estimated at 10,000 fighting men. He was young, and according to all accounts rather weak-minded, and his mother, known

far and wide as *the* Sultana, was the real power behind the throne. This woman had a strange history. A Visayan girl by birth, she had been captured by the Moros, and brought to Sulu as a slave. Her beauty had attracted the reigning Sultan, who had fallen in love with her and made her his first wife. She seems not to have been very deeply enamoured of him, however. At all events, she is believed to have accelerated his departure from this life with a large dose of corrosive sublimate.

She then married his successor, wearied of him in time, and he, too, died very suddenly. After Harun had been declared Sultan by the Spanish, she sent him an offer of marriage, but he replied that he could not think of accepting it, *as he wished to die a natural death.* She seemed to have a mania for poisoning people. By some means she learned that we had a stock of corrosive sublimate, and sent to beg some from us.

She was a very bright woman, with a decided genius for organization and command, and she planned and carried out a great deal of mischief. She did not dare to oppose Arolas openly, however, and when he one day invited her to come to town and see him, she came. We were fortunate enough to get a snap-shot at her as she was being carried out of his grounds, surrounded by her body-guard, and the picture obtained is reproduced on page 173.

Harun, the old Sultana, and in fact all the prominent chiefs, tacitly admitted the authority of "papa," and

stood in dread of the terrible vengeance which he dealt out to evil-doers; but with the best of intentions they would not always have been able to control their fanatical followers, for the Sulu Moro is a born warrior, and chafes under restraint. He disdains to work, and expects his wants to be supplied by his wives and slaves. He gives much time to the care of his arms, and to perfecting himself in their use. He tries to terrify an opponent by making hideous faces, uses his shield very skilfully, and keeps his legs in constant motion so that a blow below the shield may not disable them. In battle he is the bravest of the brave.

Inhuman cruelty is one of his most prominent characteristics, and he will cut down a slave merely to try the edge of a new *barong*.

Hardly a night passed during our stay at Sulu that marauders were not in evidence near the town. They took pot-shots at the sentries, stole cattle, and made themselves generally disagreeable.

Finally, there was a rumour that a band of *juramentados* was about to attack the place. Now a *juramentado* is a most unpleasant sort of individual to encounter. The Moros believe that one who takes the life of a Christian thereby increases his chance of a good time in the world to come; the more Christians killed, the brighter the prospect for the future, and if one is only fortunate enough to be himself killed

while slaughtering the enemies of the faithful, he is at once transported to the seventh heaven.

From time to time it happens that one of them wearies of this life, and desiring to take the shortest road to glory he bathes in a sacred spring, shaves off his eyebrows, dresses in white, and presents himself before a *pandita* to take solemn oath (*juramentar*) to die killing Christians. He then hides a *kris* or *barong* about his person, or in something that he carries, and seeks the nearest town. If he can gain admission, he snatches his weapon from its concealment and runs amuck, slaying every living being in his path until he is finally himself despatched. So long as the breath of life remains in him, he fights on.

Eye-witnesses have repeatedly informed me that they have seen *juramentados* seize the barrel of a rifle, on being bayoneted, and drive the steel into themselves further, in order to bring the soldier at the other end of the piece within striking distance and cut him down.

The number of lives taken by one of these mad fanatics is sometimes almost incredible, but he is eventually killed himself, and his relatives have a celebration when the news of his death reaches them. They always insist that just as night is coming on they see him riding by on a white horse, bound for the abode of the blessed.

All in all, it looked as if we might not lack for excitement while hunting in Sulu. Our first care, after

THE RIGHTFUL SULTAN OF SULU, WITH BODY-GUARD

visiting the governor, was to get a house. There was nothing to be had within the town, but by going outside of the walls we secured a good board building, comfortably near a large blockhouse where there were always soldiers on guard. After we had occupied our new quarters for some time, we discovered that they had previously been used for isolating patients suffering from cholera or other contagious disease. It seemed rather late to move, however, and although we did not altogether like the idea of living in a pest-house, no serious results followed.

The Jesuit priest of Sulu, who had seen some unpleasant sights during his stay, begged us not to hunt in the forest, and some of the Spanish officers made disagreeable insinuations as to our probable fate; but the spirit of Arolas and of our dare-devil guide was infectious, and we went about our business regardless of consequences. We did not lack for reminders that we were watched. Every shot that we fired in the forest was a signal for shouts from the front, sides, and rear, which showed that hostile men were all around us; yet watch as we would, we never once caught sight of them.

Toolawee was well worth seeing at such a time. As he stalked at the head of our little party, with his *barong* loosened in its sheath and his short rifle at full cock, his flashing eyes searching the cover for an ambush, he was the warrior personified. I must con-

fess, however, that the dignity of his expression was somewhat marred by the fact that he had his mouth stuffed full of cartridges.

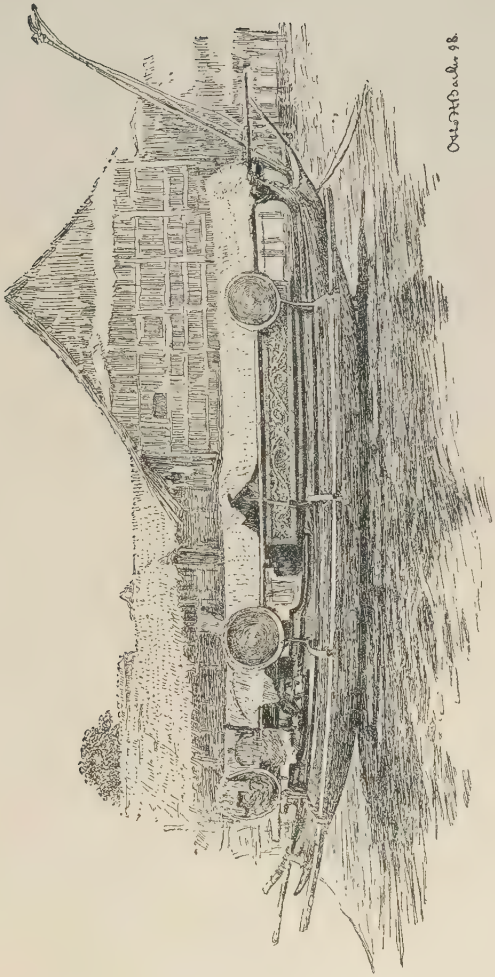
He was considered a "good" Moro, and we were therefore interested in several incidents which gave us some insight into his real character. After satisfying himself that we could use our rifles with effect, he made us a rather startling business proposition as follows: "You gentlemen seem to shoot quite well with the rifle." "Yes, we have had some experience." "You say that you wish to get samples of the clothing and arms of my people for your collection?" "Yes, we hope to do so." "Papa told you if you met armed Moros outside of the town to order them to lay down their weapons and retire?" "Yes." "Papa does not understand my people as I do. They are *all* bad. When we meet them do not ask them to lay down their arms, for they will come back and get them, and probably attack us; just shoot as many of them as you can. You can take their weapons and clothing, while I will cut off their heads, shave their eyebrows, show them to papa, *and claim reward for killing juramentados.*" Toolawee never really forgave us for refusing to enter into partnership with him on this very liberal basis.

Just before our final departure from Sulu he presented himself before me and remarked, "Señor, I want to buy your rifle." "But, Toolawee," I replied, "you do damage

enough with the one you have; what do you want of mine?" "My rifle is good enough to kill *people* with, but I want yours for another purpose," my good Moro made answer. Pressed for details, he confided to me that he had heard "papa" was soon going back to Spain, and after the governor left he should be "*afuera*," *i.e.* offshore, waiting for victims. He explained that he never fired at the people in a canoe, but shot holes in the boat itself, so that it would fill with water. The bamboo outriggers with which all Philippine boats are provided would serve to keep it from actually sinking, and the occupants, being up to their chins in water, could easily be despatched with the *barong*, thus economizing ammunition; and he added, "My rifle makes but a small hole in one side of a canoe, Señor, while yours would make a much larger one, and the ball would go clear through." Toolawee was nothing if not practical.

We found the Sulu forests composed almost entirely of trees which produced edible fruits. In the old days, when slaves were numerous, the virgin forest was cleared from a large area near the town, and fruit trees were planted in its place.

Various incidents served to enliven our stay. We were in constant fear of being ambushed, and it proved that there was some ground for our anxiety. After going along a certain path every morning for several weeks we one day, by the merest chance, took another



THE STATE BOAT OF SULTAN HARUN

route. A squad of soldiers, while looking for some stolen buffaloes, passed over the path which we usually followed, and fell into an ambush skilfully laid in tall grass. There is little doubt that it had been intended for us. Both sides claimed to have had the best of the fight that followed, and we could never get at the facts.

A few days later Bourns came down with fever, and I was starting for the forest alone, except for the usual escort, when a Moro dodged out of the grass and fired on me with a rifle at a range of less than forty yards. How he contrived to miss me I could never see, unless he shut his eyes. The big round ball from his musket struck in the sand, just under the heel of the boy who carried my bird-basket. Even as I dropped my shotgun and snatched my rifle from my gun-bearer I had to laugh at the effect of the shot. I believe the jump that boy made broke the record. It seemed to me that his legs began to work before his feet touched the ground. He uttered no sound, and he looked neither to the right hand nor the left. The picture which he presented as he sped down the path, with his shirt standing out stiffly behind him, is indelibly impressed on my memory. He ran clear out of sight, without once looking back, and we did not see him again until evening.

At this time the *major de plaza* of Sulu was a certain Captain Aguado. Like Arolas, he was an exiled republican, and he ought to have been born an Ameri-

can; for he seemed to have more Yankee than Spaniard in him. His countenance was of a melancholy cast, but he dearly loved a joke. When he dropped in on us one day, and suggested that we all go over and pay the Sultan a visit, we suspected that he was trying for a bit of a laugh at our expense; for it was well known that the Sultan's neighbours did not always treat his callers with due respect. We promptly accepted Aguado's invitation, however, and rather to our own amazement soon found ourselves starting for Harun's palace.

We arrived without misadventure, but were compelled to hand our rifles over to the guard before they would admit us. When we reached the audience-room, I began to feel sorry that we had come. We found ourselves in the midst of a crowd of *datos*, *panditas*, and their followers. Every man of them was armed to the teeth, and the looks they cast at us were not reassuring. There were both friends and enemies of Harun in the room, and trouble was brewing. Harun himself was shut into his sleeping apartment, and had refused to see any one, on plea of sickness.

Aguado gave the assemblage a little talk which seemed to put them into better humour. Harun called for him almost immediately, and he secured us an audience at once. We exchanged a few compliments with His Excellency, and took our departure, glad enough to get away with whole skins.

SCENES IN SULU

Harun seemed a physical and mental wreck. There was nothing to show that within that shrunken frame the indomitable spirit of the Moro, and his unquenchable hatred of the Spaniard, were still alive; yet subsequent events proved this to be the case. Shortly after we left the Philippines, Arolas availed himself of permission to return to Spain. We believed that trouble would follow his departure from Sulu, and were much interested in a report which reached us, through a Sandakan paper, to the effect that his successor, finding things apparently quiet, was idiot enough to imagine that he could make the Moros *pay taxes*. He published a decree instructing the men to come to town on a certain day, and pay *tributo*. Harun called the Joloanos together, and simply laid the case before them, promising to abide by their decision. They, of course, decided not to obey the order.

On the appointed day, however, Harun presented himself, with a large force of armed men at his heels. The governor had some hesitation about admitting them to the town, but finally decided that it would be all right, as they assured him that they had come, as directed, to pay their taxes. He finally let them in, after drawing up his troops and placing himself at their head. The man must have taken leave of his senses, for it is said that the rifles of the soldiers were not loaded, nor their bayonets fixed.

Harun came forward, presented the governor with a

bag of pearls, and then suddenly drawing a *barong*, split his skull to the teeth. The Moros fell on the surprised soldiers like wolves on sheep, and won a complete victory. It was reported that only two or three men escaped, and they owed their lives to the fact that they were not with the troops, and were able to hide until nightfall in a subterranean passage leading from under one of the forts. The town was razed.

This would never have happened in Arolas's day. His rules as to the conditions under which Moros might come inside of the walls were very strict. They must enter between sunrise and sunset through a certain gate, at which were stationed twelve soldiers under a lieutenant. Some fifty yards from the gate was a little building looking much like a band-stand, called the *lanceria*. Here there was a guard of four privates under a sergeant. They kept guns loaded and bayonets fixed. Some distance down the path which led out past the *lanceria* stood a little white slab. It marked a dead-line.

A friendly Moro who wished to enter the town was expected to approach along this path. As soon as the guard in the *lanceria* saw him, they called out, "*Moro armado*," and the guard at the gate turned out with guns at a ready. If the man attempted to pass the dead-line, he was shot down, without question. If his intentions were good, however, he paused before reaching it, and the five men from the *lanceria* then advanced. When

SULTAN HARUN

From a photograph taken as he was leaving the house of General Arolas. He is in European dress.

within ten paces of him, they halted, and the privates covered him with their guns, while the sergeant went forward and received his arms. He was then allowed to enter the town, and could reclaim his weapons when he came out.

These elaborate precautions were by no means unnecessary. Before they were put in force, *juramentados* had repeatedly made their way to the plaza, and on one occasion had beheaded Spaniards as they sat in front of a café, reading their home letters.

During Arolas's time only one of these mad fanatics managed to get within the walls. He fought his way through the guard, but not before he had been run through the body, and shot several times. He fell dead, fifty feet inside of the gate.

"Accidents" sometimes occurred at the *lanceria*, however. One day a Moro, who had been in and out so often that the soldiers on duty knew him well, entered the town, leaving his *barong* as usual. Later he came out and claimed it, but before going his way handed around a package of cigarettes. Several of the men put down their guns to light up, giving him a chance for which he had doubtless long waited patiently. Quick as lightning he snatched his *barong* from its sheath, beheading one of the soldiers with a continuation of the same movement that drew the knife. The man's head rolled fifteen feet away. Before the stupefied *guardias* recovered from their sur-

prise two more of them had received fatal injuries, while a third was crippled for life; but the sergeant was too quick for the Moro, and blew his head off. The *barong* with which this fiendish deed was perpetrated was presented to us by Captain Aguado, and is shown in the illustration on page 155.

In order to keep the line of fire from the walls free from obstruction, Arolas turned out the entire garrison every Sunday morning, a part of them standing guard while the remainder cut down the rapidly growing grass. A band played to keep up the spirits of the men, and in order to encourage them further the old general always stationed himself in the hottest place he could find. His officers had to stand with him, to their intense disgust. In fact, there were a good many things about Arolas that did not please many of his officers. He was a stern disciplinarian, and no respecter of persons. The town was under the strictest martial law. Ordinarily a sentry's hail does not mean much, in the Philippines, but in Sulu the orders to sentries were, "Hail once, and then shoot." Just before our arrival, a native sentry shot a drunken Spanish officer dead in his tracks for refusing to halt when so ordered. The other officers were much wrought up over the matter, but Arolas promoted the man, and told him to do the like again under similar conditions.

The streets of the town were laid out with mathematical accuracy. They were all of definite width, as

were the sidewalks, and were bordered with cemented gutters, in which were planted trees, at perfectly regular intervals, the gutters widening about their roots. It was against the rules to drop so much as a cigar-stub or a scrap of paper in the street. Such things must be deposited in the gutter. Infractions of this rule were punished by a fine if the offender was white, by something worse if he was a native.

The streets were covered with white coral sand, and were swept twice a day. As Arolas once remarked to us, there was no need of sweeping them so often, "but if it were not done twice a day, soon it would not be done once a week!" During our stay the story was circulated that he had published an order *forbidding the trees to shed their leaves on his streets!*

One day he was walking through the town, when he saw a saddle-horse hitched to a tree. Now it was against rules to tie a horse on the street. The owner of the offending animal was a German, who lived outside of the town, and was called "the king of the *juramentados*" by the Spaniards, because it was believed that he gave information to the Moros. The governor had him summoned, explained the rule to him very politely, and asked him not to violate it again. A few days later he found the same horse fastened in the very spot where it had been before. Calling a sergeant, the governor calmly instructed him to take four men, lead the horse to the end of the wharf, and throw it over.

"*Señor?*" remarked the orderly, interrogatively. Arolas repeated his instructions in the peculiarly gentle tones which with him were a warning of impending trouble. His order was instantly obeyed. When the German came to look for his horse, he finally discovered it at the end of the wharf, dead. He complained to his consul, at Manila, and was advised either to leave Sulu or obey orders.

We were much amused at the novel method employed by Arolas to cure some of his men who were in hospital with ulcers. They found life there so very comfortable that they had no desire to get out, and were detected irritating their sores, to keep them from healing. The governor was vexed, and directed the doctor to see if he could effect cures with red-hot needles; but the natives preferred cauterization to work, and still the sores did not heal. His next plan was certainly original. Their thick black hair was cut pompadour, and the sides of their heads were shaved clean, leaving a narrow, bristling crest extending from the back of the neck to the forehead. They were then compelled to parade the town, under guard. Their appearance was indescribably ludicrous, and caused shrieks of laughter. If there is any one thing a Philippino dislikes it is to become an object of ridicule, and under this treatment the ulcers soon disappeared.

Governor-General Weyler visited Sulu while we

were there. It was an open secret that he was not on good terms with Arolas, who showed him the honour due his rank, but not a jot more. After leaving the island an officer asked Weyler what he thought of the town. With an expressive shrug he replied, "*Demasiado limpieza y demasiado gobernador*" (too much cleanliness, and too much governor). It is hardly to be wondered at that Weyler did not feel at home in a clean place.

As a matter of fact, there was not "too much governor" there. Arolas was the man for the position, and Spain has not many like him.

We had great difficulty in getting photographs of the Moros. They were unduly influenced by the remarks in the Koran concerning the making of pictures of living things, and furthermore many of them believed that if they were photographed they were sure to die within a year. We were obliged to steal most of our pictures, and we found it difficult and dangerous work; for Moros have *very pointed* ways of emphasizing their objections.

For a long time we failed to secure any photographs of women. At last a *mandarin*, who lived near town and was not superstitious or over-religious, took pity on us, and invited us to come to his house and photograph his numerous wives. We accepted the invitation, but when the ladies learned the object of our visit they fled screaming to an inner room, and held the door on their

MORO MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, AND GIRL DANCING — SULU

lord and master. The neighbours rushed in, to see what the trouble was, and we thought it wise to leave.

A few days later we had the great good fortune to see a Moro wedding. Hearing much music in a large house not far from town, we asked the cause, and learned that a marriage was about to take place there. By exercising considerable diplomacy we contrived to get admission. We were shown into a large, poorly lighted room, which had a good floor of hewn timber. The well-to-do Moros of the whole region around were assembled. Such gaudy costumes we had never seen. They were of silk for the most part, and the pinks, purples, scarlets, blues, and greens were simply gorgeous.

At one side of the room was an "orchestra." The chief musical instrument consisted of a wooden frame over which were strung cords that supported nine small kettledrums, tuned to the notes of the scale. A woman, kneeling before this affair, beat out rude airs on it with a pair of sticks. Larger kettledrums were suspended from the ceiling, and on the floor were several double-ended wooden drums, with heads of python skin.

The kettledrums were made of bell-metal, and the combination of sounds produced by the various instruments was by no means unpleasant at first, although its monotony wearied one in time.

On one side of the room the floor was strewn with mattresses and cushions, among which lounged the prospective bridegroom, surrounded by friends. The cen-

tre of the floor was cleared for dancing; in fact, dancing was going on when we entered. The performers came out one at a time, and their movements were critically watched and freely commented on by the spectators. Moro dancing consists chiefly of contortions of the body above the waist, and movements of the arms, wrists, and hands. The feet are used comparatively little.

Some of the attitudes assumed by the dancers were very graceful; others were decidedly grotesque, and interesting only as they showed into what remarkable shapes human forms could be twisted. Tiny children executed timid steps, and an old, old woman, white-haired, toothless, and bent nearly double, took her turn with the rest, winning great applause.

The bride, meanwhile, was in a small side room making her toilet. We inferred from the sounds we heard that she had plenty of help. The bridegroom donned his costume in public, putting it on over the handsome Moro suit that he already wore. First came a pair of gauze trousers several sizes too large; then a shirt of similar material, quite too small; next his companions produced a skirt of rich silk, into which he climbed with great difficulty. He evidently was not accustomed to skirts. Finally they brought out two long ribbons, one embroidered with gold and one with silver. These were so arranged that they crossed on his back and breast, while both encircled his waist. The costume was apparently public property, intended for use on such occasions.

Two *panditas* now came in. The groom squatted on the floor, and the *panditas* squatted before him. A saucer of live coals was set between them, and incense burned in it. One of the priests took five large rings and put them on the fingers and thumb of the groom's right hand; then, holding the hand in a peculiar way, he recited a long rigmarole which was unfortunately lost on us. At its end the groom and his friends made some sudden exclamation.

The other *pandita* now began to sing, very softly at first, then louder and louder. At this signal six young ladies, whom we may as well call bridesmaids, entered the room and seated themselves among the cushions at some distance from the groom. One of them had false finger-nails of silver, two inches long. Their faces were painted white with rice paste. Their eyebrows were artificially broadened, and brought together between the eyes. "Beau-catchers," pasted flat to their cheeks, ran around their ears. Their front hair was banged, and their back hair — but only a woman could describe *that*. They sat down with great deliberation, and, with one exception, kept still as statues until the ceremony was over.

The bride entered, but people crowded around her so that we could not at first see her. She was dressed like her maids, but rather more elegantly. She took position near the groom, turned her back on him in a very pointed manner, and sat down. He and his

friends now rose, formed in line, and made a slow and circuitous pilgrimage to where she was sitting. After many pauses and much "marking time," they reached their destination, and the groom made some advances which the bride promptly repulsed. He then sat down and gazed disconsolately at her back.

The crowd extended their sympathy to him, and urged the bride to relent, but she refused. One of the bridesmaids at last arose and favoured the audience with a long solo which we could not well understand, but she seemed to be giving the groom a very bad reputation. She finally finished and resumed her place. After more entreaties from the crowd, the bride rose, turned toward the groom, and sat down again. This ended the ceremony, but when we went to supper the newly wedded man and wife were still sitting there and staring stupidly at each other.

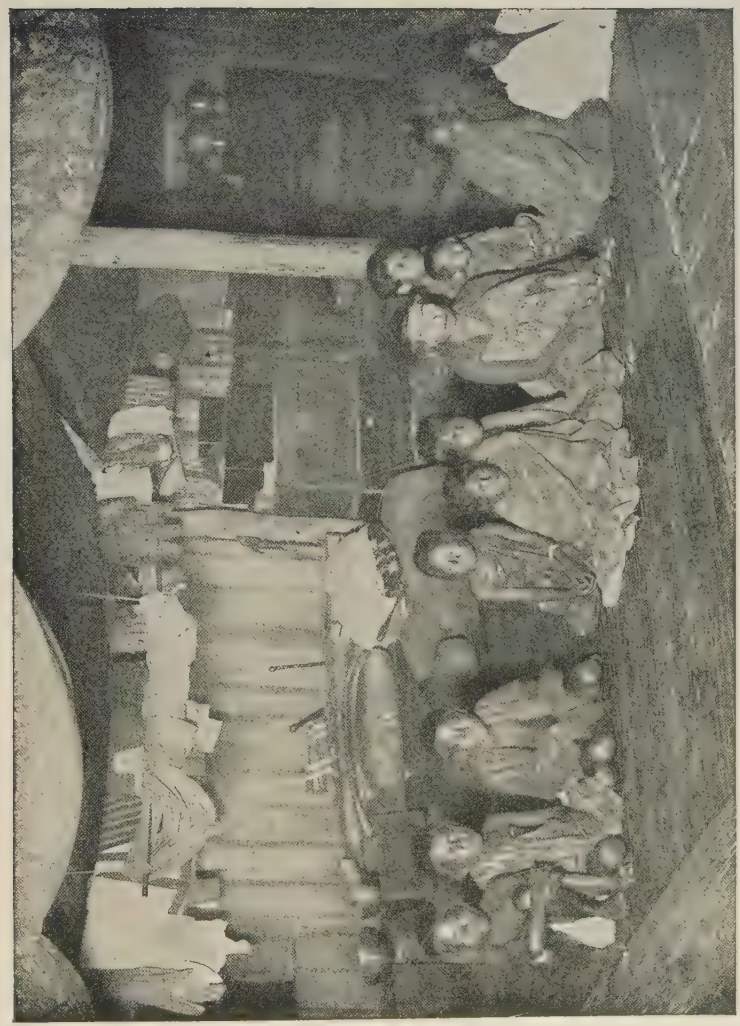
We were very anxious to get pictures of the guests, and that evening smuggled in our dismounted camera, together with some magnesium powders and a flashlight lamp. Under pretext of contributing our share to the entertainment, we showed them *how to make artificial lightning*. Bourns focussed by guess, I touched off magnesium powders, and in this way we made a number of exposures, only two of which gave us negatives that would print. The pictures thus obtained are reproduced on pages 193 and 199.

It will be readily understood that it was no easy

matter to learn anything of the superstitions and religious beliefs of the Moros. We made various futile attempts, and for a long time despaired of any success, but at last our opportunity came. On our visit to Harun we had met his Minister of Justice, a very intelligent man, who looked as if he had white blood in his veins. To our surprise he called on us a few days later to inform us that Harun was short of money, and wanted to sell us a big pearl. We did not conclude a bargain, but with a microscope and sundry copies of illustrated papers, we did interest the messenger so much that he came again and yet again. We finally succeeded in getting him to tell us some of the things we wanted to know, and I give the information obtained in this way, just as it was jotted down in my note-book, for what it is worth.

The Moros believe that the sun, moon, and stars are the light of God, to "*dominar*" the whole world. There are no other worlds than this in the universe, but there are beings which inhabit the air above us and the earth beneath our feet. They worship God, and die like ourselves. There is one god, namely Toohan. He is omnipresent, omnipotent, and omniscient. Without him we cannot speak. His form is that of our thoughts. Animals have spirits, but they are not like the soul of man, and vanish into thin air when death comes.

Man differs from the brutes in his higher intelligence and his ability to speak. His soul lives forever. It



MORO INTERIOR, SHOWING WOMEN AND CHILDREN — SULU

enters his body at the top of his head, when he is born, an opening being left between the bones of the skull for that purpose. It leaves the body at death, once more through the skull. It is distributed throughout the body during life, as is shown by the fact that the various members are *sensitive*. When one dies, his soul, according to some *panditas*, goes directly to the place of God; according to others, it goes under the earth, to sleep until the last day. A bad man's soul eventually goes to hell, which is a place of torment where one is punished according to his sins. If he has talked too much, his mouth pains him; if he has been jealous, cruel, or treacherous, it is his heart; if he has been murderous or thievish, his hand. There is no fire in hell. Where would the fuel come from? In the course of time every man's punishment is finished, and he goes to heaven.

Some *panditas* say that one's punishment consists in misfortune, disappointment, and suffering here below, and that atonement comes before death.

The purified soul will have the same form the body had, but will be like gold and diamonds, *i.e.* glorified.

Some *panditas* say that the good souls wait in the air and the evil ones in the earth, and there is neither hell nor judgment until the end of the world. Then all souls, good and bad, will be swept up as by a great wind, and carried to the Mount of Calvary, where they will meet Gabriel, Michael, and the Weigher, who will

weigh each one. Souls heavy with sin will be sent down to hell.

The Moros believe in all the Old Testament worthies like "Ibrahim," "No," "Adam," "Mosa," "Ismail," "Daud," "Sulaiman," "Yakub," and "Alse" (Samson?). They know the outlines of the stories of Adam and Eve, the flood, etc. Their account of the flood is perhaps worthy of record.

When the forty days and nights of rain came, Noah and his family got into a box. One pair of each sort of bird and beast also came in. Men who were busy with their ordinary occupations, and did not enter the box, were overtaken by the flood. Those who ran to the mountain became monkeys; those who ran to the water, fish. The Chinaman changed to a hornbill. A woman who was eating the fruit of a seaweed, and would not stop, was changed into a fish called *dugong*, and her limbs can still be seen under its skin.

I had made numerous attempts in Mindanao, Basilan, and Sulu to get an explanation of the Moro aversion to pork, but not a word could I worm out of any one. Finally, the Minister of Justice called on us one day in a, for him, very unusual condition. Some one had beguiled him into partaking of the cup which cheers, inebriates, *and sometimes loosens the tongue*, and I got out of him the following statement of the case.

Jesus Christ, called by the Moros Isa, was a man like ourselves, but great, and good, and very powerful. He was not a son of God. The Moros hate and kill the Christians because they teach that men could punish and kill a son of God.

Mohamoud had a grandson and a granddaughter, of whom he was very fond. As he was king of the world, Christ came to his house to visit him. Mohamoud, jealous of him, told him to prove his power by "divining" what he had in a certain room, where, in fact, were his grandchildren. Christ replied that he had no wish to prove his power, and would not "divine" (*divinar*). Mohamoud then vowed that if he did not answer correctly, he should pay for it with his life. Christ responded, "You have two animals in there, different from anything else in the world." Mohamoud replied, "No, you are wrong, and I will now kill you." Christ said, "Look first, and see for yourself." Mohamoud opened the door, and out rushed two hogs, into which Christ had changed his grandchildren.

Moros are forbidden to tell this story to infidels, because it shows that Christ outwitted their great prophet. When my informant sobered up and realized what he had done, he hung around day after day beseeching me not to let any one know what he had told me, from which fact I inferred that *he thought* he had told me the truth, and not a fable invented for the occasion.

MOROS

Captured while engaged in piracy, and compelled to work on the streets of Sulu. Wall of the town in the background.

One curious idea of the Moros is that men were, in the beginning, a race of giants. They say that Eve's tomb is fifty yards long, and shows her immense size, but at the end of the world men will be only one yard high. The mind, however, has kept on growing from the beginning.

There was a good deal to enjoy about life in Sulu, but it was rather too uncertain to be altogether satisfactory, and we were not sorry when our work there was done and the time came to sail for Tawi Tawi.

CHAPTER IX

TAWI TAWI

On the south coast of Tawi Tawi there are several settlements of piratical, slave-hunting Moros, but except for a little garrison at Tataän, about which a few refugees have gathered, the north coast is uninhabited. The island is covered from end to end with forest. Fruit trees, and consequently wild hogs, are very abundant; for there is almost no one to hunt the hogs, and with plenty of food and little molestation they have multiplied astonishingly.

The surface of the island is uneven, but the hills, though steep, are low and of quite uniform height. Near the centre a precipitous mountain, some 2000 feet in height, rises above the level of the surrounding country.

The little outpost at Tataän was established a few years ago, in a flurry of excitement over imagined danger of losing the island. Apart from timber, other forest products, and wild hogs, there is little in Tawi Tawi to lose; but Spain has been determined to keep her title to the island good, and has therefore established and maintained a garrison. A more lonely spot

than the one selected for the blockhouse could hardly be imagined, and the place soon got a bad reputation. From the outset the troops suffered fearfully from fever, and later an epidemic of cholera broke out, while one *comandante* is said to have become insane from sheer loneliness.

We were anxious to visit Tawi Tawi, as nothing was known of the zoölogy of the island, and we hoped to make important discoveries. Having been warned that we could buy nothing whatever there, we had laid in the necessary supplies in advance; and after finishing our work in Sulu, and securing a note of commendation to the *comandante* in charge at Tataän, we sailed on the regular monthly mail-steamer.

It was quite necessary that we should win the good will of the *comandante*, for we were told that we should have to live with him until we could build a house of our own. We need have given ourselves no anxiety on this score, however. Don Felipé, for so he preferred to have us address him, was a kindly, hospitable old gentleman, and it delighted him to have the monotony of his life broken by the arrival of two wandering *americanos*.

The place had a deserted look. A little blockhouse, a new and sizable dwelling of *caña* and *nipa* which the *comandante* had just finished building for himself, and a few sheds seemed to constitute Tataän; but we soon found out that there was one more house,

hidden away amid the dense vegetation, and a little further inland than the others, which Don Felipé had just vacated. This he very kindly turned over to us, together with a large table on which to dry our bird-skins.

We were soon established in our new domicile. It was built too near the ground, and was a damp, musty old place. More than one fever-stricken *comandante* had died there, and good old Don Felipé, who visited us every afternoon, had a cheerful habit of telling us in what particular corner and just how each of them had breathed his last. It was believed that the ghost of the last fever victim was in the habit of taking nightly constitutionals in the one room of the house, but although we watched for it with interest, it did not favour us.

We had few neighbours at Tataän. There were thirty native soldiers at the blockhouse, in charge of two Spanish officers, a lieutenant and a sergeant. Within a radius of a mile were perhaps a dozen families of so-called *Moros*. In reality most of them were slaves, who had escaped from the piratical settlements on the south coast, and sought the protection of the garrison. A few of them undoubtedly were "reformed pirates," entitled to the name which they bore. All of them wore the Moro dress.

We lived far more comfortably than we had expected. Don Felipé, who had been trained under

General Arolas, had practically stamped out fever, by clearing the ground and burning it over. Wild hogs, fattened on durians, could be had for the shooting, so that we never lacked for fresh meat. Furthermore, we made lard enough to last us the rest of our stay in the Philippines; a great piece of good fortune, for native cooks use it in large quantities, and what one gets at the shop of a Chinaman is always of somewhat doubtful antecedents.

There was an oven at the blockhouse, and we accepted Don Felipé's offer to furnish milk and a cook to make bread for the crowd, if we would contribute the flour.

We soon found that the slave business still flourished in Tawi Tawi. Girls of fifteen years were valued at three *cabans* (about five bushels) of rice. One was offered to us at Tataän for three dollars in cash. The proposition was a secret one; for while Don Felipé could not control the Moros on the south coast, he would have no slave catching or selling about his corner of the island.

He told us that the slave-dealers had no difficulty in selling all the able-bodied men they could capture to the Dutch planters in Borneo — a fact which affords one more illustration of the benefits that civilization sometimes brings to a benighted land!

From the outset we had great success in our collecting, obtaining a number of unknown species of

birds; but apart from this our daily life was, for some time, monotonous enough. A path led from the block-house through a large patch of felled timber to the forest, and continued to a river near the centre of the island. Every morning we used to go out along it, working off into the forest on either side. When we started it usually looked as if it never had rained in Tawi Tawi. About ten o'clock the thunder began to roll, and by twelve things appeared as if it had been raining for a week and meant to keep on indefinitely.

We soon learned to start early for the forest and come back before noon. The afternoon was given to the care of specimens, and with clock-like regularity Don Felipé came to call after finishing his siesta. In the evening, if not too tired, we returned the compliment.

But the monotony of our daily life was not destined to go on uninterrupted. The path along which we hunted had once led to Balinbing, and had been used by the slave-hunting Moros of that place when they wished to cross to the north coast. We had at first been a little uneasy lest we should encounter some of them, but as the days went by, and nothing happened, we grew indifferent, especially after we found that the path seemed grown up beyond the river, and showed no indication of having been recently used.

As Mateo´ was our most successful big-game hunter, we depended on him to keep us in meat, and every

other day sent one of the Moros from the fort along with him, to carry a rifle so that he might shoot a hog. It was not unusual for him to be late in returning on such occasions, so when he failed to turn up for dinner one day we felt no uneasiness. At four o'clock he was still missing, but we thought he had killed an unusually large boar, and contented ourselves with starting two more men to help him in with his game.

At the end of another hour we had grown very uneasy, and when neither Mateo nor the men we had sent after him returned before sunset we knew there was serious trouble; for the boy would have abandoned any sort of game rather than get caught in the jungle after dark. The possibility of his being lost seemed hardly worth considering; for he was a splendid woodsman, and thoroughly familiar with his ground. If he had shot or otherwise injured himself, his gun-bearer would naturally have come in for help.

We decided that there were but two possibilities: he had either been shot by the Moro who was with him, or had fallen in with the slave-hunters from Balinbing. We knew he would not have let them take him alive, unless they had ambushed him and caught him completely off his guard, and we feared the worst.

Reproaching ourselves for having delayed so long, we hastily got together bandages, lint, brandy, food, a hammock, and ammunition enough for signalling, fighting, or, if necessary, for both.

Just then the runners we had sent out returned. They had gone clear to the river without meeting any one, and had shouted all the way back without getting any reply.

Our order from Weyler commanded the authorities to furnish us *whatever aid we might need.* We decided that we needed soldiers, and needed them *at once.* Bourns went to ask Don Felipé for them, while I hunted up the official interpreter and told him to rout out every friendly Moro in the neighbourhood, and persuade as many of them as possible to accompany us.

When Bourns told Don Felipé that Mateo had not returned, he shrugged his shoulders and replied "*Seguro ambuscado*" (certainly ambushed), and could hardly believe his senses when he found that we meant to start at that hour to look for him. He tried to dissuade us, saying that we could easily be surrounded in the darkness, and would run serious risk of sharing Mateo's fate, while in any event we could do nothing. He even refused to give us men, but we produced our order, and he yielded on that point. At our request the soldiers were put under our own command, and no officer accompanied them.

A crowd of Moros were waiting at our house when we returned. We noted the significant fact that each of them had brought a big *barong.* They evidently had ideas of their own as to what was ahead of us. The rain was falling steadily, and the darkness was of

that velvety sort that one can almost feel. However, we got off without delay. We had but a small supply of torch-wood, and were obliged to content ourselves with two lights at the head of the column.

For the first half-mile our path lay along the trunks and branches of felled trees, slippery with rain. They afforded a most treacherous footing, and several of the men had heavy falls. Fearing broken bones, we made them crawl on all fours, and our progress was painfully slow. In the midst of the clearing were two or three Moro huts. One of the men called to ask us where we were going. "To Balinbing," answered the Moro at the head of our line. Without a word, the questioner snatched up a *barong* and joined us. He was not the only one in our little company who had a score to settle with the people of Balinbing.

At last we reached the forest. The slippery path ran over steep hills, while the feeble torches at the head of our column only served to make the darkness visible. We were continually straying off into the jungle, and were often forced to come to a halt while our torchmen found the path again. At frequent intervals trees or logs obstructed the track, while the ground was strewn with palm leaves which had clusters of long, needle-like spines about their bases. After a few experiments we formed single file in a solid line, each man with a hand on the shoulder of the one in

front of him. It was the only way to keep closed up in the darkness.

From the head of the procession would come a warning cry of "*cájui*," as the front man stumbled over a log, and each in succession called *cájui* as he reached the obstruction. Now and again some one would fall heavily, bowling half the line down. The most common warning was "*tinick*" (thorns). Bourns and I wore cloth shoes with hemp soles, while our men were barefooted, and there were muttered curses — to be strictly truthful, some of them were very distinctly audible — as man after man filled his feet with the stinging spines. A Malay soldier is more or less of a stoic, however, and when he makes up his mind that a thing must be done he usually does it. There was very little grumbling, but we had an unrivalled opportunity to enlarge our vocabulary of native cuss-words.

Fortunately we had long since found it necessary to establish a system of signals by means of gun-shots. When one of us needed help in the forest, for instance, he would fire two shots in quick succession, wait thirty seconds and fire one. The men who responded to his summons would from time to time fire two shots, one following the other as quickly as finger could draw trigger, which meant "Where are you?" and single shots in reply would indicate the direction.

And so, at frequent intervals, the heaviest charges

that I dared to use sent the signal "Where are you?" rolling over the hilltops, but we strained our ears in vain for an answering shot. At last we reached the height of land at the centre of the island. I fired again and got no response. It was evident that if Mateo could hear us at all it would be when we were on this high ground. In desperation I slipped in two four-and-a-half-dram charges, and fired both barrels at once, throwing myself forward to meet the tremendous recoil. Absolute silence followed the deafening report, as every man held his breath and listened, in vain, for there was no sound but the dripping of rain from the trees.

Bourns looked at me, and shook his head. We both knew that the boy *could* not have strayed out of hearing of that shot, and if he were alive and not disarmed he would have answered it. So it was to be Balinbing! Well, Balinbing was still a long way off, and we must be there at dawn. There was no time to lose, and I ordered the men forward, but my "*adalante*" was cut short by a simultaneous cry of "*timback*" (gun-shot) from two of the Moros. We ourselves had not heard a sound. In spite of a bruised shoulder, I again fired both barrels together, and this time, after a wait that seemed interminable, we all heard the answering report. What a load it lifted from our hearts, and what a cheer we sent up! Mateo was alive, and could fire. If his strength and ammunition

held out, we should certainly find him. The shot was plainly in front of us, but very distant. How could he have wandered so far away? We lost no time in speculation, but hurried on, slipping, sliding, and stumbling over the ground at our best pace. In half an hour I fired again. This time the answering shot was much more distinct, and the men shouted "*Túbig malakeé*" (big water).

It certainly did sound as if it came from the river valley. Again we hurried on, until we reached the bank of the stream. I had often waded it, hunting kingfishers, and thought I knew the shallows well enough to pick my way by torchlight. Fortunately I gave my gun to one of the men, for before I had gone ten rods I walked in over my head. It was little trouble to get out again, but there were crocodiles in that stream, and I had no fancy for falling into deep places at night. The wind had come up, and we were tired and cold to begin with. I shall not soon forget the half-hour that followed. The wet stones hurt our sore feet abominably as we stumbled and slipped over them. The fish seemed to be attracted by our torches, and now and then a man would step on one of them, and yell "*Boia!*" ("Crocodile!"). Great hairy-legged spiders skated over the surface of the water, and made things seem rather grewsome. They must have kept themselves out of sight by day, for I had never seen them before; but they were very much in evidence that night.

The chill of the water struck into us, and our teeth were soon rattling; but what troubled us most was that from the time we pitched down into the river valley we had failed to get any answer to our signals. Could Mateo no longer hear us? Was his ammunition exhausted? Had his strength given out? We could not tell, but it was certainly worse than useless to wade that stream longer, as day would break in a couple of hours. We made our way to high ground, and after much difficulty started a hot fire. One of the men brought in a supply of leafy branches, and showed us how to hold them in the blaze until they ceased to steam and began to smoke. Each of us dried a branch in this way, for himself, threw it on the water-soaked ground, and lay down in the rain.

The forest folk seemed a good deal disturbed by the unusual sight. A beautiful golden flycatcher awoke, flew to a branch just over our fire, and began to sing at the top of its small voice. A parrot screamed, sleepily at first, then angrily; but I was particularly interested in a venerable old monkey, with gray side-whiskers, who ran down to the lowest branch of a neighbouring tree, shook his clenched fists, and swore at us most profanely. So persistent were his maledictions that one of the soldiers grew angry and raised his rifle; but the poor brute's actions had been so comically human, and he really had such good ground for being disturbed, that I interfered, and he was spared.

We were all so tired that we fell asleep in the rain, and it was daylight when I awoke. I sprang to my feet and fired the signal. To my delight I got a reply, but it seemed to come from a point more distant than the last shots of the night before. The firing roused the men, but before we could get off Mateo signalled again, and yet again. We started to meet him, but how the boy was shooting! It seemed as if he must be having a running fight through the woods, and certainly he was rapidly approaching. At last he came in sight; his Moro was with him, and they were running! They must be hard pressed. Half a dozen rifles came up, but we could see no one following them. Just then they caught sight of us, stopped, and acted as if they were going to run back to the woods again. I called to Mateo and asked him what was the matter. He paused, apparently reassured by the sound of my voice, and answered, "Nothing!"

Both he and his companion were in a pitiful state, with clothing almost gone, and bodies torn and bleeding. We could learn little from them, except that they had been lost. They would not eat, and were evidently badly upset. We hurried them home, and once in the house Mateo devoured everything we set before him; then lay down on the floor, and dropped off to sleep, but in a few minutes awoke screaming. We were much alarmed about him, but he soon got better, although it was several days before he could sleep without dreaming

that he was again lost in the woods. At first we could get out of him no connected account of his experiences, but little by little it all came back.

On the eventful day he had killed a fine lot of birds, and had then gone to a small conical hill, which was his favourite hunting-ground for hogs. He had worked around this several times before getting a shot, and had evidently lost his reckoning; for starting, as he supposed, for the house, he had in reality gone straight away from it. When he reached the sea he found himself on the south coast of Tawi Tawi instead of the north, and in sight of Balinbing at that. His guide had been a slave there, and the proximity of the Moro town put him in a panic.

They dropped their hog, and hurried back the way they had come, as they supposed. In the course of time they found a conical hill, but it did not seem to be the right one. They took a fresh start, but could not see the sun, and with nothing to guide them the nervous strain began to tell. It was growing dark. They must hurry if they were to get home before night. That terrible longing to run, which can be appreciated only by one who has been lost in a great forest, began to steal over them. They fought it off for a time, but not for long. Now they only wished to find the sea; to get *anywhere* out of that everlasting forest; and they must hasten, for evening was close at hand. So they began to run, and ran on and on, tearing their clothing

and their flesh; falling only to rise and run again, whither they did not know, or care. The devils of the forest were hounding them on.

Darkness fell, and still they ran, bruising themselves against tree-trunks, falling over logs and stones. At last they could run no more, so they lay still. For a wonder they had not thrown their guns away, and when they heard me fire they had wit enough to answer.

After we once reached the river its banks had shut in the sound of our signals, and they had waited for day. Once more they started in the wrong direction, but my first shot showed them their mistake. They began to run again, and ran all the way until they met us, and then we "did not look just right," so they at first thought they would better run from us. The men were three parts mad, and another day in the forest would have made them raving maniacs.

We did not accomplish much during the remainder of our stay in Tawi Tawi. It took a long time to get the spines out of our feet, and fever was the inevitable outcome of our night in the jungle, while it seemed imprudent to allow Mateo to go to the forest again until he had thoroughly recovered from the effects of his unpleasant experience.

When we finally left the island, Don Felipé and the Spanish lieutenant were still puzzling their heads over the question of what could possibly have induced us to go to so much trouble and risk in hunting up a

missing native. Mateo certainly was a full-blooded "*indio*," and his skin was rather black, but these were details of which we had long since ceased to think. His thirteen years in America had served to make him a living demonstration of the capability for improvement

MATEO FRANCISCO
A typical Philippino

possessed by the average native. I regard him as a fair type of his kind. Born of two Moro slaves, who had escaped from Sulu to Mindanao, he certainly had no special advantages in early youth; but as a man he was intelligent, quiet, sober, industrious, honest, true as steel, and absolutely fearless. We thought of him

as a companion, not a servant, and trusted him implicitly. I have not a doubt that in a tight place he would have stood by us as long as he could see and pull a trigger, and *when* he pulled a trigger something was very apt to get hurt. His work with a rifle was invariably perfectly cool, and astonishingly accurate.

A year and a half later he had an opportunity to square back accounts. He was, at the time, my sole companion, Bourns having gone to Borneo. When we were in the middle of the island of Busuanga, I came down with typhoid fever. Little suspecting the true nature of the disease, I tried for ten days to fight it off, keeping at my regular work up to the last moment. Then came the inevitable collapse. There was but one other white man on the island. The natives had already begun to plunder me, carrying off my medicines among other things, and it was imperative that I should get to some place where I could have medical assistance.

I told Mateo to take me to Manila, and left the rest to him. He got together a coolie-gang, and not only hurried me to the coast but brought the baggage through safely. Securing a sail-boat, he took me to Culion in time for the monthly mail-steamer, and finally landed me safely at the capital.

During the days and weeks that followed he never left my side, and hardly closed his eyes. When I again began to take an interest in what was going on

about me, and noted that he could not sit down to hold a glass of water to my lips without dropping off to sleep, I felt that even when viewed from a strictly business standpoint, the time we had spent in searching for him when he was lost in Tawi Tawi was not a bad investment.

CHAPTER X

PANAY AND GUIMARAS

THE "delightful" Philippine climate of which one sometimes reads had put its mark on each member of the Steere expedition before we left Mindanao, and our efforts to regain our health at El Recodo had not been successful. Three of us were still crippled by ulcers, while Mateo and Moseley were badly infected with malaria, and Dr. Steere's dysentery was threatening to become chronic.

I had been more unfortunate than my fellows, having had a very severe attack of liver trouble, and been scheduled first to die and then to remain a month in hospital, by the Spanish physician at Zamboanga, but had managed to crawl off to the steamer, although barely able to walk.

Ilo Ilo, our next stopping-place, is the second city of the archipelago in commercial importance, and is the capital of a province bearing the same name, in eastern Panay. There are no public conveyances in the town, and we were obliged to make our way on foot to the hotel, which proved to be a miserable affair. All five of us were crowded into a room which already had one

occupant and was lighted and ventilated only by two doors. Around the building were pools of ill-smelling water covered with thick green scum. All in all, the prospects for recovering health did not seem good.

I hardly know what would have become of us had we not chanced to make the acquaintance of Mr. George M. Saul, of the firm of Hoskyn and Company. Bourns, the only member of the party really able to be out, happened to drop into their store, and Mr. Saul at once introduced himself, asking Bourns who he was, where from, etc. Bourns told him of our sorry plight. Before noon on that very day he called on us at the hotel, and taking pity on our forlorn condition, invited us to go over to Guimaras and make use of a little place which he kept up there. He spoke somewhat disparagingly of it, but seemed to think we should find it more comfortable and healthful than the hotel.

We were delighted with the prospect of getting anywhere out of Ilo Ilo, and gladly accepted his invitation. He lost no time, but sent us across that evening on a steam launch. The channel which separates Panay from Guimaras is about six miles wide at this point, and we had a rough passage, but arrived safely at a little cluster of houses known as Sálag Dakó (literally "big nest").

Here a pleasant surprise awaited us. We had not been prepared for anything very fine, but we found a large, airy house of *caña* and *nipa*, with broad verandas on

three sides. It was close to the beach, where it caught every breeze, and was shaded by cocoanut palms and other trees. At one side was a pleasant garden, and altogether it was an ideal place. Mr. Saul had sent news of our coming before us, and the house was open and ready, with servants on duty.

Fast sail-boats ran over to Ilo Ilo every morning, so that we could order any supplies which we needed, and when we had grown a little stronger we discovered good collecting ground close at hand. Mr. Saul continued to show us every kindness, and during the month we remained at Sálag Dakó we not only regained our health, but gathered much valuable material.

Guimaras is extremely healthful. It is rough and hilly, but without high mountains. The whole island is covered with a cap of limestone. The soil is apparently poor, and it is perhaps for this reason that cocoanut palms are so abundant. It is a well-known fact that these trees flourish where little else will grow, doing best barely above high-water mark in the sand along the beach.

Few nuts were allowed to ripen on the trees near our house. Many large groves produce no fruit at all. The branches of each blossom-stalk are tied together into a compact bundle, their ends are cut off and thrust into a hollow joint of bamboo, called a *bombon*. The sap which flows abundantly from the wounds thus made is known as *tuba*, and is gathered morning and night. Notches are cut in the bark of the trees as they grow taller, and

the *tuba*-gatherer, who is not encumbered with much clothing, puts his toes in them and climbs the stem of a lofty palm as if it were a ladder. All the palms in a grove are usually planted at one time, and remain of fairly uniform height. In many instances bamboo

A TUBA-GATHERER — SÁLAG DAKÓ. GUIMARAS

bridges are built from tree to tree, so that it is not necessary to climb each one.

The *tuba*-gatherer carries on his back a large joint of bamboo in which to put the fresh sap, a swab to clean the *bombon* in which the *tuba* is caught as it flows, and a package of bitter red bark, reduced to powder. This

powder is thought to improve the flavour of the drink, and a little of it is put in each *bombon*. A curved knife is also carried, and with it the tips of the blossom-stalk are freshly cut daily; for if this precaution is neglected, the flow of the juice will cease.

The unfermented "*tuba dulce*" is a pleasant and nourishing drink, often recommended for those who are recovering from severe illness, on account of its flesh-producing properties. The fermented product is a mild intoxicant.

It was with much regret that we finally left our pleasant home in Guimaras, and returned to Ilo Ilo to make inquiries as to where forests could be found in Panay.

This island has been almost denuded of the trees which once covered it, and in the vicinity of its principal city one finds only swamps, cultivated ground, and immense *cogonales*.

The savage tribes have disappeared with the forest, either yielding to civilization or becoming extinct; but in the high mountains to the northwest some woodland and some wild men may yet be found.

So far as I am aware, no valuable mineral deposits have as yet been discovered in Panay. The soil is fairly fertile over large areas, and in some regions is very rich. There are extensive sugar plantations in the Concepcion district.

Near Capiz, large quantities of alcohol, about ninety-three per cent pure, are made from juice obtained by

tapping the *nipa* palm. The blossom-stalk is cut off, and the flowing sap caught, placed in large receptacles to ferment, and finally distilled. The process is inexpensive, and the product of excellent quality.

The civilized people of Panay, like those in the other central islands of the Philippine group, are Visayans.

Ilo Ilo is the second city of the Philippines in business importance, having recently outstripped Cebu in the race for supremacy, and is rapidly monopolizing the commerce of the central Philippines. It lies close to the seashore, but is reached by means of a sluggish creek, which has been dredged out until it will admit the island steamers. Large vessels must lie in the channel outside, where there is good anchorage. There are no defences worth mentioning.

The place is by no means attractive. It is built on low, flat ground, much of which is filled swamp land. The unpaved streets are always dusty or muddy, which makes the lack of public conveyances a great nuisance. The church is ugly, and the public square, once handsomely laid out, was serving as a goat pasture when I last saw it. There are no places of amusement. One sees a few good shops and some pleasant residences, but the native quarter seems to be rather mixed up with the rest of the city.

The business interests of the place are almost entirely in the hands of English and German firms. Sugar is

the main export, and the whole town smells of it. The shipments exceed those from Manila.

Numerous bullock carts are seen on the streets, especially in the vicinity of the sugar go-downs. The bullocks are much quicker in their movements than *carabaos*, but are not so strong.

Learning that there were extensive forests near the town of Concepcion, we took passage for that place in a sugar steamer. Just as we were ready to start, the governor of the province decided to run up and take a look at things, as the place was the seat of government for one of his *comandancias*. The steamer was held to await his convenience, and we did not reach our destination until nine o'clock at night, by which time a furious rainstorm was raging.

Heavy surf was running on shore, but we were finally landed with our belongings, and the steamer went its way. After carrying our heavy chests up beyond the reach of the incoming tide, we began to look for the town; but no town could we find. Dr. Steere went off on a voyage of discovery, and the rest of us stood guard over the baggage for two mortal hours in that pouring rain. It was after eleven when a native brought us a message from the *comandante* asking us to favour him by coming to his house at once. We inquired where Don José (Dr. Steere) was, and were informed that he was already there. We accordingly followed our guide, and to our surprise and chagrin were shortly

ushered into a brilliantly lighted dining-room, where an elegantly dressed company were sitting at a banquet given in honour of the newly arrived governor.

We were arrayed in suits of duck which had *once* been white, though no one would have suspected it. Each of us carried two guns. Our sun-hats had been reduced to shapeless masses of pulp, and the colour from their linings had streaked our faces with gorgeous tints. We were streaming with water, and puddles formed and spread about our feet the moment we stood still. Our advent created consternation among the guests. The governor and *comandante* jumped up, in genuine distress at our condition, and *insisted* that we should join them at table and have something to warm us up; but we should have been a disgrace to a well-ordered pig-sty, and felt that we must decline.

Failing to discover "Don José," we again inquired for him, and learned that the *comandante* also bore that name, which fact was responsible for our unhappy blunder. A messenger was sent in search of the Doctor, and we dripped peacefully in a corner until he arrived. The governor urged us to remain at his house, but as we had discovered that he already had more guests than he could accommodate, and was at that very moment smuggling extra beds in at the back door, we declined his kind invitation and went to the *tribunal*. Here things were in utter confusion.

There had been numerous irregularities in the management of public affairs at Concepcion, and the unexpected arrival of the governor had created a panic. A large force of clerks and *cuadrilleros* were working frantically, trying to get things ready to bear inspection on the following day, and the *gobernadorcillo* was in a blue funk. This had been the reason for Steere's long delay. He could get neither carts nor men to bring up our things.

Learning that we had just come from the house of the governor, the *gobernadorcillo* saw fit to attend to us, and about one o'clock our water-soaked baggage was brought in. We slung hammocks, curled up in wet blankets, and passed one of those nights which the traveller in the Philippines comes to accept as inevitable.

Concepcion did not prove an agreeable place. The church was falling down, the native houses were dilapidated, and the people themselves poverty-stricken and unruly. Sentries guarded the town at night, and one of them caused us much discomfort. He was posted directly under our sleeping-room, and at intervals of fifteen minutes pounded vigorously with a club on a piece of an old steel shovel-blade, to show that he was awake. The people gave us no peace, day or night, and we decided that we *must* have a house of our own, so that we could keep them out.

We finally succeeded in renting a domicile, and

while in it had our first experience with one of the worst pests in the Philippines. A countless horde of tiny red ants invaded our premises, and refused to decamp. They tunnelled into our bread over night, and built nests there, biting our tongues when we attempted to eat it for breakfast. They crawled into the sugar and died, making it necessary for us to skim out the floating corpses after sweetening our coffee. They particularly delighted in fresh meat, and swarmed over it until it looked like a solid mass of ants. Not content with destroying our food, they attacked our bird-skins, which they seemed to find palatable, in spite of the arsenic with which they were poisoned. Having obtained a very valuable bird just at night, I suspended it by a string from the centre of the ceiling, thinking they surely would not find it there. The next morning it was completely stripped of feathers. We put the legs of our tables in dishes of water. The ants built bridges. We substituted kerosene. They climbed up overhead, and dropped down. One soon becomes resigned to eating them, for they are more often present than absent in a house, and it is impossible to get them all out of the food.

There are numerous other troublesome species of ants in the Philippines, but none do so much really serious damage as the *anai* (white ants). They attack wood, paper, pasteboard, clothing, cordage, — in short,

anything that they can gnaw. They avoid the light, often eating their way into a house through solid timber, so that their presence is not suspected until one breaks through a floor-board which they have hollowed out, or knocks down a bedpost with a mere touch. The creatures work with astonishing rapidity, and will come through the floor and the bottom of a trunk, and reduce its contents to powder, in a single night. On our second visit to the archipelago we left a part of our baggage at the United States consulate in Manila. Returning after a short absence we found that the *anai* had eaten our chests until they had fallen to pieces of their own weight; had utterly destroyed our clothing; had gnawed the pasteboard boxes from our cartridges and the sacks from our shot; had ruined our gun-wads, letter-paper, and books, and even eaten the strings out of the beads intended for trade with the natives.

Knowing that the creatures could not endure strong light, we dumped our ruined belongings in the sun on the stones of an open court. Within ten minutes thousands upon thousands of strong brown ants had appeared, and were slaughtering the soft, helpless white ones and bearing them off in triumph.

The *comandante* at Concepcion was a believer in the famous policy of "reconcentration." It facilitated the collection of taxes if taxpayers lived where they could readily be reached; so he ordered all the natives in his

district to take up their abode in the towns and villages, no matter how much it might inconvenience them. One of his favourite forms of amusement, as we learned from his own lips, was to ride about the country and fire the houses of those who had failed to heed his admonitions. We one day saw him burn three native huts. He gave the inmates no warning, but in each case jumped from his horse, pulled a bunch of dry grass, lighted it and thrust it into the thatch, which burned like tinder. Those within jumped from doors and windows in their haste to escape. When a house was completely burned, he very courteously suggested that it might be well for its occupants to look for a site in town when ready to rebuild.

Later we learned that this same *comandante* had devised a new plan for bringing delinquent taxpayers to time. He caused them to be caught and tied to trees, and then set a large and vicious dog on to them, and encouraged it to worry them. It was said that this was too much even for the village friar, who reported the matter to the governor. The result was that an ingenious and effective method of tax-collection was stopped, in deference to what the *comandante* doubtless considered a hyper-sensitive public opinion.

As I shall have occasion to mention some other ways employed to secure the payment of moneys due the government, it may be well at this time to consider briefly the history of taxation in the colony.

Up to the year 1884 all the subdued tribes paid *tributo*. The sum demanded of each person has varied, but at that time it was four dollars and twenty-five cents per year, three dollars of which might be remitted in return for forty days' work rendered to the government.

From the standpoint of the hungry provincial officials, this system was a great success. They had only to "encourage" the natives to pay cash, report them as having worked out their three dollars each, and put the money in their pockets. The sums thus stolen were known as "*caidas*" (droppings), and their approximate amount for each province was well understood. In the good old days it was said that the provincial governor who failed to become rich in two years was a fool, and it would be wearisome to enumerate the men who returned to Spain with fortunes most astonishingly out of proportion to the size of their salaries.

Possibly with a view to checking this abuse sufficiently to give those in higher places a chance at the spoils, a new scheme was devised, and a decree issued to the effect that each inhabitant of the archipelago except the clergy, public servants, and a few others must render fifteen days of work each year, without the privilege of avoiding the obligation by money payment.

This preposterous order, which would have put Spaniards and foreigners to sweeping streets and building roads beside native coolies, was, fortunately, never carried into effect.

Yet another system was finally adopted, and every resident of the country over eighteen years of age was required to purchase annually a *cedula personal*, or document of identity. The price of the *cedula* varied from twenty-five dollars to fifty cents, according to the supposed means of the applicant. Each man or woman holding one which cost less than three dollars and a half was obliged to give fifteen days of forced labour per year, while those whose *cedulas* cost more than the above amount had to pay an additional dollar and a half in lieu of work.

Evasion of this requirement was next to impossible, except for those living in very remote places; for no legal or official business could be transacted without the document of identity, and it had to be presented on demand by government officials. The captain of a steamer who received any passenger on board without a *cedula* was subject to a fine of a thousand dollars.

But this charge was only the beginning of taxation. Had a man a cocoanut grove? He must pay an annual tax of five cents on each tree. Did he want to press a little oil out of his ripe cocoanuts? It was necessary to pay for a license to run an oil-press. Had he a few bananas or a little rice, so that he wished to open a bit of a shop on his ground floor and sell his surplus produce? He must pay for the privilege. Did he need to kill his buffalo or his hog for meat? He must pay from two to four dollars for a *licencia* before he

could do it. Did his cow or his buffalo give more milk than he required? If he wished to sell it he must have his milk-measure inspected and stamped each year, and that cost money. There were taxes for keeping horses and for felling trees. All legal business had to be done on stamped paper, and so on to the end of the chapter.

Should the sums mentioned seem insignificant, it must be remembered that a man's wages are frequently not more than five or ten cents per day; that a large majority of the people cannot get work at any price; and that the taxes are not the whole story, for the village friar is yet to be reckoned with, and he has ways of his own for relieving his parishioners of their pence.

The simple fact is that many of these poor people spend their lives in a fruitless effort to meet their obligations to a government which neither protects their lives and property nor allows them arms to protect themselves; which utterly fails to give them justice if they become involved in legal difficulties; which does not construct roads, build bridges, or open up means of land communication and transportation; which makes no adequate provision for the education of their children, and treats them as suspects if they gain education abroad; which offers no relief if starvation or pestilence overtakes them; which even drafts the men for soldiers and then confiscates their property and imprisons their wives and children, because they cannot alone meet their obligations to the government which their

husbands, brothers, and sons are fighting to defend. Verily, it is not wonderful that the natives find this sort of thing a trifle monotonous!

In due time our stay at Concepcion came to an end, and we returned to Ilo Ilo, packed our belongings, and sailed for Dumaguete, in the island of Negros.

This was not to be our last visit to Panay, however. On our second trip through the Philippines, before Mateo had joined us, Bourns and I decided to make another attempt to discover good collecting ground in this island, and selected Capiz, near the north coast, as our base of operations. Capiz is situated on a river, and is several miles inland. Small steamers can ascend the stream, but large vessels have to lie some distance offshore on account of shoals.

We arrived in the middle of the night, as usual, and were forced to wait until morning in a miserable shed in the midst of a mangrove swamp, where we were devoured by mosquitoes and made generally wretched. At daybreak we got a boat and sent our baggage on to town by water, going overland ourselves.

On arriving at Capiz, we went to the *tribunal* and asked for accommodation. It did not seem worth while to take a house, as we planned to remain but a few days. We, no doubt, looked rather seedy, after our night in the shed, and the *teniente primero*, who happened to be in charge, refused to take us in until we had visited the *gobernadorcillo* and secured his kind

permission to avail ourselves of the common right of travellers. This was rather the coolest piece of impudence that had been shown us.

We asked the *teniente* if he could read, and on his answering in the affirmative, presented Weyler's order for his consideration. After he had been given time to digest it, we ventured to suggest that, if perfectly convenient, it might be well for the *capitan* (*gobernadorcillo*) *to visit us*, and that promptly. He came, with many apologies.

We were assigned to a large room with numerous beds in it, which served as a hospital in time of epidemic diseases. Noticing a curious piece of furniture half-way between a bed and a reclining chair, we inquired its use, and were informed that it was for the accommodation of delinquent tax-payers who had been whipped until they were likely to die!

Capiz is a town of some 25,000 souls, and is in every way the complete opposite of Concepcion. It is in the centre of a very productive district, and the inhabitants are, as a rule, well to do. There were then about a hundred Spaniards in the place, and the Spanish *mestizo* class was large, wealthy, and influential.

The governor in office at the time of our visit was a humane and considerate man, heartily interested in promoting the welfare of his province, and things were, therefore, at their best.

He called on us at once, and insisted that we should

come and live in his house. This we could not well do, on account of the filthy nature of much of our work; so we declined his invitation. He satisfied himself by giving a very pleasant dinner-party in our honour.

The captain of the port, who spoke English perfectly, took it upon himself to see that we did not lack for entertainment during our stay. Every evening he marched us off to visit the Spanish ladies or attend a *mestizo* dance. One affair of this sort to which we were invited was given in honour of the marriage of the *gobernadorcillo's* son. Dancing was followed by a really elegant dinner. The table was set with fine linen, cut glass, and solid silver, while the guests sat on chairs, and conducted themselves with due regard for the proprieties.

In the course of the evening I lost a fountain-pen. Returning at noon the following day, to ask if it had been found, I discovered our entertainers of the night before *squatting on the table*, and eating rice and fish out of one dish with their fingers. I inferred that the veneer of civilization was still, in their case, a trifle thin.

Finding no forest near Capiz, we set off for a place called Balete, which, the governor assured us, was shut in by mighty trees. To reach it we had to skirt the north coast of Panay for some distance in a sail-boat, and then ascend a river in canoes.

The first evening found us at the mouth of this

river, and, noticing a native village on shore, we landed to seek a better place to sleep than our boat afforded. The *gobernadorcillo* did not understand Spanish, but he had a funny little *directorcillo* who did. This man was a character, and we at once nicknamed him "The Superlative." Could he understand our poor Spanish? we asked. "*Oh si, señores*, PERFECTISIMAMENTE!" Was there some place where we could sleep? "*Si señores*, MUCHISIMOS *lugares* DORMIBILISIMOS." Were there many birds around Batan? "MUCHISIMOS *pajaros* RARISIMOS." Could we buy a few bananas? "*Ya lo creo, señores, aqui se vende la mar de platanos* RICISIMOS." The old man danced about, gesticulating like a monkey, dropping in now and then an English word, and ornamenting his remarks with "*isimos*" until we were reduced to a state of complete helplessness by laughter which did not seem to disconcert him in the least. He was quite original, and the fact that a given word had no superlative degree in Spanish did not trouble him in the least. He just made one.

The next morning we continued our journey up the river in a large *banca*, or dugout, propelled by six oars manned by as many sturdy men. As we turned the first bend in the river, "The Superlative" waved his hat and shouted, "FELICISIMO *viaje:* MUCHISIMA *suerte, y que vuelvan ustedes* MUY PRONTO," and so we left him.

All day we lay comfortably on sleeping-mats under an awning at the stern, and enjoyed the wonderful

vegetation along the river banks. At first they were lined with mangrove swamps, in which grew the graceful, feathery *nipa;* further up we saw beautiful palms and elegant tree-ferns.

When near our destination, we passed close to a roost of immense fruit-bats, measuring from three to five feet across their wings. Thousands of them were hanging head down from the branches of a clump of dead trees, and as we came nearer we saw that each was fanning himself with one wing. They were squealing and squawking at each other, making a pandemonium of sounds which increased a hundredfold when we fired a shot to start them up. They were unwilling to leave their roost by day, however, and soon settled down again.

In due time we reached Balete, and found to our disgust that there was no forest in sight. Worse than this, the place was what our cook called a *pueblo de hambre* (hungry town). A recent failure of the rice crop had combined with a disease among the buffaloes to bring the inhabitants to the verge of starvation. We were advised to live with the *padre*, if we wanted anything to eat, and accordingly accepted his cordial invitation to do so. He was a kindly old native, ignorant, but well meaning. We had a few supplies with us, and as long as they lasted contributed enough to the common stock to repay our host for what he furnished, but we soon came to the end of everything except

rice. The discovery of some snipe in a neighbouring meadow served to tide over the difficulty temporarily, but the supply was soon exhausted.

The *padre* finally insisted that *he* was going to eat fruit-bats, and he did. We held out for a few more meals, but eventually found ourselves starved down to it; for our stomachs declined to receive more boiled rice, and it was bat or nothing. I regret that I cannot say the creatures were good, but the fact is, they tasted very much as they smell. One who has ever been near them when alive needs no further description of their flavour, and one who has been spared that misfortune could not possibly form an idea of the taste. At all events, they were fat, and doubtless nourishing, and after we had learned to keep them down we got on very well.

We were *determined* to find good collecting ground in Panay, and hearing on reliable authority that there really was forest another day's journey up the stream, at a *barrio* called Calantas, we hired a number of very small canoes to carry ourselves and our baggage over the shallows, and pushed on. One of our servants refused to accompany us, saying that there were *demonios* in the Calantas forest, and he was afraid. We laughed at the idea, but discovered later that there *were* at least two kinds of devils there. There may have been more, but I can vouch for two.

As we drew nearer the head waters of the stream, it narrowed and shoaled, while the current grew so

furious that our men had the greatest difficulty in poling the boats against it. It was long after dark when we reached our destination, which proved to be on the very outskirts of civilization. Beyond us lay the territory of the Montéses (mountain people). In fact, the man in whose house we put up was himself a Montés, who had been converted to Christianity. He used sometimes to visit town, and served as a go-between for the savage and civilized natives.

Even here we found ourselves half a day's tramp from good forest, and it was arranged that one of us should hunt for three days, sleeping in a wood-chopper's hut, while the other remained at Calantas, caring for specimens. A set of runners kept the man in the forest supplied with clean guns, ammunition, and such food as could be had, and carried back the birds that he shot to the one at the house. At the close of each third day we changed places.

The food question remained serious. We lived on boiled rice, such edible birds as we could kill, and monkeys when we were fortunate enough to get them. No bats could be obtained. We finally heard of a native who owned a hog, and succeeded in buying it; so that we had meat enough until it spoiled. We made very valuable collections, but hard work, combined with insufficient food, began to tell on us, and we were on the eve of taking our departure when a most unfortunate accident occurred.

We had found that the Montéses had a number of peculiar ideas. Among other things they believed that when one of their number died he needed company, to prevent his growing lonely on the long journey which lay before him. Accordingly the relatives of a dead person were expected to sally forth, armed with lances or long machetes, and endeavour to supply this want by killing the first human being whom they met.

Now we were always ready to adapt ourselves to the customs of the place where we happened to be, but we drew the line at being sent as travelling companions for deceased Montéses on their post-mortem journeyings; and in order to the more readily discourage any advances that might be made with a view to our serving in this capacity, we kept our guns always loaded. The people in the house with us knew this fact, and had been repeatedly warned to let them alone, but showed as little sense in the matter as might have been expected of so many monkeys.

On this unfortunate day, I sent the cook to the kitchen with two loaded guns which needed cleaning. Finding no one there, he put them on the floor, and returned for a bottle of cocoanut oil. He had hardly reëntered the room where we were working when we heard a muffled report, followed an instant later by a terrible scream. The brother and the little son of

our host had improved that moment of time to sneak up the outside ladder, and the idiotic ape of a man had picked up my heavily charged shotgun, cocked the right barrel, aimed at the boy, and pulled trigger, blowing a hole through his right lung into which one could have put a hand. The range was so short that the child's clothes were set on fire by the flash. His mother had reached the top of the ladder just in time to see him fall dead, and it was her scream that we had heard. She was naturally almost crazed by the sight, and we were ourselves half stunned by the horror of the thing.

The man who had fired the fatal shot attempted to escape, but we rounded him up in short order, and tied him to a post in the house.

Attracted by the poor mother's cries, women from the neighbouring houses came running in, and on learning the unhappy news threw themselves on the floor, kicking and screaming. We ordered the boy's father sent for, but were told that we need not concern ourselves, as he had already been summoned, *and would arrive quite soon enough.* Fearing that there was grim work ahead, we belted on revolvers, overhauled magazine rifles, and filled our pockets with cartridges. Then we drove out the crowd of hysterical women.

The heart-broken mother made a splendid effort to control herself, and asked what our preparations

meant. We told her they meant nothing, unless we were attacked. She then showed us where her husband kept a wicked machete and an old revolver hid, and we locked them in one of our chests.

A moment later we heard shouts up the river valley, and saw a crowd of some twenty Montéses running toward us, brandishing machetes and yelling like so many devils. Our run-away servant had told the truth when he said there were *demonios* in the Calantas forest. The father of the murdered boy was in their midst, urging them on, and it seemed evident that we were in for a fight.

The house in which we stood was on the top of a steep, conical hill, which was almost bare of cover. We thought that it would be folly to let those madmen come to close quarters, and started down the ladder intending to open fire on them the instant they began to climb the ascent. Our cook, however, begged us not to do this. He hastily reminded us that the floor was of boards and the door solid, and entreated us to wait and parley. It seemed useless, but we were glad of any excuse to put off a fight which was senseless but nevertheless apparently inevitable. Barring the door, we let our foes come on unmolested.

After they had yelled around the house awhile, and worked off steam a little, we indicated two men who were to remain with the father, and ordered the rest to retire or take the consequences. They scuttled for

the brush. We then instructed the two men remaining to lay down their machetes, disarm their companion, and bring him into the house, taking care that he did not get away from them. At a word from him, they obeyed with suspicious promptness. The three had hardly entered when the father made a surprisingly easy escape from his captors, and rushed to the place where he had concealed his arms. Had they been there we should certainly have been compelled to shoot him in self-defence. As it was, he was so upset over not finding them that we easily secured him again. He struggled violently at first, but eventually grew more quiet, and we then went over the whole story with him, time after time.

He invariably replied that had we not been there his son would not have been killed; therefore it was our fault. At last he agreed to take his brother and the dead child, and go with us to Balete, lay the whole matter before the priest, and let him settle it. He absolutely refused, however, to let our baggage go out, and as we were dependent on him for boats and men, we were at his mercy. We knew that the enraged natives would make a bonfire of our things the moment our backs were turned, and since we could not possibly afford to lose them, it was decided that Bourns should go to Balete, while I remained to stand off the crowd until he could get soldiers through to me. Fortunately there was a squad of the *guardia civil* at the town.

I passed a rather uncomfortable night. Before dark I left the house for a moment to get a supply of drinking water. Some time after my return I noted suspicious movements in a pile of bedding, and on investigation found two men concealed there. They were armed with machetes, and had doubtless meant to butcher me before morning; but they were evidently badly frightened at being discovered, so I conducted them at the point of a revolver to the top of the ladder, and contented myself with kicking them down it.

The Montéses howled around all night, but the cook was game, and the somewhat obtrusive manner in which we *displayed* firearms fortunately made it unnecessary to use them.

Shortly after daybreak soldiers arrived. They had pushed up the river at a tremendous rate, and reached me much sooner than I had expected. I was glad to see them. The Montéses disappeared very suddenly, and hastily loading the baggage into boats, we made the run to Balete undisturbed.

On my arrival there I found to my amusement that the canny priest had decreed that *we should pay the funeral expenses*. It is an ill wind that blows no one good!

On the following day the poor boy was borne to his final resting-place with all the splendour that money could buy in Balete. The closing act in the unhappy drama was a funeral feast at which Bourns and I occu-

pied seats of honour! By this time the mourning father had evidently come to regard the whole affair as a most fortunate occurrence. Never had he been so conspicuous before! Unfortunately it was otherwise with the mother. She would not come to the feast, and refused to be comforted. Our hearts ached for her, and her sad face comes before me with unpleasant distinctness after all these years.

We still had the civil authorities to reckon with. In accordance with Spanish law, my gun was seized. After a preliminary hearing before a local justice, we were ordered to report to the *alcalde* at Capiz. Fortunately for us, he was new to his place, and not sure of his ground. Had this not been the case, the resulting suit might have been running yet. As it was, the governor accompanied us to his house and explained the matter, putting it in such a way that we were promptly discharged. By a special dispensation my gun was returned to me, though by rights it should have gone to decorate the walls of the hall of justice.

We left at once for Ilo Ilo. Three hours after our arrival I found that other *demonios* of the Calantas forest had managed to get into my blood. They proved to be the germs of the dreaded *calentura perniciosa*. Twenty-five hours later I had reached the black-vomit stage, and from seven o'clock until midnight my companion and my Spanish physician waited for me to die.

Finding me perverse enough to live on, the doctor seemed to think it necessary to accelerate my departure. At all events, he rubbed cantharides into my back with a stiff hair-brush, and raised a blister the scar of which will accompany me to my grave. Not content with this, he gave me some hypodermic, or rather *hypomuscular*, injections of quinine, finally running the point of his syringe through a nerve of my right arm and temporarily paralyzing my hand, the back of which has remained anæsthetized to this day.

I declined to submit to more injections, and for three days hung on the edge of things. Bourns finally discharged the doctor, and had a prescription filled which had pulled Hornaday out of a tight place in India.[1] For the benefit of other fever victims he had published it in his "Two Years in the Jungle," and I fancy I owe my life to that fact. At all events, my temperature, which had remained near 104° for three days, went down to normal after the third dose, and it was six months before I had more fever.

But in twenty-four hours *la perniciosa* had left me with no more strength than a child, while in the three days that followed it had reduced me to a living skeleton. Our good friend, Mr. Saul, again came to the rescue, and as soon as I could be moved, sent me over to his pleasant place at Sálag Dakó, where I lived for some weeks on milk and lime-water, and gradually struggled back to health.

[1] See addendum preceding Index.

Fortunately, our first personal experience with this disease was our last. It is not common, and is very local in its occurrence. The places where one is likely to be infected with it are usually well known, and I can confidently recommend that they be given a wide berth.

CHAPTER XI

NEGROS

From Panay the Steere expedition sailed for Dumaguete, a town in southern Negros, just at the mouth of the Tañon channel which separates that island from Cebu. Dumaguete proved to be a typical Visayan town of the better class. Its shops were kept by Chinese merchants. The population, numbering perhaps 8000 souls, was composed chiefly of natives, with comparatively few *mestizos* and still fewer Spaniards. The soil near the town was fertile, and the people seemed prosperous.

The public buildings were more than ordinarily imposing. The church and *convento* were in excellent repair, and near them was a substantial structure which had, in the past, served the double purpose of watch-tower and belfry.

We established ourselves in the *tribunal*, which was unusually comfortable for a building of its kind, being divided into several rooms, one of which served as a kitchen, while another afforded us some privacy. A lock-up was finished off on the ground floor.

Early in our stay we noticed some strange implements about the place, and vainly attempted to conjecture their use. The Philippine forests and jungles produce a large variety of thorn-bearing pests, one of which has been heartily cursed by many a traveller.

CHURCH, CONVENTO, AND WATCH-TOWER — DUMAGUETE, NEGROS

The *bejuco* (jungle-rope, rattan) has a stem of uniform diameter, which increases in length as it grows, without gaining in thickness. It terminates in a crown of leaves, from among which arise a number of long, flexible processes, slender as heavy twine, and circled at intervals of an inch or two by rings of cruel, recurved thorns.

These wicked grappling-lines droop into a path from all sides, and, when opportunity offers, lay hold of the passer-by like living things. One clutches his cheek; he pulls it loose, only to find that its swaying end is fast to his neck, on the other side, and that the hand with which he has touched it is powerless to let go. With patience and skill he finally releases himself from the first branch, but by that time another has caught him in the small of the back, and yet another is wound around his legs.

The things are a perfect pest. They bring a man up standing when he can least afford to stop. They fasten to his sun-hat with a touch so gentle that it remains unnoticed until the lithe, swaying branches are drawn tight; then they suddenly fly back and derisively hurl his head-gear fifty feet down a steep hillside. In short, they make life a burden for all who come near them.

The mysterious implements I have mentioned consisted of bamboo poles, each bearing two cross-pieces near one end, to which were tied numerous bunches of these slender, thorn-bearing processes of the *bejuco*. Blood on one of them led us to wonder if they could have been used in flogging people. We asked the *gobernadorcillo*, and he admitted that they were sometimes so employed, but not often, as persons whipped with them were too apt to die. They were designed for capturing delinquent taxpayers.

The hunting down of unfortunates who were in debt to the government was a regular Sunday morning pastime at Dumaguete. A squad of *cuadrilleros* would go out, armed with the barbarous contrivances above described, surround the house of their man, and call on him to surrender. If he attempted to escape, one or more of the "man-catchers" was flopped against him, and after that he had other things to think of!

When the *cuadrilleros* returned with their morning's catch, there followed a scene which was not pleasant to look upon. Each captive was compelled to strip to the waist and lie down on a bench, where he was flogged in a most scientific manner. The stripes were inflicted with a rattan which cut the skin and brought blood with the first blow, and were laid on diagonally across the back, first from the right side, then from the left, thus forming a pleasing checker-board pattern.

We were often forced to witness these cruel whippings during our stay. Some of the victims lay still and bore their torture in silence; others cried out, and threw themselves from the bench, with every blow. If they made too much trouble in this way, they were tied in place. After the whipping they were shut into the jail beneath the *tribunal*, and kept there until relatives or friends paid their debts. If there was too much delay, another whipping followed. Men sometimes died from the effects of these beatings, and women were subjected to the same inhuman treatment as men.

A TYPICAL TRIBUNAL — DUMAGUETE, NEGROS

It seemed strange to us that natives should practise such infernal cruelty on their fellows, but there was trouble in store for the tax-gatherers if the taxes were not forthcoming, and this thought doubtless goaded them on.

We travelled about very little on our first visit to Negros. During our second trip through the archipelago we returned, however, landing at Bais, on the east coast; and after remaining there for a time, pushing back into the mountains, which extend through the island from north to south. The highest peak of the chain is an active volcano called Malaspina or Canloön, which measures some 8190 feet. Many of

the mountains are clothed with splendid forest, and are peopled by wild Malays or Negritos.

Negros is probably the richest island of its size in the archipelago, and the fertile lowlands along the coast are extensively cultivated, although much good land still lies idle. Fine tobacco is grown in the Escalante region, but sugar is the most important of the crops. Although the most primitive methods of cultivating the cane and extracting the juice are commonly employed, there are a number of fine estates on which comparatively modern machinery is used.

It was our good fortune while at Bais to fall in with Sõr. Montinegro, or Don Joaquin as he was familiarly called, the proprietor of one of the best-ordered sugar plantations in the colony. Finding that we were quartered in the *tribunal*, he sent his son-in-law, Don Ignacio Simó, with an invitation for us to come out to his plantation and live in a "little house" which stood idle there. We were warned that it was only a poor affair, but he thought it might afford us more privacy than could be had in the quarters we were occupying. That there might be no doubt as to the sincerity of his invitation, he sent his carriage to bring us, and buffalo carts for our luggage.

From the description given us we had expected that a native hut would be assigned to us, and had seriously thought of going over to inspect it and make sure that

it was habitable, before accepting the invitation. Imagine, then, our surprise on finding that the "*casita*" was the handsome house of Montinegro's son, from which that unfortunate young man had been compelled to move his family in order to make room for us! The whole establishment, including glassware, silver, table-linen, and servants, was put at our disposal. Even then Don Joaquin would not allow us to take many meals at home. In his large and elegant dwelling he had what he delighted to call a "*mesa elastica*" (elastic table). It could be extended until it reached clear across one end of the house, and he prided himself on the fact that it was impossible to overtax his hospitality. Guests were welcome to come when they chose, and go when they got ready. There was always room for more.

One of the daughters of the house was about to celebrate her birthday, and a week of feasting followed. Spanish officials and wealthy planters from all the region around came to join in the merry-making, and we had a most enjoyable time.

We were much interested in the plantation. There were six steam-crushers on the place, while cars pushed by hand along a little tramway brought the cane from the fields. Don Joaquin told us that it had taken him *six years* to secure government permission for the establishment of this tiny railroad, and to get the plant through the custom-house. He very strongly implied

that it had cost *more than time* as well. Small wonder that modern machinery is seldom employed on Philippine plantations.

When we were on the estate, cane was suffering in the fields for want of men to cut it. The labour problem in the Philippines is a serious one for all who have occasion to employ men in large numbers. I have of late repeatedly seen the statement that the only difficulty is to find work for the labourers, who can be hired cheaply and in any desired number. The man who should undertake any large business enterprise while under such a delusion would be foredoomed to grievous disappointment. In some islands labourers cannot be had at all, unless they are imported, and in any event it is usually necessary to make them considerable advances on salary account before they will do anything. If they choose to desert before working out these sums there is no remedy, and most planters lose a good deal of money in this way.

Don Joaquin was a humane man, who paid his plantation hands well and dealt fairly and kindly with them, yet he was often hampered by lack of help. He was in the habit of sending boats to neighbouring islets where hard conditions made it so difficult to obtain a livelihood that men were willing to go away from home in order to get work. They were given money to leave with their families, and offered wages much better than any they had ever earned; but the

A SPANISH MESTIZA — BAIS, NEGROS

Taken at the house of Sŏr. Montinegro

Cousin of Rafael J. Montenegro.
Student at M. A. C. 1904.

result usually was that they soon laid by what was for them a competency and "retired from business."

One day Don Ignacio reported, with some amusement and no little vexation, a conversation with a native who had occupied a position of trust on the estate for so many years that he had become almost indispensable. This man had suddenly announced his intention to work no more. Simo had berated him for his ingratitude, but he had replied, "*Señor*, if you were back at your home in Andalusia, living in a house as fine as any in the province; if your food and clothing were not only as good as any of your neighbours could boast, but were all that you yourself desired; if you had money enough for all present and future wants, — would *you* turn your back up to a sun as hot as this and *work?*" There lies the whole matter in a nutshell. In many parts of the Philippines Nature has done so much for the people that they have little trouble in obtaining food, clothing, and shelter. What more do they require? Why should one work and accumulate money, only to be robbed of it? Their logic is unanswerable under present conditions.

Don Ignacio told us that in hiring labourers he rather preferred to get men who drank, gambled, or played the *gallera;* for they had more wants than the moral and sober native, and would work more days in the year in order to earn money to satisfy them.

The average Visayan, with a couple of bushels of shelled corn or a *caban* of rice in the house, and a bit of dried fish for dessert, wisely lies on the floor, smokes his cigarette, thrums his guitar, and composes extemporary songs on current events. Why should he not? His wife does the cooking, and brings the water. When the provisions give out, it will be quite soon enough to look for more.

Our kind host left nothing undone that could add to our comfort or convenience, but unfortunately there was no forest within reach of his plantation, and after gathering such material as was to be collected in the open country, we were forced to plan a trip into the mountains. At Bais it was only a matter of twelve or fifteen miles from civilization to savagery, and the Montéses who inhabited the neighbouring highlands bore rather an evil reputation. We were urged to take a guard of soldiers with us, for "moral effect." This we declined to do. Our experience had been that soldiers always caused alarm, and often proved the red rag to the bull. On the other hand, when we boldly entered a country supposed to be dangerous, and went quietly about our business, the superstitious natives were, as a rule, not long in concluding that we had *anting anting*, *i.e.* charms, which protected us from harm. After once getting this idea into their heads, they treated us with great consideration.

On the day appointed for the setting out of our

little expedition, Don Joaquin furnished us with thirty carriers for our luggage, and horses for ourselves. I often pined for a Western cow-boy and a bucking broncho, while about that estate, in order that our Spanish friends might see some really good riding. They lived in the saddle from one year's end to the other, and themselves rode like so many Jehus. Nothing delighted them so much as to mount us on horses that had been fed too much grain and given too little exercise, and then take us on a wild, cross-country gallop. Determined to keep up with the procession or die in the attempt, we raced and jumped ditches as if we liked it; but if that kind Providence which watches over drunken men, children, and *fools* had not kept an eye on us, we should certainly have broken our necks.

For the trip to the mountains I was mounted on a particularly vicious stallion. At the very start he slipped and fell heavily, but I fortunately managed to jump clear. From that moment he acted like a demon, and finally, after we had gone a couple of miles, deliberately reared and threw himself backward on to me. Luckily we came down in a freshly ploughed cane-field, and nothing but my dignity was injured. At a neighbouring plantation my unruly mount was exchanged for a sure-footed and perfectly trained horse, which took me over a most difficult path as steadily as if we were on pavement.

We entered the mountains through a beautiful cañon, threading our way along the banks of a small river. I noticed that one of our Spanish companions, who carried a shotgun, was eying the bushes sharply, and asked him what he was looking for. "A Montés," he replied; "I wish to put a charge of shot into one, *and see him run!*" Yet he complained that the Montéses were "unsafe." Strange that it should be so.

We at last found a situation that suited us, but not until we had abandoned our horses and pushed forward for some time on foot. In a little clearing, surrounded on every side by mighty forests, was a large house belonging to a Montés. It served as a place of meeting for the savage and civilized natives, the former bringing their mountain rice or anything else they might have for sale, and bartering it for cloth, tobacco, and other necessaries.

A stream of clear, cold water rushed past the very door, and the location was an ideal one for our purpose.

Our Spanish friends stayed to dinner with us, but were quite ready to take their departure before dark, and evening found us alone among the savages.

Our house had but a single room, in which a smoky fire was burning. Our host was clad in a clout, and our hostess in a piece of cloth reaching from her waist to her knees, while the younger members of the family were innocent of any clothing whatever.

Six formidable lances decorated the wall on one side; five hungry dogs wandered about looking for a chance to steal something to eat; and a flock of chickens roosted overhead. The top of a chest served us for a table. One of us sat on a box, the other on the floor; and as we disposed of a supper of baking-powder flapjacks and sardines, we bethought ourselves of the banquet of the previous evening, with its elegant table furnishings and its twelve courses served to handsomely dressed guests, and meditated on the changeableness of life. Although without any constitutional prejudice against the flesh-pots of Egypt, we just then preferred our baking-powder flapjacks and sardines; for we could kill specimens from the very door, and the savages were in some ways more interesting than our civilized friends.

We had no difficulty in winning the good will of our entertainers, who profited in many ways by our sojourn with them; but it proved necessary to proceed with caution in forming the acquaintance of our neighbours. We learned later that they at first believed we had come to poison their stream. After watching us for a time, however, they decided that we were merely harmless lunatics, with a mania for gathering little birds, snails, and other worthless things. They delighted to humour and encourage us in this innocent, and to them intensely amusing, pursuit, especially when they discovered that we were crazy enough to exchange

scarlet cloth, valuable brass rings, and priceless gems of coloured glass for the forest plunder which they brought us.

It was the old story. Although poor, ignorant, and superstitious; although they never stirred without lance in hand,—they gave up all idea of doing us injury as soon as they found that we did not intend to harm them.

Unfortunately, however, they shared the belief of their brethren in Panay as to the desirability of sending company with deceased relatives. They told us it was their custom, when one of their number died, to sally forth and kill the first person whom they met. If, however, at the end of the third day they had encountered no one, they then killed some animal, and returned satisfied. Apparently as a result of this strange custom, they lived a family in a place, never seeming to gather in villages. While anxious to secure congenial companions for their own departed friends, they were not willing to accommodate their neighbours by serving them in this capacity, and hence never left their huts without their lances.

Parties of men and women sometimes brought rice to our house, and remained over night. On such occasions we usually entertained them with a magnet, a siphon, or something of the sort, and gave them cigarettes and any food that we had to spare, thereby making them our devoted friends. One night I over-

did it, first hypnotizing a rooster, and then working the time-honoured trick of "chewing together" the cut ends of a bit of cord. I scared my audience nearly to death. They hardly dared move, much less speak, during the remainder of the evening, and left the next morning without waiting to eat.

Our host and hostess shared in the superstitions of their people. If one of their chickens picked up a crumb from our table, they at once presented the fowl to us, in order to avert harm from themselves. Wild hogs were rooting in a sweet-potato patch near the house; but it was considered useless to watch for them unless an owl hooted, as the hogs would not leave the forest until the bird of wisdom called to them that the coast was clear.

All Montéses stand in great dread of a certain parasitic tree, which wraps its branches about the trunk of some neighbour until this dies and decays, leaving a cavity surrounded by limbs that are interlaced and grown together. We were informed that there were white men inside of this tree, and that its branches would bleed if cut.

We were requested not to go near the Montés burying-ground, and out of deference to their wishes scrupulously kept away from it. Although they were, on the whole, so friendly, we learned little of their customs and beliefs, being greatly hampered in our intercourse with them by the lack of a good inter-

preter. Heavy rains and constant cloudy weather interfered with our collecting, kept us from taking photographs, and swelled the stream in front of our house until it made us prisoners. When at last there came a short lull in the downpour, accompanied by a corresponding fall in the flood, we hastened to make our escape. A crowd of savages gathered in the clearing to watch us start, and when we last saw them they were calling "Come back again" at the top of their voices.

Before reaching the mouth of the cañon we were forced to wade the stream thirty-four times, in water often breast-high. Our shoes gave out, and we were barefooted when we finally reached the plantation where I had changed horses going in. From here we finished our journey in a bullock-cart. A day's rest put us right again, and a little later we took steamer for Dumaguete, which had not changed much in the three years since we last saw it, although in the meantime Negros had been divided into two provinces, and it had been made the capital of the eastern one.

The governor proved to be an old acquaintance, whom we had met before in Samar, and I shall have more to say of him later.

We found that the *guardia civil* had been having a hard time trying to run down a famous *tulisan* leader, one Ca Martin. Brigandage is a serious matter in some parts of the Philippines. The bands of outlaws who go

under the name "*tulisanes*" are largely composed of escaped criminals and fugitives from justice, but are often recruited from the ranks of the numerous class who have suffered bitter wrongs at the hands of officials or friars, while young blades sometimes join them from pure love of adventure. In rare instances *tulisanes* pose as decent citizens, and live scattered among the law-abiding villagers, gathering in bands only when they have some deviltry on hand. More commonly, however, they dwell apart, in some mountain fastness where it is very difficult to find them and well-nigh impossible to capture them.

They are under some leader who is almost invariably believed to have *anting anting*, and at his direction they descend on the defenceless planters and rob, burn, and murder, sometimes carrying off prisoners and holding them for ransom. A friar was kidnapped in the very streets of Manila, just before my final departure from that city, by two *tulisanes* cleverly disguised as members of his order.

The *guardia civil* have done admirable service in hunting these cowardly assassins down, in spite of small encouragement, for no sooner is a *tulisan* leader taken by them, and turned over to stand trial, than there is a remarkable escape; or if this does not happen, he is usually acquitted. Should the evidence against him be so damning as to make acquittal absolutely out of the question, he may be convicted, but even

then is likely to "escape" from the local jail. At the worst he is deported to some penal settlement, instead of being shot or garroted, as the law provides that he shall be. Meanwhile, the officials, whose business it is to see justice done, *grow no poorer.*

There are a good many chances in ten that a few months after a *tulisan* has been hunted down he will be back in his old haunts, and the chase will begin over again. Small wonder that the *guardia* sometimes take the law into their own hands. A captain once told me that having had *tulisanes*, whom he had been at much trouble to capture, released on several occasions, he changed his policy. Thereafter, while bringing them in, he ordered his men ahead, saying that he would watch the prisoners, and as soon as the soldiers were out of sight, got two of the worst rascals in line, and put a bullet through them, — reporting to his men, who of course came running back, that they had tried to escape.

The character of Spanish administration of affairs in the archipelago may be inferred from the fact that although the west coast of Mindoro has long been known to be peopled by these outlaws, no serious attempt has been made to break up their settlements. Worse than this, they have had a stronghold close to Manila which has not been so much as attacked.

The officer who was after Ca Martin, in Negros, had a hard problem to solve. The bandit was believed to

have *anting anting*, having earned this reputation by escaping the fire of six native soldiers, at a range of a dozen yards. They were scared nearly to death, and doubtless shut their eyes before drawing trigger; but they reported that their bullets had glanced from his

A GOBERNADORCILLO AND HIS WIFE — BAIS, NEGROS

body, and their tale was believed. The story lost nothing in the telling, and at the time I mention the hero of it was believed to have a new charm, by virtue of which he could step from one mountain peak to another, or precipitate a rushing stream of ice-cold water on any one hardy enough to pursue him. These child's tales were implicitly believed, not only by the natives but even by

intelligent *mestizos*. I heard them from the *gobernadorcillo* of Bais (see opposite page), who vouched for their truth.

But the things this fiend incarnate really did do were sufficiently unusual to require no embellishment. He had a cheerful way of taking a small child, tying one of its legs to a tree, and pulling at the other until he tore the body open. So much the officer in command of the force which had been operating against him vouched for. The natives believed that he feasted on the livers of his victims, which would certainly seem within the bounds of possibility.

While taking no stock in any seven-league-boot theory, the officer above mentioned admitted that he found the man a puzzle. After surrounding him in a small patch of forest, from which escape seemed utterly impossible, he had drawn in his lines and found only a dismembered child. His theory was that the bandit climbed large trees, by means of rattans and creepers, and hid among their branches or in their hollows. At all events he contrived to slide out of more than one tight place in a very mysterious fashion.

It is to be hoped that he has long since been captured, and that the officer who took him had *executive ability;* but when we left Negros he was still at large and his name was one to conjure by.

CHAPTER XII

SIQUIJOR

Shortly after the arrival of the Steere expedition at Dumaguete, Mateo was sent to collect in the neighbouring island of Siquijor, which lies some fifteen miles to the southeast. Hearing good reports of his success, Bourns and I decided to follow him, and one day engaged passage on a native sail-boat which was to leave at five the following morning.

We were ready at four, as men had promised to come for our baggage at that time, but they did not appear until six, and it was ten by the time they had taken our last chest. When we ourselves reached the beach, we found our belongings piled in a heap on shore, instead of in the boat, while the crew had gone to get breakfast. They did not hurry over the meal, and when at last they returned, it took another hour to load the baggage.

In order to reach the boat, which was some distance offshore, we had each to ride out astride a man's shoulders. Bourns got on very well, but I was fifty pounds heavier than the fellow who tried to carry me, and the strong swell made him sway and totter in a most alarming manner. Just as I thought myself safe, he stubbed

NATIVE SAIL-BOAT WITH BAMBOO OUTRIGGERS — MINDORO

his toe and pitched forward, shooting me over his head. I barely caught the edge of the boat, while the man retained his hold on my ankles, and recovered himself, so that I hung suspended. My frantic efforts to get on board without a ducking finally ended in my landing a kick on the nose of my bearer which knocked him into the water, where I of course joined him, to the intense delight of a large crowd of spectators.

I scrambled aboard in very poor humour, but there were worse trials to come. Our men, instead of making sail, gathered in the bow and began to gamble. We tried for some time to find out why they did not start, but none of them spoke Spanish, and we did not understand their Visaya, so that we made little headway until we found an interpreter. We then learned that the wind did not suit them, and they proposed to wait until it changed.

At half-past two we got off, with a fresh breeze blowing from the north. When we were about five miles out it suddenly veered toward the east, at the same time increasing in strength until things began to look ugly. The sky darkened, and to the south of us we could see a mighty waterspout marching grandly along.

We had a good stanch boat, with strong bamboo outriggers, but the wind was dead abeam and the sea rising rapidly. Our men handled their craft with wonderful skill. When she began to heel over dangerously, instead of reefing sails or changing course they sent one

of their number out to windward, *to sit on the outrigger*. As the wind increased in violence a second, then a third, and finally a fourth man walked out on the centre cross-piece, holding to the stays of the mainmast. Two of the crew sat astride the outrigger, while the others stood close to it, keeping the boat on a fairly even keel. We should have done very well had the wind held steady, but it began to come in puffs and sudden squalls. The men watched it closely, running further out as a squall bore down on us, and hurrying in when the wind slackened; but with all their remarkable skill, they made an occasional miscalculation, bringing the outrigger down just in time to cut the top off a wave and send it flying aboard.

The position of the men who were balancing the boat soon became precarious. One moment they were six feet above the water, and the next up to their necks in it. We feared they might be washed away, but they hung on grimly, with their teeth chattering.

Our sail was old and rotten, and the strain finally proved too much for it. There came a sharp report, and it burst through the middle. In five minutes it was blown to ribbons, and we were drifting at the mercy of the waves. For some time all hands bailed for dear life, but the water gained on us steadily, and it looked as if we were bound to fill and lie disabled until the outriggers carried away, when we should inevitably go to the bottom.

Two of the men suddenly stopped bailing and began to overhaul the cargo. To our amazement they unearthed a new sail, which, by chance, they had undertaken to carry over to a friend. How they managed to rig it I could never see. The boat was pitching and tossing like a mad thing, and I thought the man who climbed the mast would be thrown overboard, if indeed the mast itself did not go with him. I was too busy to pay much attention to anything but the bailing, however; for the fuller the boat got the faster she filled. It was touch-and-go business, and for a time it seemed as if we should be awash before they could get the sail up; but they won out at the finish. We all drew a long breath when at last the boat began to draw ahead again.

Once under way, we soon got most of the water out of her; but while disabled we had drifted so rapidly that we had the greatest difficulty in making the extreme southern point of our island, reaching shore at last many miles from the town of Siquijor. It was out of the question to make headway against such a wind, so we tried to gain the entrance of a sheltered cove, poling along for some distance, in great danger of being smashed against coral reefs by the heavy surf. When at last we found ourselves in quiet water, darkness had fallen.

Our position was anything but pleasant. The shore was lined with mangrove swamps, through which it

would be impossible to make our way in the dark. The rain was coming down in torrents, while the wind blew with ever-increasing violence. We had expected to complete the run in three hours at the longest, and were without food. It had been very hot when we started, and we were dressed in the thinnest of clothing. Wet to the skin as we were, the piercing wind chilled us to the bone.

There was nothing for it but to make the best of a bad job, so we covered ourselves as well as we could with the loosely woven sail, which served only to strain the rain-water, and lay down on the convex bamboo deck. Sleep was out of the question. The tide went down, leaving us stranded with the boat's nose on a rock, so that our feet were soon higher than our heads; but we had no light, and thought it best to lie still. Huddling close together for warmth, we shivered until day began to dawn.

As soon as we could see at all, we bethought ourselves of our men, whom we found squatting in the mud on the lee side of the boat. All but one were stupid with fever. We wanted them to search for a house, but not a man would budge. We could not make up our minds to lie down again, so tried standing on the slanting deck of our boat; but the wind chilled us so that we were finally forced to wade ashore, where we eventually found a little hard ground, and ran up and down, to quicken our circulation.

After warming up a bit we held a council of war, and it was decided that Bourns should search for a house, while I watched the boat.

An hour later I saw a strange figure coming toward me, which resolved itself into a native as it drew nearer. He was clad in an old burlap sack. A hole in its bottom gave exit to his head; two other openings in the sides served a similar purpose for his arms, while his legs projected through what had once been the top. He wore an immense rain-hat, and carried a piece of sacking in his hands, which he held up as a screen from the wind. Making me a profound bow, he pulled off his hat and took out of it a water-soaked note from Bourns, which read, "Have found a house. Come up and get some parched corn."

We had money, guns, and ammunition in the boat, and I disliked to leave it; but the men were certainly too ill to *run* away, and the thunder of the surf outside of the cove made it evident that they could hardly make off by sea. Telling them to watch our belongings, I followed my guide, who took me a mile up the beach in the teeth of a howling gale that sometimes almost threw us down, and then struck inland. After a weary tramp we reached a wretched hut, ten feet by twelve. Here I found Bourns, sitting on the floor and eating parched Indian corn from the cob, while a shivering native crouched over the fire toasting another ear.

We were ravenously hungry, but the corn, which was both ripe and dry, required a deal of grinding, and did not prove very "filling." Presently we heard a great commotion at the side of the house, and on investigation found that our host was disturbing his one sitting hen, to get us some eggs. We asked how long they had been sat on, and were informed "*dos semanas, no mas*" (only two weeks). The idea was not altogether pleasing, but we had been thirty hours without food, had suffered much from exposure, and had long since passed the fastidious stage.

I am sure that the hen and her nine eggs were the whole fortune of that poor family; but six of the eggs were cooked for us, and after refreshing ourselves with three young chickens each, we lay down and were covered up with all the clothing that the region afforded. The news of our arrival had spread, and there was an eye at every crevice in the hut. The natives willingly stood in the rain for a chance to get a peep at us. There were many expressions of pity for our condition. Men stripped off shirts, and women their outer skirts, to make us more comfortable; but we could not get warm. Our teeth chattered harder and harder, and we decided that if we were to avert serious consequences we must hurry on to town, where we could find food and decent shelter.

Securing a guide, we set off on the weariest tramp it has ever been my misfortune to take. The surface of

the island is broken into small but steep hills, and the soil is a blue clay. It stuck to our feet until we could hardly lift them, so we each made a wooden scraper, and stopped every few rods to dig it off. The rain fell without cessation, and when we at last reached Siquijor, we were more dead than alive.

We found Mateo in the house of a well-to-do *mestizo*, who at once got us a hot meal. Bourns was speedily fitted out with dry clothes, but with me it was another matter, as there was not a man in the village of anything like my size. I was finally forced to content myself with a pair of pantaloons which terminated midway between my knees and ankles, and a native shirt which was too small to button. A crowd had, of course, gathered, and when I appeared to them in my new costume they laughed until they were tired. I fancy the rig was a trifle picturesque, but it was much more satisfactory than my wet one, and I was happy. Dinner eaten, we lay down on the floor, and it was well toward noon the next morning before we opened our eyes.

The storm continued for two days. One of our first acts on reaching town had been to despatch food and clothing for our boatmen; and when the weather finally moderated our baggage was brought around by sea, and we established ourselves in the *tribunal*. All the public buildings of the place were well constructed. The *convento* had once served the purpose of a fort, while a picturesque old stone watch-tower stood on a neighbour-

ing hill. The *tribunal* was a large building, with limestone foundation, board floor and sides, and a *nipa* roof.

We looked out upon the town market-place and cock-pit. The view from our east window is reproduced on page 285.

WATCH-TOWER FOR DEFENCE AGAINST THE MOROS — SIQUIJOR

The people were more industrious than any we had met since leaving El Recodo, and were soon bringing us in specimens at an astonishingly lively rate. When Sunday came we were fairly swamped, and every few minutes had to drive out the crowd and shut up our room, while we stowed away the things we had bought, to make room for more. The natives had never before seen an "*inglés*," and from morning to night every door, window, knot-hole, and crevice that commanded a view of us had its delegation, who watched us, or waited anxiously for a chance to do so.

At meal-time there was much excitement, and it apparently filled the spectators with awe and admiration to see us use forks and spoons. Sunday is a great day in every Philippine village. People come in by the hundred from the surrounding country to attend mass, unless indeed they are all compelled to live in town. After service the women go to the market-place and exchange wares and gossip, while the men hurry off to the *gallera* (cockpit), to match their fighting cocks.

Cock-fighting may safely be called the national vice in the Philippines. The natives are born gamblers, and poor indeed is the man who does not own at least one trained bird, which he has very probably brought up from a chick. Nothing is more common than to see a man with his pet cock under his arm, and at every stop he caresses it and talks to it as if it were a child.

The fighting is controlled by law, not with a view to its suppression, but rather for the purpose of drawing from it all the revenue possible. In most towns it is limited to Sundays and feast-days. The élite, as well as the rabble, of a village gather at the *gallera*, a piece of smooth, hard ground, surrounded by a low bamboo fence, outside of which there are usually seats for spectators, shaded by a *nipa* roof.

Two birds are brought into the enclosure by their respective owners. A keen gaff, from two to two and a half inches long, is tied to the left leg of each. Meanwhile bets are made, and money is deposited. The law

MARKET-PLACE AND ENTRANCE TO COCKPIT — SIQUIJOR

limits the amount which any one person may wager on a fight to fifty dollars, but little attention is paid to this provision.

When all is ready, the judge takes his position in the centre of the ring, the owners put their birds down close to each other, and then pull them backward by their tails, repeating the operation until their fighting propensities are fully aroused.

When they are finally released, they, as a rule, fly at each other immediately. Should either bird decline to fight at the outset, or run away at any time, he is declared a loser. There is seldom any running, however, until one or the other bird has received a fatal hurt, and not often then. It sometimes happens that both are killed in the very first fly, but a fight usually lasts several minutes. Old and experienced birds often display a good deal of generalship, and each well-planned blow or skilfully executed dodge brings cheers from the backers of the one or the other. When the fight ends, pandemonium breaks loose. The winners jump on to the seats, and caper and yell like crazy men. After things have quieted down a little, another match is started, and so it goes until the supply of cocks is exhausted, or darkness prevents more fights.

Little mercy is shown to birds that prove cowardly. I have seen them plucked alive and turned loose. A winner, however, naturally becomes more than ever the pet of his proud master, the height of whose ambition is

to put down in the ring a bird that none of his neighbours will dare to match.

The traveller soon comes to detest game-cocks; for he is often compelled to pass the night in the same room with them, and they begin to crow about three in the morning, after which time sleep is impossible. On different occasions we tried a variety of expedients to quiet the noisy creatures. It was an easy matter to put the head of one under its wing, turn it feet up, describe two or three imaginary figure eights in the air with it, and lay it on its back, where it would remain indefinitely unless disturbed. The owners objected to this treatment, however, thinking that we were bewitching their birds, and they would be unlucky in consequence. A quart or two of water, judiciously applied, sometimes produced the desired effect; but the best plan we ever hit upon was to open the beak, and snap a fine rubber band around the back of the head and through the mouth, whereupon the bird would become so much engaged in its efforts to swallow the band that it would forget to crow.

Just after mass, on our first Sunday in Siquijor, we received a very curt intimation that the *padre* was waiting at the *convento* to see us. We ought to have called on him before, but the fact was, all our decent clothes had been soaked on our arrival, and we had been at the mercy of a laundress, who had been most aggravatingly slow.

The *padre* was apparently quite over his haste to see us by the time we reached the *convento*, and kept us waiting for more than an hour before we were so much as shown upstairs. Finally, as we were about to leave in disgust, we were summoned into the august presence, and given a severe cross-examination as to our business in Siquijor. The man was not even civil, but he looked like a dyspeptic, and may have had some excuse for his sour temper. It was apparently with much hesitation that he kindly consented to allow us to continue our work.

Siquijor belongs to a province of which Bohol forms the major part, and as the governor naturally resides in the larger island, the friars have things their own way in the smaller one. The specimen under discussion was hated and feared by his own flock. He frowned on all their innocent merry-makings, and had a cheerful custom of summoning men, women, or children whom he suspected of shortcomings, and beating them most unmercifully with his own hand.

He was so fully occupied with caring for the morals of the community that he had scant time to look after his own. When we returned later, after a three years' absence, he had just taken his departure. Meanwhile the number of Spanish *mestizo* children in the place had increased by ten.

Within a few days of the time we first reached Siquijor, the inhabitants had resolved themselves into a com-

mittee of the whole to provide us with specimens, and were coining money at a, to them, unprecedented rate. The island itself is little better than a limestone rock. In fact, there is a tradition among the natives that it was thrown up from beneath the sea within the memory of their ancestors. The story goes that a cloud rested on the sea for many days, and out of it issued lightning and strange noises. When at last it cleared away, there stood Siquijor. The old name of the island, *isla de fuego*, is based on this story, which is in all probability true.

Sea-shells may be found on the tops of the highest hills, while every rock cracked open with the geological hammer shows evident signs of coral structure. Little soil has as yet accumulated, and what there is lacks much of being fertile; so that the people have a hard time to get a living. We found plenty of men who were glad to serve us for five cents per day, and not a few who asked only for food; this, too, in spite of the fact that cocoanuts sold at six for a penny, chickens at from four to five cents each, and eggs four for a cent. There was no one for whom the people could work; no one to whom they could sell their surplus produce, and it was almost impossible for them to get money with which to pay their taxes.

We came to take a genuine interest in our villagers. They had been so kind to us on our arrival, and had worked so diligently for us thereafter, that we soon grew to have a very sincere regard for them.

Evenings passed rather drearily with us. Our only light was a cocoanut-oil dip, and we could not work or read in the darkness which this rather primitive lamp simply made visible. For the want of more profitable occupation we used sometimes to amuse ourselves by singing college songs. Unbeknown to us, the villagers were in the habit of gathering underneath the *tribunal*, to listen. At length they made bold to ask for admission. We at first felt somewhat embarrassed, as we were not accustomed to performing in public, but we finally granted their request, and were soon glad that we had; for they contributed their full share to the entertainment, and we found their dancing and singing very amusing.

We were occasionally asked to whistle, while they danced. The airs in our repertoire were not all classical, and one of them was destined to be put to a use which we little anticipated at the time. On the evening of our departure we gave a grand ball, the memory of which is, I doubt not, still green in Siquijor; and sure it is that we left many friends behind us.

Our collecting had resulted so successfully, and we had found the island so healthful, that we decided to revisit it three years later. Some changes had taken place in the town. Our friend of the mournful countenance had departed from the *convento*, and his successor was a fat and jolly friar who piped for his people to dance, and made himself generally agreeable to them.

At the *tribunal* we found an acquaintance who had

been bandmaster when we parted, presiding as *gobernadorcillo*. He was delighted to see us, and, although it was past midnight when we arrived, sent word of our coming through the village, and the population turned out *en masse* to welcome us.

Before we retired the *capitan* came to us with a very mysterious air, and remarked that he had a surprise in store for us in the morning. We were not to fail to be on hand when the procession of *cabezas de Barangay* passed by on its way to mass.

Accordingly, we turned out bright and early. In due time the procession formed and started for the *convento*, to escort the *padre* to church; but for the life of us we could not see anything extraordinary about it. The shirts of the *cabezas* stood out from their waists at the usual angle; there was a fair assortment of battered instruments, and a motley crowd to play them; but nothing out of the ordinary, and we began to fear that the *gobernadorcillo* was too subtle for us. We were not destined to miss the surprise, however. Just as the band came opposite the balcony on which we were standing, the *capitan* waved his cane in the air, and the musicians saluted us with the familiar melody to which the words:

> "Johnny, get your gun, get your sword, get your pistol,
> Nigger on the house-top, won't come down,"

are usually set. The sight of those solemn *cabezas* marching to church to that tune came very near upset-

ting our dignity, and a little later, when the same familiar strains floated out from the sacred edifice itself, we simply collapsed. The Philippinos usually play entirely by ear. The bandmaster had learned the melody from us, had taught it to his musicians, and added it to the Siquijor repertoire of sacred music.

Our first call on the *padre* was returned the next day, again on the day after, and still again on the day after that. In fact, for several weeks he came to see us every afternoon and stayed until half-past eight or nine at night, hindering us in our work and delaying our supper. The poor man had been very lonely before our arrival, and was glad enough to have some one with whom he could talk.

At first we enjoyed his visits, for he told us much that we had never suspected about our own country and people. He began by informing us that George Washington was a leading general in the War of 1812; that he had fought in France, and had several times visited Spain. Our learned friend was greatly surprised to find that California was a part of the United States; but to show us that he was well posted casually remarked that Washington was a city of 20,000 inhabitants, and, like Philadelphia, was on the Mexican boundary.

We had a falling-out with him on the question of the number of states in the Union. He stoutly insisted that there were but twenty-four, and refused to be convinced

of the contrary, telling us that we must not imagine we could impose on him, if he *did* live in an out-of-the-way place.

After giving us much other new and interesting geographical and historical information about America, he branched off on to physics, and stuck to that science for several days. His first dissertation was on the principle of the hydraulic ram, and I would give a good deal for a verbatim report of it. For a long time we could not make him out at all, but when we were about to leave the island, the secret of his truly remarkable conversational powers was proudly revealed to us by no less a personage than himself.

Long before that time, however, he had become a terrible bore. We should probably have managed to get on with him had we been in good health, but Bourns was suffering from a severe fever, contracted in the mountains of Negros, and it irritated me beyond measure to have the *padre* keep him awake, night after night. I decided, therefore, that something must be done.

Fortune favoured me, by sending in a fine lot of civet-cats. There are several species of these creatures in the Philippines, and the one in question is capable of producing an odour which is justly more celebrated for its strength than its sweetness. I had barely finished skinning my first batch of specimens when in came the *padre*. The faint trace of scent remaining was mildness itself compared with the stench I had bred a few

minutes before, but it evidently bothered my visitor, who made several sarcastic remarks concerning my taste in perfumery, and cut his call unusually short.

The next day I was ready for him. I had made a neat little dissection, so that one stroke of a scalpel would lay a scent-bag wide open. A sentinel at the head of the stairs informed me of the *padre's* arrival, and *I made that stroke!* By the time he reached our room the defunct cat was "doing itself proud." He stopped at the door, as if some one had thrown water in his face, but pulled himself together, and came in. I scored one for the *padre*, and set him a chair close to the cat, innocently continuing my operations. He opened his mouth to begin a discourse, but choked, and thought better of it. After a moment or two spent in meditation, he lit a cigarette, apparently labouring under the delusion that he could compete with my animal, which by this time had so far surpassed my fondest expectations that I was seriously considering the advisability of leaving the *padre* to have it out alone with the cat. On second thought, however, I decided to see the thing through, or die in the attempt. In another moment my visitor's eyes suddenly filled with tears. Dropping his cigarette, he covered his mouth and nose with a handkerchief, and rushed from the room. As he reached the clearer air of the next apartment I heard somewhat indistinctly an exclamation which sounded uncommonly like *jesusmariayjose!*

After that I kept a standing order out for civet-cats, and the poor old *padre* never got nearer to making a call than to inquire from the street if I had any more of those "*gatos malditos*" on hand; which query I was fortunately always ready to answer in the affirmative.

A few weeks later we moved up to San Antonio, on the highest ground in the island. Having occasion to return to Siquijor for supplies, I saw a sad sight that I would gladly have been spared. The taxes due from that poverty-stricken town amounted to some $5000 per annum. Cholera had recently devastated the island; the crops had failed, and for several years it had been utterly impossible for the *cabezas* to get any such sum out of the half-starved inhabitants. There was a shortage of $7000 and a commission had come down from Bohol to try to raise the money. Failing in this, they had seized the *cabezas*, confiscated their lands, houses, and cattle, and were about to deport them, because they were guilty of the crime of not being rich enough to pay other people's debts! Forty-four men were torn from their homes and dragged away into exile, while those dependent on them were left to shift for themselves as best they could.

The officer in charge of the *cabezas* informed me that they would "have the privilege" of working out the debts of their constituents at the munificent salary of six cents per day, from which the expense of their food and clothing would be deducted.

At San Antonio we were a thousand feet above sea-level, and the air was cool and almost bracing. Like most of the limestone islands of the Philippines, Siquijor is quite free from malaria, and with an abundance of good food, we soon got into fine physical condition.

When off on a long jaunt I was one day caught in a heavy shower, and sought refuge in a deserted house. I wanted a fire to dry my clothes, but my matches were wet and would not burn. One of my men quietly reached up over the old fireplace, and drew from the thatch two oddly shaped pieces of bamboo. In less than two minutes, to my astonishment, he had made a blaze.

I had always believed the operation of making fire by rubbing two sticks together to be a long and difficult process, requiring great strength and skill. In reality, it is a very simple and easy matter, *if one has the right sort of sticks.* All that is necessary is one joint of thoroughly dried bamboo, say three-quarters of an inch in diameter. This is halved, and into the concave side of one of the pieces a V-shaped groove is cut, extending through to the outside, where it opens by a long narrow slit. This half of the joint is now placed convex side up, on some smooth, hard surface. From the other half is fashioned a piece shaped somewhat like a paper-knife, and one of its edges is sharpened. This the fire-maker grips firmly in both hands, places it edge down on the convex surface of the other half-joint, and at right angles to the groove in it, and

begins to rub slowly and steadily, bearing on hard. The sharp edges of the slit scrape wood-dust from the upper piece, which, in turn, soon wears a groove into them, the dust falling down through the cleft. In from ten to fifteen seconds smoke begins to show faintly. In twenty or thirty more, as the rubbing grows rapidly faster and faster, it rises in little clouds. The operator suddenly stops, strikes the half-joint a sharp blow or two, to dislodge any sparks that may be clinging to its under surface, and then snatches it up, exposing a little conical pile of charred wood-dust, at the apex of which glows a bright spark of living fire. Hastily pressing a handful of shavings down on this, he blows on them two or three times, and they burst into flame. The trick is simple enough, when one once learns it. I succeeded in getting fire on my second attempt.

One can readily see how the natives may first have hit on this device; but there is another contrivance for fire-making in the Philippines, the origin of which is not so easily explained. Among one of the wild tribes of north Luzon the fire-syringe is in common use. It is fashioned of buffalo horn, in the form of a cylinder with closed base and open top, into which an air-tight piston fits. In the front face of this piston is a hollow, which is filled with dry plant-hairs of a peculiar sort. The operator inserts the head of the piston in the open end of the cylinder, and a sharp blow drives it suddenly home, violently compressing

the air, and generating heat enough to set the plant-hairs on fire. The piston is instantly withdrawn, and the spark thus obtained is utilized to start a blaze. To perform this operation successfully requires long practice. I have yet to see a white man who professes to be able to do it; and how the savages first came to think of getting fire in such a way is, to me, a mystery. Similar contrivances are of course employed in other parts of the world, but so far as I am aware, nowhere else in the Philippines.

When we called to bid adieu to our friend the *padre*, he remarked that we might possibly have noticed his accurate knowledge of numerous subjects, and have wondered how he could converse so intelligently on so many different themes. We owned to some curiosity in the matter, whereupon he explained that he was the owner of a fine library, and if he thought himself likely to meet a civil engineer, for instance, read up on engineering, that he might not appear ignorant. When two American naturalists came along, he had at once posted himself on America and on natural history, and thus had been able to impart to us much useful information about our native country and our profession.

We were sorry to leave Siquijor, but our stay there had put us in excellent condition for the trip which we were about to undertake into the interior of Mindoro. Before describing our experiences in that island, however, I must record the adventures which befell us in several other places.

CHAPTER XIII

CEBU

From Dumaguete the Steere expedition took passage for Cebu, the capital of the island bearing the same name. For many years this city ranked next to Manila in commercial importance, and it is still the shipping centre for much of the hemp raised in the Visayan islands; *was* the centre, I should rather say, for during the recent revolt it was first captured by the insurgents, and then bombarded and well-nigh destroyed by the Spaniards, who seem to have shown a most ruthless disregard for the lives of women and children.

On our arrival we went at once to the house of Mr. Cadell, the English consul, to inquire for mail, for which we had been waiting three months, but a bitter disappointment was in store for us. Through a mistake our letters had not been forwarded from Manila.

When we asked Mr. Cadell to direct us to the best hotel in the city, he informed us, to our astonishment, that there was none of any sort. We proposed to start out house-hunting immediately, but he refused to entertain the idea, insisting that we should stay with him.

Two other English gentlemen were living with him, and the advent of our party of five caused an upheaval in the domestic affairs of his house; but his only anxiety seemed to be lest we might not be perfectly comfortable. He need hardly have concerned himself on this score. After the many months of rough living which we had just experienced, we had ceased to be particular about small matters, and it was a great satisfaction to sit down to a well-cooked meal, served in a civilized manner, and to sleep on a bed after six months in hammocks.

As the site of the first Spanish settlement in the Philippines, Cebu is a place of no little historic interest. From 1565 to 1571 it was the capital of the colony. Up to 1759 it continued to have a municipal government, which was then abolished because there was but one Spaniard in the place capable of being a city councillor, while the mayor had recently been turned out of office for attempting to extort money from a Chinaman by putting his head in the stocks. The municipal government was not restored until 1890.

The city of Cebu is on the east coast of the island, a trifle north of its centre. Vessels need to exercise some care in entering the harbour, but the channel is buoyed. The population, at the time of our visit, was estimated at 10,000. The town was clean and well built. Strange to say, fairly good carriage roads led out from it for some distance in several directions.

Churches were both numerous and conspicuous.

There was one cathedral, besides the chapel of the Paul Fathers, that of the Jesuits, and the church of San Nicolas; but more famous than all the rest was the church the Santo Niño de Cebu, built in honour of the most ancient and one of the most famous of the miraculous images of the Philippines. The Santo Niño was found on the shore of the island by a soldier in 1565, and was decided, by competent authorities, to be an image of the Christ Child, which had fallen from heaven. It was accordingly venerated by the clergy, and has been very carefully preserved.

At the time of our visit it was guarded in a strong room of the Augustinian *convento*, but could be seen by permission of the prior. It is of ebony, measures about fifteen inches in height, and is half covered with silver trinkets which have been presented to it from time to time. On January 20th of each year, a feast is given in its honour. It is then exposed to public view in the church, and is accorded the honours of a field-marshal. Pilgrims come from all over the archipelago to attend this feast, in the belief that they can purify their souls at the shrine of "The Holy Child of Cebu." Great excitement prevails, especially among the native women, who at one time were allowed to dance and go through various semi-hysterical performances before it. Later these demonstrations were, I believe, forbidden.

Near the church of the Santo Niño is a little oratory, in which stands an old bamboo cross, said to be the

very one erected by Fray Martin de Rada, on the day Legaspi landed.

Cebu was a Bishop's See, as well as the residence of a governor and of a General of Brigade commanding the governors of all the Visayan islands, of which the most important are Panay, Guimaras, Negros, Cebu, Bohol, Samar, and Leyte.

We soon exhausted the sights of the place, and were anxious to get away, not only because it seemed unfair to impose too long upon Mr. Cadell's hospitality, but on account of the lack of good collecting ground near the city. It was first necessary, however, to get the governor's permission to use our firearms. It will be remembered that Governor-General Terrero had promised to write personal letters concerning us to the heads of the various provinces we were to visit, and had assured us that gun-licenses would be unnecessary. As a matter of fact, he had written to Palawan, Sulu, Basilan, and Mindanao, but when we reached Panay we found that the governor of that island had never heard of us. Fortunately we had, by that time, accumulated documents which sufficiently attested the character of our work, and he courteously allowed us to proceed with it. In Negros and Siquijor we had been too far away from officials to be molested, but in Cebu there was trouble in store for us.

The governor had received no instructions in regard to us, and promptly informed Dr. Steere that,

while he should be glad to do everything in his power to aid us (!), he had just received orders to be especially strict in the enforcement of the regulations concerning gun-licenses. He hoped that we carried no firearms, but should he have reason to think otherwise, it would become his duty to order search made, and if any were found, the law would necessarily take its course.

This was a delightful state of affairs, as we did carry a small arsenal, and, moreover, wanted to use it. Things certainly looked squally. Mr. Cadell kindly offered to accompany Dr. Steere on a visit to the Brigadier, to see if anything could be done. Fortunately that official was a gentleman. After hearing the whole story, he at once issued instructions to the obstreperous governor, compelling him to write us a permit to use our guns. That worthy man had doubtless promised himself a good time badgering us, and it was a bitter pill for him to swallow, but it had to go down.

This difficulty over, Dr. Steere and Mateo went to Bohol for corals, while Bourns and I set off northward, along the east coast, in search of forest-land. Cebu has no high mountains, but the surface of its interior is broken by steep and rugged hills. The island has been almost denuded of trees, and large areas are grown up to *cogon*. The soil, which is often shallow, lies over limestone rock. There is

very little malaria, and the island is, on the whole, exceptionally healthful. There are no wild tribes in it. Brigands infest some districts, but, as a rule, the people are orderly, and they are noted for their amiability and hospitality.

For once we were able to travel in a carriage, if that name can be properly applied to the "*tartana*" in which we set out. This vehicle had two wheels, a top to keep off the sun, and one seat, which we shared with the driver. It was drawn by two ponies; one was fastened between the thills, and the other attached in some mysterious manner beside the first.

We drove at a furious rate, and I felt some uneasiness lest the rude rope harnesses should break. As a matter of fact, they did break; but the ponies seemed quite accustomed to having the thills fly into the air, or the body of the vehicle come against their heels, and stood quietly while injuries were being repaired.

We had gone but a short distance from town when we came to a ruined bridge, and had to ford a small stream — an experience which was many times repeated within the next twenty-five miles. Late in the afternoon we reached Carmen, and as we could see trees about the tops of some moderately high mountains back of the town, we dismissed our *tartana*, and secured quarters for the night in a native house.

In the morning, while making inquiries as to a favourable location for our work, we learned that we

were within a few miles of the plantation of a Spaniard whom we had met in Ilo Ilo. This gentleman had urged us very strongly to visit him, assuring us that his house stood in the midst of a forest, and offering us luxurious accommodations. He had particularly stated that he wished us *all* to come, and remain as long as we felt inclined. Finding that he lived among the very mountains that we had noticed, we set out, in perfect good faith, for his plantation.

As the path was rough, we went on foot, with four carriers for our baggage, which we had reduced to its lowest terms. In due time we reached our destination, but our welcome was not at all what we had expected. The first question our Spanish friend asked was, "Are you going away to-morrow or the next day?" We were somewhat taken aback, but decided in favour of "*mañana pasado.*" Lest there should be any mistake about our getting off, our host took it upon himself to order our carriers to return at that time.

After looking around, we felt that we had no cause to regret that our stay was to be short. It was true that there was a little forest close by, but it grew on almost perpendicular hillsides, which bristled with jagged limestone rocks, and when hunting we were often obliged to crawl on all fours. Even so we had some heavy falls, while most of the birds that we shot struck far below us, where we could not get at them.

The only thing our host offered us in the way of food was boiled rice. For drink he gave us good cold water, keeping his *vino tinto* for himself. Nowhere else in the archipelago did we find a white man living in such niggardly style. With a yard full of poultry, he was forever lamenting his inability to get us meat, and we soon lost all patience with his explanations and excuses.

Our carriers did not return quite so soon as they had been instructed to, and on the morning of the third day we were still quartered on our unwilling host. Upon our return from a tiresome tramp, he began the old story. If his account was to be credited, his unfortunate cook had spent the entire morning in a vain attempt to catch a certain plump rooster, which he had been instructed to prepare for our dinner. A happy thought struck me, and raising my gun, I shot the fowl dead, in order to save the cook further trouble in the matter. Our friend's face fell in an astonishing manner, but he said not a word. That night the legs of the luckless bird appeared on the table. The Spaniard ate one, and gave us the other. At noon the next day, we were served with soup made from the wings. Our carriers then appeared, so that we never learned how long the body lasted.

I am bound to say that this experience was most exceptional. It is, of course, common for a Spaniard to offer favours which he does not expect to be accepted;

but there is ordinarily little difficulty in distinguishing between the conventional placing of his house and belongings at one's disposal, which politeness demands, and a *bona fide* invitation to enjoy his hospitality. When such an invitation is given, and accepted, one is almost always sure of the best entertainment which the means of his host will allow.

After a short stay in Carmen, we returned to Cebu. Dr. Steere was still absent, and while we were awaiting his return, the brother of the consul took us on a pleasant trip to Mactan, a small, low island just opposite the city. We landed and visited the simple monument which marks the spot where Magellan was stricken down by an arrow, as the result of foolishly embroiling himself in a quarrel between two native chiefs. Taking to our boat again, we completed the circuit of the island, passing many of the numerous fish-pens which help to supply the markets of Cebu.

These "*corals*," as they are called, are ingeniously contrived affairs. Some feeding-ground which fish frequent is located, preferably in quite shallow water, and around it posts are set, to which is attached a portable bamboo fence. The fence is made by tying slender strips together with rattan, and the openings between its slats are too narrow to allow a fish of any size to pass. Its height is such that when the tide is full the water covers it. Fish enter over the top, and settle down on to their beds. Before they are aware of their

danger, the ebb of the tide has left them imprisoned. A narrow lane usually leads from the main part of the pen out toward deep water, and they follow down this, only to find themselves entrapped in a small, circular enclosure at its end. Sharply pointed strips of bamboo, directed inward, make it easy for them to enter this place but almost impossible for them to get out, until the owner of the *coral* helps them over the top with a spear or a dip-net.

Tons of fish are sometimes trapped at a single tide, and the proprietor of a good *coral* usually makes a fair living from it.

Fish, either fresh or dried, is one of the most important articles of food with the native, and almost every coast-village has its *corals*. Should there be no suitable location for them, however, other methods of keeping up the food-supply are resorted to. Hook and line are seldom used. Seines are sometimes employed. Spearing at night, with a bright light, is frequently practised where shallow water and sheltered coves make it possible. A casting-net is much used for taking small fry. It is a circular affair, with leaden sinkers around its edge, and a strong cord attached to its centre. In preparing to cast, the fisherman raises the net by this cord, the sinkers causing it to hang straight down in a mass as thick as a ship's cable. He gives it a rotary motion before throwing it, and while it is yet in the air centrifugal force causes the sinkers to fly

outward, spreading the net to its fullest extent, so that it falls flat on the water, settling quickly to the bottom, and imprisoning anything that happens to be under it. The fisherman sometimes casts from a boat, and sometimes wades in shallow water. Pebbles or bits of meat are thrown in to attract the fish.

Our first collections in Cebu were very unsatisfactory on account of our failure to find good ground. On our return to the Philippines we never lost an opportunity to make inquiries as to the whereabouts of forest-land in the island, but were always assured that none existed.

On our way back to Manila, after our second visit to Siquijor, we were obliged to journey from Dumaguete to Ilo Ilo on a little steamer which went poking into numerous out-of-the-way places after sugar. We were much annoyed at the resulting delay, but the detour proved advantageous to us in the end; for in the vicinity of Calatreva and Toledo, on the west coast of Cebu, we found just what we had been seeking, namely, forest on fairly level ground. We had another reason to remember our stop at Calatreva. Bourns went ashore there and met an English gentleman, Mr. Pickford, who took him to his house and introduced him to his wife. That good lady showed a motherly interest in our food and our cooking arrangements, and told Bourns of a scheme for making bread which afterward saved us the necessity of eating much boiled rice. Mrs.

Pickford probably little knows how often we blessed her memory. The great difficulty with us had always been lack of yeast, which we could seldom get and never keep. We now learned for the first time that it was only necessary to mix our bread with sweet *tuba*, instead of water, to have it rise beautifully. As *tuba* could be had wherever there were cocoanut trees, and they were to be found near all the villages of civilized natives, we seldom lacked for bread after that. Even in the interior of Mindoro we found a substitute for *tuba* in the juice of the sago palm. Our oven consisted of an old five-gallon kerosene tin, one end of which we cut out and hung on wire hinges. With embers above and below, we managed to bake very well in this rather primitive contrivance.

As we were hurrying to Mindoro, in order to take advantage of the dry season there, we could not stop to collect at Calatreva just then. When we returned, a year later, we were greatly disappointed to find that the forest in which we had hoped to work had been cleared away.

Mr. Pickford hospitably took us in, and furnished us with saddle-horses while we searched the region for timbered land. We greatly enjoyed living in his pleasant home, and the good English dishes which his wife prepared were a delight to us after two years of Spanish cookery. The house was pleasantly situated at the top of a conical hill, which rose sharply above the level of

A PHILIPPINE SAWMILL. HOUSE WITH "CONCHA" WINDOWS IN BACKGROUND

the surrounding country, and commanded a fine view. We could not help wondering what had caused its genial owner to build in such an out-of-the-way place. For many years he had been the head of the Cebu branch of one of the largest commercial houses in the islands; but he suddenly resigned his position, to the regret of his employers, and put all his money into land. Then, to the surprise of every one, he proceeded to settle on his new possessions and start a sugar plantation.

The location which he selected was a remote one, the only white men near him being two or three friars and a Spanish lieutenant commanding a small squad of native soldiers.

His plantation afforded an interesting demonstration of the capabilities of the Cebu soil. I have never seen finer sugar-cane, while Indian corn grew so high that when on horseback I could barely touch the tops of the tallest stems with my riding-whip.

Corn grows better in Cebu than in any other part of the Philippines where it has been tried, and the natives use it largely for food, grinding it in little hand-mills. They soon learn to prefer it to rice.

Mr. Pickford had other than agricultural interests. There were outcroppings of good lignite on his estate, and he had an engineer boring for petroleum during our sojourn with him. Before we left, oil was struck. No suitable appliances for checking its flow were at hand, and some of it escaped and ran down a neighbouring

ravine. An incredulous native, who did not believe it to be petroleum at all, experimented with a match, starting a fire which was extinguished with difficulty. We were sorry to leave the pleasant house on the hill; but when we finally succeeded in locating a patch of forest, it proved to be so far away that we decided to rent a little native house on its outskirts. Our collecting now went on most satisfactorily, but without any adventures worth relating. We took some interest, however, in watching the course of events in a neighbouring house, where smallpox ran through a family of eight children, five of whom died. The clothes of the dead were turned over to the living without being washed, while the victims bathed in a cold stream at the very crisis of the disease, so that the final outcome did not particularly surprise us.

Smallpox is always to be met with among the natives, and one soon grows accustomed to it. The disease seldom attacks Europeans; but on arriving at the town of Cebu for the second time, we were greatly shocked to learn that our friend the brother of the consul had died of it, while Mr. Pickford enjoyed the distinction of having had smallpox and cholera at the same time.

During our stay near the forest the *teniente primero* of Caltreva loaned us his cook, and the meals which he prepared for us were astonishing. To him the jungle was only a vegetable garden. He fed us on banana blossoms, mushrooms, ferns, rattan, and what not. The

dishes he concocted with his odd ingredients were delicious, and we were anxious to keep him with us, but did not feel that we ought to entice him away from his former employer, who was unwilling to let him go.

When the time for our departure came, we found ourselves in trouble. We had arranged to have a small steamer call for us, as it was impracticable to cross to Cebu overland. The vessel failed to appear at the appointed time, however. We waited for her some days at Toledo, and while there heard from the *teniente* of the *guardia civil* a shocking story of wrongs practised by the friar of the place on his long-suffering people. This *padre* was certainly bad enough, but it seemed that his predecessor had been worse. The latter was in the habit of demanding such extortionate sums for burying the dead that poor people were quite unable to raise the necessary amount. Not content with excluding from holy ground the bodies of those who could not afford to pay for burial, he caused them to be exposed on the trees about the village square, where they were left to the tender mercies of carrion-eating birds until such time as relatives or friends compensated the holy father in advance for his services.

At one time a famine arose on the west coast of Cebu, and the natives were sickening and dying for lack of food. Mr. Pickford had a large granary full of rice, which he dealt out to the hungry people who came in great numbers to "borrow" it. A Visayan

native will seldom voluntarily ask for a gift, but has no hesitation in begging a "loan." The stock of grain began to run low, so in the goodness of his heart Mr. Pickford ordered a small steamer loaded with a new supply and despatched for Toledo. It happened that the friar had rice for sale *at famine prices*, and it did not please him to have others giving it away.

When the little steamer arrived, Mr. Pickford was away from home. Coolies had just begun to carry the sacks of rice ashore through the surf when the *padre* came running down, swinging a heavy rawhide, with which he proceeded to beat them unmercifully, meanwhile threatening them with all the pains and penalties which the Church could inflict if they did not desist. The frightened natives abandoned their work. A few hours later a strong wind arose, the prelude to a heavy storm lasting for many days. The steamer was obliged to leave the west coast and run for shelter; and the final result was that the cargo was never delivered, the friar sold his rice at his own figure, and many of his parishioners starved.

I refrain from repeating the stories told us concerning the friar who was in charge at Toledo when we were there, as they came from one of his personal enemies, and may have lost nothing in the telling; but the two almost incredible instances of inhuman brutality above given rest on evidence that does not admit of doubt.

At last we grew weary of waiting for a steamer, and deciding to set out in search of one, hired a native sail-boat, and started down the coast, in the teeth of the southwest monsoon. At the town of Dumanjoc we learned that a steamer was expected, but whether she would go on to Ilo Ilo or return to Cebu no one could tell.

By a lucky chance she took the latter course, though her trip was anything but direct. She loaded cargo for a day at Bais, and for another day at Dumaguete, so that when we were at last ready to sail for our destination she was not only full of sugar, but the bags were piled high on every available foot of her decks. She drew two feet more water than she had any right to draw, and was so top-heavy that a moderately high sea would inevitably have caused her to turn turtle.

I confess that I felt uneasy, for after leaving Dumaguete there was no port in which we could seek refuge until we reached Cebu. The sea was perfectly calm — suspiciously so, in fact; and it had an unpleasant, oily look that I did not like. The sky was black and threatening, but we decided to take our chances; for if we waited it was quite possible we might do no better. We sailed at dusk. The night was too hot for sleep, and at one o'clock I went on deck, to see how things were going. It struck me at once that the ship was ambling along in an aimless sort of way, and I proceeded to investigate. The *piloto primero*

(first mate) was sitting on the bridge with his feet up, fast asleep. It was his watch! The man who should have been at the wheel was lying on a neighbouring table, smoking a cigarette, and the steamer was going where she pleased. As we did not seem likely to run into anything at once, I sat down to watch the course of events. The helmsman finished his cigarette, lit another and smoked it out, walked leisurely to the rail and threw the stub overboard, yawned comfortably, and went back to his post, swinging the vessel through an arc of ninety degrees to bring her on her course. The first officer slept peacefully for forty-five minutes by my watch, and then awoke with a start. I asked him if he had enjoyed his nap, and got roundly cursed for my pains. He vowed he had not been asleep!

A few weeks before, when I had seen the wreck of the *Batangas*, a vessel which struck the shore of Luzon, bow on, one beautiful moonlight evening, I had wondered how such a thing could have happened. After that night's experience I wondered no longer.

Fortunately for us, the storm which was brewing did not break until we were safe in port. Mr. Cadell took us in a second time, and again we were indebted to him for kindness that seemed to be limited only by his inability to devise more ways in which he could be of help to us. We waited at Cebu only long enough to get a steamer for Samar, and sailed for the capital of that island.

CHAPTER XIV

SAMAR

Twice it happened that Bourns and I sailed from Cebu for Catbalogan, the capital of Samar. On the first of these occasions we were in company with the other members of the Steere expedition. There were also a number of Spanish passengers on board, among whom was the newly appointed governor of the province we were about to visit. One or two remarks casually dropped by this gentleman, and not intended for our ears, caused us suddenly to forget our Spanish for the remainder of the trip, and after he had convinced himself that we really did not understand the language, he was considerate enough to disclose his plans concerning us at the dinner table, before our very faces.

It seemed that he was a friend of the governor of Cebu, who had been ordered by the Brigadier of the Visayas to give us a permit to use firearms, and he now proposed to avenge the indignity that had been put upon his brother official. He mentioned the fact that an order concerning us had been sent to Samar, but said that it applied to his predecessor, not to him.

If we asked for permission to use our guns, he said he should refuse to grant it. If we went out without his consent, he should have us arrested, and if we did not attempt to go at all, our house was to be searched for the arms which he knew we carried. In any event, the *carcel* was to be our final destination, and when he had once landed us in jail he meant to keep us there awhile.

There was one obstacle to the carrying out of this delightful programme, of which the governor was ignorant. After our little difficulty with his friend at Cebu, we had applied at once to the Governor-General for gun-licenses of the first class. They had reached the city after we were on board our vessel, and had been sent off to us just as she was getting up her anchor. Provided with these documents, we could laugh at any one who attempted to interfere with us; so we decided to let the governor have his head and see what he would do.

We reached our destination on a Sunday morning, and at once hired a house and moved in. That day was spent in settling our new domicile, but bright and early Monday, Bourns, Moseley, Mateo, and I loaded ourselves down with ammunition, and set out. It is forbidden to shoot within two hundred metres of a town boundary in the Philippines; but as soon as we were on the safe side of this imaginary line, we opened a regular fusillade, at the same time starting

off in different directions. The rainy season was on, and the damp air made the reports of our guns sound very heavy; while the hills which form an amphitheatre about Catbalogan hurled rolling echoes back at the astonished town.

This was just what the governor had hoped for. There were instant signs of commotion at the headquarters of the *guardia civil*, and within ten minutes the troops were after us. We had no idea of being taken, however. Our muscles were hardened by eight months of daily tramping, while the soldiers had done little in that time but lie around town and drink more than was good for them. I chose a path that zigzagged up a steep hill through tall *cogon*, and readily managed to keep one turn of it between myself and my pursuers, occasionally shooting an imaginary bird in the grass that separated us in order to stir up their interest. After getting all the exercise they felt in need of, the squad which had undertaken to run me down gave it up for a bad job and turned back.

Moseley quietly slipped into the brush, let the men who were following him go by, and calmly strolled back to town, leaving them to amuse themselves as they saw fit. Mateo had any amount of fun at the expense of his pursuers, and the pranks he played on them kept us laughing for a week; but Bourns was less fortunate. Like myself, he had taken to the

hills, and was dodging one squad when he ran right into another. He was promptly arrested and taken back to town.

Meanwhile the Doctor had arrayed himself in his Sunday best, and after waiting for the troops to get well out of the way, had gone to call on the governor. No attention was paid to his "*con permiso*" as he entered that worthy's office, and its occupant was so very busy writing as to be quite unable to see him. The Doctor shoved a pile of passports under his nose, only to have them contemptuously pushed aside. He then gently slid a gun-license within eye-shot of the very much preoccupied official. This produced instant effect. The governor glanced at it, then put on his glasses and looked at it again, noting its recent date. Suddenly his eye fell on the magic letters *g-r-a-t-i-s* in the place where the cost should have been inserted.

Now the usual charge for a license of the first class is sixty dollars, and he at once perceived that he had made a slight mistake. People to whom the Governor-General *presented* documents of that sort were evidently unsafe playthings for a man of his rank. Springing to his feet, he grasped the Doctor cordially by the hand, and expressed his heartfelt pleasure at having the opportunity to do so. He had heard that we were to visit his province, but had not recognized the gentlemen who came up on the steamer with him as members of the Steere expedition. It would de-

light him to serve us in any possible way. Would we not honour his poor house by living in it? But the Doctor was not feeling amiable. He cut his business very short, and shook the dust of the place from his feet as he took his departure.

He was hardly outside of the door when the *guardias* who had captured Bourns entered town with their prisoner. As they approached the "*gobierno*," the governor himself came running down the steps, inquiring in terms more forcible than polite *what* they were doing with the "*señor americano*." He would accept no excuses from the soldiers, but dismissed them in disgrace, with dire threats of punishment. To Bourns he apologized profusely, patting him affectionately on the back, and explaining that it was all a mistake due to the stupidity of the men, who had been sent out on an entirely different errand!

The sequel to this little affair came three years later, at Dumaguete. I have already remarked that upon our arrival there we recognized an old acquaintance in the governor. The first time I looked at him I knew I had seen him before, and the second time I remembered *where*. He was our Samar friend. I glanced at Bourns, and the twinkle in his eye told me that he, too, had sized up the situation. When His Excellency began the usual formula, placing his house and all that it contained at our disposal, telling

us his hours for meals and offering to have them changed if they did not suit us, and of course insisting that we should move in at once, Bourns tipped me a solemn wink, and told the governor that *if he would change his dinner hour he thought we might get on!* And so we accepted his hospitality. He doubtless appreciated the situation, as we certainly did, but not a word was said on either side.

But to return to Samar: Catbalogan is a small, clean town lying on the north shore of a fine bay on the west coast. Its main business is the buying, curing, and baling of *abacá*. There are several fairly good shops in the place, but it is difficult to obtain food there, as fruit, poultry, and eggs are scarce and dear. Fish is very abundant, however, and we were able to buy milk every day — a rare luxury in the Philippines.

There is a fine beach in front of the town, and when the southwest monsoon is blowing the surf bathing is delightful. The forest was some distance away, but as the trip could be made by ascending a small river in *bancas*, we did not mind it.

We were indebted to snakes for the only interruptions in the monotony of our daily life, after our encounter with the governor. A wealthy *mestizo* had a fifteen-foot python caged in his back yard. Hearing that he fed his formidable pet a dog once a month, we asked to be informed when the next meal was due. Notice was duly sent us, and on the appointed day

we repaired to the yard in which stood the cage of the great reptile. He had just shed his skin, and was resplendent with iridescent colours. He seemed very hungry, and when the dog was brought grew impatient, following around the cage after it.

A trap door was opened, and the poor cur thrown in. The great snake struck it before it reached the bottom of the cage, and sinking his sharp recurved teeth deep in the flesh of his victim, threw a single coil around it, crushing out its life in an instant. The poor brute gave one sharp cry, but had no time for a second. The serpent took no chances, but coiled himself in a solid mass about his prey, crushing it for a full half-hour. Then, slowly loosening and tightening one coil after another, he carefully examined the dead dog. Having satisfied himself that life was really extinct, he uncoiled, and tried to alarm us by hissing viciously and striking at the sides of the cage. Finding that we were not to be driven away, he gave up the attempt, and proceeded to swallow the dog. The feat at first looked like an impossibility, but when it had been performed I should have disliked to express an opinion as to how large an animal he could have swallowed.

Our other experiences with snakes were of a different sort. Within a week Dr. Steere twice narrowly escaped being bitten by cobras. He was one day climbing a steep hillside when he found his way

blocked by a fallen tree. Reaching for a branch over his head, he began to draw himself up; but just then noticing a more favourable place a little further along, he moved on and clambered up there. Happening to glance at the spot where he had made his first attempt, he saw a sight that made his blood run cold; for at the point where the branch he had seized joined the stem lay a sleeping cobra. Had he carried out his original intention, it would have cost him his life.

A few days later he was coming down a steep mountain path, and at a somewhat precipitous point, while working around a projecting corner of rock, he heard a snake hiss. Uncertain whether it was before or behind him, he went on, stopping the instant he had rounded the turn, and none too soon; for within two feet of him was a large cobra, coiled to strike, with head up and hood expanded. Paralyzed with fear, he stood perfectly still. After a few seconds, which doubtless seemed like hours to him, the venomous creature swung to one side, disappearing into a hole among the rocks before the Doctor recovered from his fright sufficiently to shoot it. Two such experiences within a short time alarmed us, and thereafter each of us carried a keen knife, a bottle of loose gunpowder, and some matches. The only thing that can be done for cobra bite seems to be to get the poison out before it enters the circulation, and we were prepared for heroic measures.

A few days later I was hunting on a path at the foot of the hills, when I saw a beautiful fairy-bluebird, which I was most anxious to kill. Cocking both barrels of my gun, I crept along slowly, paying no heed to what was under foot. Just as I was almost near enough to fire, I stepped squarely on a large snake, which instantly coiled around my leg, giving me a tremendous start. I believe that the jump I made would compare favourably with the amateur record, and certain it is that I tightened my grip on my gun so suddenly as to discharge both barrels. Fortunately for me, the reptile on which I had set foot was a harmless, striped creature, but the occurrence served to show what might happen.

Poisonous snakes occur throughout the Philippines, but do not cause very serious loss of life except in Lubang, a small island north of Mindoro.

La semana santa, or Holy Week, was celebrated during our stay at Catbalogan. Business was entirely suspended, and on Thursday and Friday horses were not allowed on the streets. The church bells were muffled, and the signals for prayers were sounded on loud rattles. Women could be heard singing a weird passion-song throughout the entire night. On Friday evening there was a grand procession, headed by the town friars, the governor, and the military. Its most striking feature was a series of illuminated floats, bearing life-sized images of the Virgin Mary, Christ, and

various saints and martyrs. There were also groups of images illustrating the crucifixion, the descent from the cross, and other subjects appropriate to the season. The floats were pushed along by men walking underneath them, who were supposed to be concealed by short curtains. As a matter of fact, their bare legs and feet came into view from time to time, producing a decidedly picturesque effect. Some of the images were gotten up so remarkably as to be suggestive of other than solemn thoughts, and when St. Peter passed by, dangling a bunch of huge keys from a limp hand, *with a live game-cock strutting at his feet*, we had some difficulty in controlling our feelings.

The crowd bared their heads and crossed themselves as each float went by. Next came a long procession of men and women, dressed in black and carrying lighted tapers. The Chinamen of the place occupied prominent positions at the head of the column, wearing the blackest of coats and holding the longest of tapers.

A very considerable number of the Chinese in the smaller Philippine towns nominally embrace Christianity, as it helps business. Investigation of the rooms in the rear of their shops will, however, usually serve to convince one that they take no chances on the future, but continue to propitiate their old deities as before.

Our work in Samar ended without further incident.

and it was not until four years later that Bourns and I again visited the island. We found Catbalogan much changed. A destructive fire had wiped out the greater part of the place, and few of the burned houses had been rebuilt, so that we had some difficulty in getting a roof over our heads. The forest had been cleared away until it could no longer be readily reached from town, and we accordingly bought a lot of *nipa* thatch, and hired men to build us a hut within a stone's-throw of good hunting-ground. Here we lived during the greater part of our stay, sending a runner to market every day for such supplies as were needed.

Thus far I have said little of our daily work. I fancy that there were few white men in the islands who would have cared to follow us for a week. We were up each day before sunrise, in order to make the most of the cool morning hours, and after a hasty breakfast plunged into the dripping jungle, where we got wet to the skin in ten minutes.

The costume which we finally adopted was an evolution — the result of much experience. Our pantaloons were of heavy brown duck, held at the waist by a "puckering-string," and so loose and baggy as hardly to touch us at any other point except the ankles, where flaps and cords made it possible to tie up the bottoms of the legs tightly. This was a very necessary precaution; for in many localities the forests swarm with pestiferous land-leeches, and it is desirable to prevent

them, as far as possible, from crawling up inside of one's trousers and promenading over one's body.

On our feet we wore cotton stockings and *alpargatas* (low Chinese shoes), with *abacá* soles and cloth uppers, fastened at the ankle with strings. Leather shoes are absolutely unendurable in the wet jungles, where one's feet are usually soaked, even in the dry season. In any event one is constantly obliged to wade small streams. The cloth shoes dry quickly, but leather will not long resist so much wet, and before cracking to pieces it grows stiff and hard, injuring one's feet. It behooves one who is tramping every day to take good care of those useful members; for a slight hurt like a blister is likely to result in a troublesome ulcer, and cause lameness.

For the rest, our costume consisted of a thin undershirt, and a duck coat with numerous pockets for cartridges of different kinds. In the fearful tangles where we were often compelled to work, it was seldom possible to creep up on a bird, or back away from it, after it was once seen; so that we were usually obliged to adapt the charge used to the size of the game, and its distance.

On one point Bourns and I were never agreed. He wore thick sleeves to protect his arms from the thousand and one thorn-bearing pests in which the Philippine forests abound. I preferred to wear a sleeveless coat, keep my arms cool, and let the thorns tear.

The one problem which we never satisfactorily solved was that of suitable head-gear. A man who is new to the country *must* wear a sun-hat, or run very serious risk of sunstroke if he has to cross open country. On the other hand, when it comes to quick work with a shotgun, he might about as well have his head in an inverted wash-tub; while the big helmet is an unmitigated nuisance in forcing one's way through dense undergrowth, and seems to have an especial attraction for the "pull-back" thorns, which are forever snatching it from one's head.

As we grew hardened to the climate, we adopted small straw hats. These in time gave way to felt hats, or soft caps; and I must confess that, toward the close of our stay, even they were thrown down when we reached the edge of timber, and we hunted bareheaded like the natives.

A heavy machete is a necessity; for one is often compelled to cut one's way, foot by foot, through the dense vegetation. Large fish-creels slung on our backs served to carry our birds. Each specimen was carefully wrapped in paper as soon as killed, and was packed away at once.

Such paths as exist in the Philippine jungles and forests are worn smooth by the passage of many bare feet, and are very slippery after rains, especially if, as is often the case, they run along tree-trunks or over smooth rocks. In spite of all precautions, some heavy falls are inevitable.

When working off the paths it is frequently necessary to crawl flat on the ground, and then it is well to keep one's eyes open, as huge scorpions and centipedes abound. The sting of the one or the bite of the other is a serious matter, producing very severe pain, with considerable fever. One is not likely to be disturbed by these creatures, however, if he does not go poking about dead trees and rotting logs.

Ants are the most common source of annoyance. There are millions of them, belonging to many different species, some of which are quite harmless, while others bite viciously, and a few *sting* as well. One often sees what looks like a thick black rope dragging along through the jungle. Closer inspection shows that it is a column of ants out on a hunting expedition. It is made up of individuals of several different forms, each of which has a special duty to perform. Scouts run ahead and skirmish on the flanks. Big fellows, with huge, caliper-like jaws, are constantly looking for something to bite, while officers skirt the sides, turn back stragglers, and give such commands as are necessary.

An orderly, well-disciplined army is going forth to battle, and woe betide the animal, or for that matter the man, attacked by these myriads of biting creatures. If one inadvertently sets hand or foot on such a column, he will not soon forget it. There is no need of doing so, however, if one keeps his eyes open; but there is a large and particularly vicious brown species of ant

which cannot well be escaped, as it nests among dead leaves, and its abodes give no outward sign of their presence. It both bites and stings. The bite is sharp enough to draw blood, while the sting causes rapid swelling and severe pain. The individuals of this species, too, seem to work in concert. If one disturbs a nest, he is seldom molested until a dozen of the creatures have secured good positions, when they all begin to bite and sting at once. If they can find no enemy to attack after being aroused, they become furious, and snap their jaws together, making a sharp clicking noise which can be heard distinctly at a distance of ten feet.

Finally, there is a thick, heavy species which builds mud nests in the bushes. It is nearly an inch in length, with black head and brown body, but its jaws are its most prominent feature, and it has a grip like a bull-terrier, often retaining its hold after its body has been torn from its head.

Perhaps the most troublesome of all the forest-pests is the *tungáu*, a tiny, almost microscopic red tick, which rapidly burrows into one's flesh, producing an intolerable itching. If not at once dislodged, it proceeds to breed under the skin, causing a most annoying disease.

We were never able to solve the rule governing the distribution of *tungáu*. In some localities they swarmed; in others they were entirely lacking. We found them on wet and dry ground, on the hill-tops and

the lowlands. One does not remain long in doubt as to their presence in any locality where they occur; and in such a place there is but one way to avoid serious trouble, namely, to strip at least once a day, and set a keen-eyed native to digging them out with a sharp scalpel. Picking *tungáu* out of a "*cachila*" (white man) is a delight to the native, because they are so easily seen, the position of each one being marked by an angry red blotch on an otherwise white surface. To get them out of dark skins is quite another matter, and natives often suffer severely in consequence. The regulation treatment, when the creatures have once buried themselves, is a sponge-bath in tobacco juice.

It will be inferred that there were some unpleasant features about our life in the woods, yet it was by no means without its agreeable side. Would that I had the pen to describe the wonders of the tropical vegetation, which were a never-ending delight to me. In Samar I cut down a tree-fern which measured eight inches in diameter. The butt of the lowest leaf was thirty-six feet from the ground, and the individual leaves were from fifteen to eighteen feet long. They were as finely cut as any of our more delicate ferns, and more graceful things could hardly be imagined. I often saw orchids of exquisite beauty, and have expended many a charge in shooting down clusters of wonderful flowers from plants growing in inaccessible places.

Then, too, we were constantly matching our wits

against those of the wild things of the forest, and this had its own excitement and brought its own reward. In most branches of woodcraft the natives could give us odds and beat us, yet we often showed them birds that they had never seen before. Many a strange thing we learned about the ways of our feathered friends — but I am in danger of talking shop.

Before leaving our woodland acquaintances for good, however, I must describe a scene which greatly amused me. One evening I stopped to rest under a wild fig tree, and became interested in watching the antics of a troop of monkeys overhead. They had never learned that man was to be feared, and after dropping a few gourds and dry twigs upon me, by way of experiment, went on quite unconcernedly with their play. One old patriarch, with a set of gray side-whiskers that gave him a very ministerial air, took no share in the general merry-making, but sat apart, on the end of a dead stub, apparently lost in meditation. Soon I saw a monkey of tender years creep stealthily down the trunk, steal up behind his grandfather, and deliberately push the old gentleman off the limb. The poor beast fell at least forty feet, and struck hard on bare earth. I thought the fall would have broken half the bones in his body, but he picked himself up after a moment, and did not rest until he had caught the practical joker, when condign punishment followed.

On the tops of some of the hills, shut in by mighty

forests, we found a number of clearings inhabited by "*remontados*" — natives who have taken to the woods to avoid the payment of taxes, or escape the oppression of friars and officials. They were raising mountain rice, yams, and bananas; and as they had plenty of chickens, they lived very well. Some of them even grew *abacá*, which they managed to smuggle into town and sell. They were at first much alarmed lest we should report them to the authorities, but their fears were groundless.

Abacá, by the way, is the chief product of Samar, where it is raised in considerable quantities. The island also has an immense amount of valuable timber still standing. It is without high mountains, but there are several rivers of some importance.

Whether or not any savages remain, I do not know. We certainly never saw or heard of wild tribes. Brigandage flourishes to a limited extent, but there is less of it than in many other localities which we visited, and we were never molested.

The climate seemed healthful. At all events, we never had a touch of fever while in the island, and were sorry to leave our forest home when the time for our departure came.

CHAPTER XV

MASBATE AND MARINDUQUE

From Catbalogan the Steere expedition sailed on a Spanish brig for Palanog, the capital of Masbate. After a pleasant run of twenty-four hours we entered a bay on the east coast of the island, but at first could see no sign of the town, which is built on high ground, although near the water. It was but a small place. The only public buildings were the church and schoolhouse, while two or three Chinese merchants attended to its business. Even the governor's residence, although large, had a thatched roof.

Masbate is inhabited by civilized natives, who seem orderly for the most part, although we heard bad accounts of the residents in the extreme southern portion of the island. Agriculture is practised to a very limited extent. The only important crop is rice, and even that is not cultivated in quantity sufficient to support the inhabitants.

Raising live-stock is the chief industry. Extensive grassy plains afford excellent grazing ground, and at the time I was last there it was estimated that there

were 10,000 *carabaos*, 55,000 cattle, and 4600 horses on the island.

A considerable quantity of valuable timber still remains standing, and extensive deposits of lignite have long been known.

Dr. Steere found an old friend in the governor, whom he had met in 1874. It was fortunate that this gentleman took a personal interest in us, as otherwise we should have experienced difficulty in getting a roof over our heads. There was not a vacant house in town, and the *tribunal* was hardly habitable, but the governor declared a vacation during our stay, and dismissing school, placed the schoolhouse at our disposal.

It was a large, airy building, admirably adapted to our purpose; but to stop the education of all the young hopefuls in the village on our account seemed a rather strange procedure. No great importance is attached to the provincial schools, however, and they are usually wretched travesties on what such schools should be. Some forty thousand dollars are *supposed* to be expended annually for their maintenance. There is a training seminary for teachers at Manila, but they are usually ill prepared when allowed to begin work.

The practice of their profession brings them but a miserable pittance, and so complicated is the system of drawing salaries that they are often forced to spend a considerable percentage of a month's wages in getting the balance. With all these drawbacks, something

might be hoped from the system were the teachers given a free hand; but the village friars are *ex officio* school-inspectors, and they have decided ideas of their own as to courses of study.

The old laws of the Indies provide that Christian doctrine shall be taught to the natives in the Spanish language, and numerous decrees have been published in the attempt to secure the carrying out of this requirement. In 1887 the Governor-General sent a communication to the Archbishop, somewhat pointedly calling his attention to the duty of himself and his subordinates in the matter, but nothing resulted. The simple fact is that it does not suit the purposes of the provincial friars to have their parishioners speak Spanish.

There is such an endless multiplicity of native dialects that few of the officials attempt to master any. In fact, they are transferred from one post to another with such frequency that it would be a well-nigh hopeless undertaking. The friar, however, may spend the better part of a lifetime in one place, and, from the nature of his relations with his people, is forced to learn their language. It naturally results that he becomes the most available means of communication between natives and officials, and this suits his convenience so well that he does not hesitate to forbid the teaching of Spanish. The schoolmaster is powerless to oppose him successfully, even if inclined to make the attempt. The result is that the "education" of most natives consists of a

little catechism and a few prayers, which they learn in their own dialect. The more fortunate get some knowledge of writing and arithmetic, with, possibly, a smattering of Spanish.

Interference with public education is not the only evil result arising from the preponderance of the friars. The whole question of the relation of the Church to the past history, present state, and future prospects of the colony is a very complicated one. It is a well-known fact that priests proved more successful than soldiers in bringing about the subjugation of the native tribes in the early days; and state officials still depend in no small degree on their influence to secure the carrying out of legislation, the enlistment of troops, and the like. If the immense influence which the religious orders unquestionably wield were always used to further good ends, there is hardly a limit to what might be accomplished.

Unfortunately, it is not always so used. The attempt to conceal or palliate abuses which unquestionably exist would be quite as indefensible as would unsparing condemnation of the Church and its methods. It should be remembered that there are a number of powerful religious orders in the islands, and that what is true of one is not necessarily so of any other.

Take the Jesuits, for instance. I believe that they are distinctly a power for good. As a rule, they are well educated, and of more than ordinary ability. Their

Ateneo Municipal in Manila is, in many ways, the best educational institution in the colony and numbers among its faculty many very competent men. Courses are given in the following studies:—

Algebra	Geometry	Physics and Chemistry
Arithmetic	Greek	Philosophy
Agriculture	History	Painting
Commerce	Latin Grammar	Rhetoric and Poetry
Commercial Law	Latin Composition	Spanish Classics
Commercial Geography	Mechanics	Spanish Composition
English	Mercantile Arithmetic	Topography
French	Natural History	Trigonometry

Very fair advantages are thus offered those whose means will allow them to avail themselves of the opportunities which this institution affords.

The Jesuits also conduct a thoroughly equipped observatory, which is under the directorship of Padre Faure. It is especially well provided with apparatus for recording the disturbances caused by earthquakes, and with meteorological instruments. The warnings of the approach of typhoons, which this observatory furnishes, are of great value to the colony and to foreign shipping. They are even cabled to Hong-Kong when the course of a storm makes such a procedure worth while. The men in charge of the various departments of work are not dabblers. They know their business, and attend to it. Unfortunately, however, the Jesuits are practically the only learned ecclesiastics in the islands,

and they have been badly handicapped in their work by the jealousy of other orders.

In 1768 they were expelled from the colony, and when finally allowed to return in 1852, it was only upon condition that they should confine themselves to educational work and to the establishment of missions among the savage tribes. In actual practice they have been permitted to labour only in Mindanao, Basilan, and Sulu, where they must propagate their faith at the risk of their lives. Many a religious enthusiast has fallen at the hands of Mohammedan assassins in Mindanao.

While it can hardly be claimed that much has been accomplished among the Moros, who cling fanatically to their old beliefs and practices, good work has been done for some of the savage tribes in the interior of Mindanao, as well as in the towns of the Visayans ("*antiguos cristianos*") along the coast.

As the result of what I have seen in Mindanao, Basilan, and Sulu, I can testify to the absence in these islands of the abuses which I have observed elsewhere; though I may say, in passing, that I have little personal ground for prejudice in favour of some of the Jesuit missionary-priests in these localities. I distinctly remember serving in the capacity of "an awful example" in a sermon preached by the *padre* at Ayala, who called me "an animal without religion," and likened me to the festive *carabao*.

On the whole, it must be admitted that the mission-

ary-priests are an exceptionally strong set of men, and it is interesting to note that while engaged in trying to save the souls of the Mindanao natives, they have found time to make the only reliable map of the island extant.

It is, I think, fair to say that the Jesuits stand, in the Philippines, for education and morality; while among their number are to be found the only men in the archipelago engaged in scientific research. The quaint old map of the Philippines here reproduced was prepared by a Jesuit father of earlier times, and is interesting as showing that in the past, as well as at present, the order has appreciated the value of learning and of scientific work.

Unfortunately for the colony, a large majority of those who have its spiritual welfare in charge are men of a very different stamp. The decisions of the Council of Trent, which prohibited friars from holding benefices, have never been carried out in the Philippines, and the parishes are, for the most part, parcelled out between the Austin friars, the Dominicans, the Franciscans, and the Recoletos. It is an indisputable fact that these orders are largely recruited from the lowest ranks of Spanish society, and that their members enter upon their important duties with no other training than that of the seminary. Rough soldiers have been known to profit by their observations while campaigning in the islands, return to Spain,

and in a short time reappear in the colony as full-fledged friars.

What has been the result? In answering this question, I cannot do better than to quote directly from Foreman's chapter on the preponderance of the friars;[1] and I ask my readers to bear in mind, while weighing his testimony, the fact that he was himself a loyal Catholic.

"The religious Corporations possess large private revenues. Their investments in Hongkong are extensive. The Austin and Dominican friars in particular hold very valuable real property in the Provinces near Manila, which is rented out to the native agriculturalists on tyrannical conditions. On the Laguna de Bay shore the rent is raised, as the natives, at their own expense, improve their holdings. Leases are granted for the nominal term of three years, but the receipts given for the rent are very cunningly worded. Some have been shown to me; neither the amount of money paid, nor the extent of the land rented, nor its situation is mentioned in the document, so that the tenant is constantly at the mercy of the owners. The native planters are much incensed at the treatment they receive from these landowners, and their numerous well-founded complaints form part of the general outcry against the priesthood. The bailiffs of these corporation lands are unordained brothers of the Order. They are under certain religious vows, but are not entitled to say Mass. They reside in the Estate Houses, and by courtesy are styled 'fathers' by the natives. By their own Order they are termed '*legos*' or ignorant men.

"The clergy also derive a very large portion of their incomes from commission on the sale of *cédulas*, sales of Papal Bulls, masses, pictures, books, chaplets, and indulgences, marriage, burial, and baptismal fees, benedictions, donations touted for after the crops are raised, legacies to be paid for in masses, remains of wax candles left in the church by the

1 "The Philippine Islands," John Foreman. London, 1892, Chapter VIII.

faithful, fees for getting souls out of purgatory, alms, etc. The surplus revenues over and above parochial requirements are supposed to augment the common Church funds in Manila. The Corporations are consequently immensely wealthy, and their power and influence is in consonance with that wealth.

"Each Order has its procurator in Madrid, who takes up the cudgels in defence of his Corporation's interest in the Philippines whenever this is menaced. On the other hand, the Church, as a body-politic, dispenses no charity, but receives all. It is always begging; always above civil laws and taxes; claims immunity; proclaims poverty, and inculcates in others charity to itself."

Of the friars themselves Foreman says: —

"They are usually taken from the peasantry and families of lowly station. As a rule, they have little or no secular education, and regarding them apart from their religious training, they may be considered a very ignorant class.

"So large is the party opposed to the continuance of priestly influence in the colony, that a six months' resident would not fail to hear of the many iniquities with which the Friars in general are reproached. It is only natural that amongst the large body of them dispersed over the Philippines, there should be found a number of black sheep, especially when it is taken into account the unrefined class from which the majority are recruited. If self-indulgence is to be accounted a sin, then they are sinful indeed. And it would be contrary to fact, too, to pretend that the bulk of them support their teaching by personal example. I have been acquainted with a great number of the priests and their offspring too, in spite of their vow of chastity; whilst many live in comparative luxury, notwithstanding their vow of poverty.

"Tirades against the shortcomings of the priests are often launched so passionately and indiscriminately, that I shun the citation of more sample cases of individual delinquency than may suffice to demonstrate that the clergy in the Philippines are but men, in no degree superior, as a body, to mankind in common. Scores of such cases, far surpassing them in gravity, though varying in circumstances, have come to my

knowledge, but to note them does not enter into the plan of a work whose object is not to offend by the exposure of detail, but — based on it — to lay down a just estimate of the whole subject.

"I was in Manila a few years back, when a capital crime, committed by a depraved Spanish *Gentleman of the Cloth*, excited general indignation for a while.

"In June, 1888, some cases of personal effects belonging to a Friar were consigned to the care of an intimate friend of mine, whose guest I was at the time. They had become soaked with sea-water before he received them, and a neighbouring priest requested him to open the packages and do what he could to save the contents. I assisted my friend in this task, and among the Friar's personal effects we were surprised to find intermixed with prayer-books, scapularies, missals, prints of saints, etc., about a dozen most disgusting obscene double-picture slides for a stereoscope. What an entertainment for a guide in morals! This same Friar had held a vicarage before in another Province, but having become an habitual drunkard, he was removed to Manila, and there appointed a confessor. From Manila he had just been again sent to take charge of the *cure of souls*.

"A priest of evil propensities brings only misery to the parish to which he is appointed, and stirs up the feeling of odium against the Spanish Friars in general.

"I knew a money-grabbing priest — a Friar — who publicly announced raffles from the pulpit of the church from which he preached morality and devotion. On one occasion a $200 watch was put up for $500 — at another time he raffled dresses for the women. Under the pretext of being a religious association, he established a society of the women, called members of the association of Saint Joseph (*Confradia de San José*), upon whom he imposed the obnoxious duty of hawking about the raffle tickets. He had the audacity to dictate to a friend of mine — a planter Don L—— L—— the value of the gift he was to make him, and when the planter was at length disgusted with his demands, he conspired with a Spaniard to deprive the planter of his estate, alleging that he was not the real owner. Failing in this, he stirred up the petty Governor and headmen against him. The petty Governor was urged to litigation,

and when he received an unfavourable sentence, the priest, enraged at the abortive result of his malicious intrigues, actually left his vicarage to accompany his litigious protégé to the chief judge of the Province, in quest of a reversion of the sentence.

"I remember only too well a certain native Father L——, a parish priest in Visayas, who was accused of several crimes, one of which was that of having murdered a native for lust. On the 17th of August, 1881, I arrived at the Tribunal of Marayo, and demanded horses to continue my journey. Whilst I was waiting there, a crowd assembled and threatened to take my life. One man raised his knife when I turned my back, but I was in time to face him with my revolver, and he sneaked off.

"After a deal of wrangling and shouting, I managed to clear the Tribunal, and it was only the next day that I got to know the cause of the tumult. It appeared that a Spanish Officer named Perdigon had been commissioned to capture the delinquent Father L——, and the priest's family, in order to subvert justice, had basely spread the report that Perdigon was possessed of an evil spirit. Hence the family incited the natives to kill any European who chanced to travel along that coast in case he should turn out to be the officer in question. . . .

"The mysterious deaths of General Solano (in August, 1860) and of Zamora, the Bishop-elect of Cebu (in 1873), which occurred *so opportunely for Philippine monastic welfare*, are, historically considered, recent events, the elucidation of which I leave to future chroniclers to place on public record."

That the above statements are moderate any one knows who has travelled at all extensively in the colony, and Foreman is well within the truth when he says that instances far worse than those cited by him might easily be given. It is not from any lack of similar facts within my personal knowledge that I have quoted him so extensively in this connection, but for the reason

that his religious proclivities place him above the suspicion of prejudice which might attach to one not an adherent of the Catholic faith.

In defiance of all regulations to the contrary, the friars not infrequently make such extortionate charges for performing the marriage ceremony as to give rise to a wide-spread and almost necessary custom of dispensing with it.

In Masbate we were told that the charge for burying a body was fifty dollars without a coffin, and seventy-five if a coffin was used, while it must be bought of the priest at a good price.

The result of all this has been the utter demoralization of many Philippine towns and villages, and it is certainly not too much to say that, in spite of some bright exceptions to the general rule of ignorance and brutish licentiousness, the friars as a class exert an extremely bad influence. The unwisdom of allowing them privileges in the Philippines which would not be accorded them elsewhere would seem to have been sufficiently demonstrated. That their evil practices have been one of the potent causes leading to the recent revolt, no one doubts who is in the least familiar with social and political conditions in the Philippines; and much can be said in favour of the insurgents' demand that they be expelled from the colony, and their places taken by *clerigos*, or secular clergymen not belonging to any order.

It is, however, one thing to plan reforms and another to carry them out. With the great wealth which the existing religious corporations have accumulated has come immense power, and whoever attempts to oppose them will feel the weight of it. If it were possible to weed out the men who showed themselves unworthy, this would seem the logical method of getting at the difficulty; but, unfortunately, it is too often true that to touch a Philippine friar is to bring upon one's self the ill-will, if not the vengeance, of the organization to which he belongs.

No one problem more intimately concerns the future of the Philippines than the correction of the abuses which natives and Spaniards alike have had to suffer at the hands of representatives of the Church; nor is there any other which presents more difficulties. It would seem that we must look to the Church itself for the final solution. When one remembers the sturdy uprightness and good citizenship displayed by leading Catholics in many other parts of the world, it can hardly be doubted that, once the wretched conditions prevailing in the Philippines are understood, the remedy for them will be forthcoming.

When this day comes, the Church may look forward to a bright future in the Philippines, and with the mighty power which it undoubtedly exerts wielded for the right, there will be better days in store for the colony itself.

It is nevertheless true that there is a numerous class made up of men who have suffered at the hands of the friars wrongs of a sort which they will never forget; and I can hardly agree with Foreman that in preventing the propagation of other forms of religious belief the clergy have conserved the best interests of the colony. While it is certain that much trouble and confusion would at first result from preaching the Protestant faith to the natives, yet the active competition which would inevitably arise between the representatives of the two forms of religious belief might react wholesomely upon the individual workers themselves, and tend to keep them in that strait and narrow path from which, unfortunately, Protestant as well as Catholic missionaries have been known to stray.

But I have wandered a long way from the story of our experiences. Our first visit to Masbate was destined to be short and uneventful. An unexpected similarity between the birds of the island and those of Panay caused us to abandon our intention of making an extended stay, and at the end of a week we sailed for Marinduque.

When I next visited Masbate I was accompanied only by Mateo, Bourns having gone to North Borneo. On this occasion I was fortunate enough to secure a private house, so that school was not interrupted.

For some time our life was monotonous enough, although we did have some trouble with our neigh-

bours' dogs. The truth of the old saying that "every poor man keeps a dog, and every d——d poor man keeps two" is abundantly demonstrated in the Philippines, where, to judge from the number of dogs, the degree of poverty of many of the inhabitants would be represented by a long series of "blanks." Palanog was simply infested by half-starved curs, which assailed us in mobs whenever we came on the streets. I understood enough of the native dialect to know that their owners, while going through the motions of calling them off, were really setting them on. After first securing the permission of the governor, I emptied both barrels of my shotgun among the next pack of dogs that attacked me, and thereafter the survivors were kept tied up.

Philippine dogs usually have to forage for themselves, and will climb the ladder of a house and steal one's dinner under his very nose. They were attracted by the smell of the birds that we skinned, so that we often found it necessary to haul up our ladder at night, in order to keep out prowlers. They frequently revenged themselves on us by sitting around and making night hideous with their howls. In order to abate this nuisance we carried a little twenty-two-calibre Colt rifle, shooting cartridges loaded with dust-shot, which would sting a dog sharply, without penetrating his skin. We became quite expert with this weapon, and could hit the source of a howl in the dark with a good deal of regularity.

A short time after our arrival at Palanog, a typhoon swept over Masbate. We got only the edge of it, but it unroofed the governor's house, and did considerable damage in the village. The natives displayed some ingenuity in saving their banana plants. As soon as the nature of the storm became evident, they ran out with machetes tied to long bamboos, and cut all the leaves save the newest one from every plant, thus preventing their being uprooted by the wind.

The storm was more violent on the southwest coast of the island than with us, and on crossing to that side a few days later, I saw a fine schooner landed forty rods from shore in a paddy-field. The paint on her bottom was not so much as scratched, and every rope and brace was in place, but her owner never got her afloat. The beach was strewn with fragments of craft which had been even less fortunate.

Our trip from Palanog to the *contra costa* was one of the most rapid I ever made while in the islands. We had a very strong order from the governor to *gobernadorcillos*, so that there was no delay in getting what help we wanted. We crossed the bay to its head, and ascended a river as far as we could get by *banca*, starting at ten in the evening, in order to benefit by a high tide. The few hours which remained before daylight were passed in a native hut, and by sunrise we were off on fast horses.

A fairly good path led through open, grass-covered

country to the town of Milagros on the south coast; and there, after a short stop to eat, we got a sail-boat and started for a little place called Malbo'og where deer were very abundant. It was to hunt them that we had come.

Unfortunately the season was the most unfavourable one that we could have chosen. The whole country was one vast *cogonal*, and the grass was at its tallest. When actually on the ground we learned that the natives did not begin to hunt until February, at which time they first burned the *cogonales* over, and then drove the deer from the swamps, where they took refuge, into the open, and ran them down on horseback.

We were assured that it would be impossible to do anything in the tall grass, but would not give up without an effort. The morning after our arrival it began to rain, and hardly stopped during our stay. We at first tried hunting with horses, and nearly broke our necks. The *cogon* was full of concealed ditches, made, apparently, by the rooting of wild hogs and the subsequent action of the rains. We were repeatedly thrown, and after one of our horses had broken a leg, took to buffaloes, as it was impossible to get through the grass on foot. The *carabaos* were sure-footed, but the *cogon* was so high we could see little from their backs, while they took decided exception to the reports, and even the smell, of our guns. At the end of a terribly hard week's work we had killed but one deer.

It was then high time to return to Palanog, as our Manila steamer was almost due. The *gobernadorcillo* of the place was an ignorant, pig-headed old fellow, who could not read the order which I carried, and had not wit enough to comprehend it when translated for him. He declined to get me a boat for the return trip to Milagros until I brought him to time by the use of somewhat vigorous measures, whereupon he revenged himself by giving me a crew who knew nothing about the management of a sailing craft.

As there were extensive shoals in front of Malbo'og, I was forced to start at three in the morning, in order to catch the tide right; and in blissful ignorance of the character of my crew, I lay down under my *nipa* awning, and went to sleep.

When I awoke we were almost out of sight of the low shore, and standing straight out to sea. In surprise I asked the reason, and found that when it became necessary to tack, my men had not known how to bring the boat around. They were accordingly heading for a little island ten miles out, *with the idea of pushing the boat's nose about with poles.* I turned captain, and with Mateo for first mate we beat slowly back, but a trip that should not have taken more than four hours cost us fifteen.

We were forced to stop at the Milagros *tribunal* for the night, and had hardly entered the building

when two *cuadrilleros* brought in a man with his throat cut from ear to ear. It seemed that he had become jealous of his wife, and after hacking her with a machete until she was apparently dead, had tried to end his own life by cutting his throat, inflicting a long but not very deep wound. He had been secured by splitting a large bamboo, cutting notches in the halves for his wrists, and tying the pieces together again on them. The openings left were too small, and the resulting compression of the arteries had nearly cut off circulation from his hands, which were horribly swollen. No effort had been made to dress the wound in his neck, and he had been forced to walk a dozen miles to town. He was drenched from head to foot with his own blood, and a more ghastly sight I never saw.

The authorities put him into the stocks in our sleeping apartment. His two captors were confined on each side of him, after being given a sound beating, because they had failed to bring in the injured woman as well as her assailant. The law requires that both criminal and victim shall be arrested. It seems they had started with her, but as she could not walk, and seemed to be rapidly failing, they had left her to be cared for in a house by the wayside. Here she died a few hours later.

During the night that followed, the murderer managed to free himself from the stocks, and decamped,

taking with him a fine dagger which I had carried for more than two years. We were thankful that he did not use it before leaving us, and I have often wondered what was the subsequent history of that knife. Before we took our departure the *gobernadorcillo* had been put into the stocks, for allowing his charge to escape, and the officials of the place were becoming more and more deeply involved in legal complications every moment, while it apparently occurred to no one that it would be desirable to recapture the criminal.

We rode hard that day, fearing that the rain, which was still falling, might raise the streams in our path until they became unfordable. It proved that we had cause for alarm. A small river near the centre of the island was so swollen that even a water-buffalo refused to face the fierce current. A native, who lived near by, said that the stream had risen suddenly that morning, and predicted that it would fall again before night if there were no very heavy showers during the day. There was certainly nothing for it but to wait and see. We rode over all the neighbouring country before we could get food enough together for a decent meal, but finally managed to purchase five eggs and a chicken.

The native above referred to undertook to prepare dinner for us, and we went down to watch the flood. As time passed we began to wonder that we were not called, and upon investigation found that the *padre* from Milagros had arrived, *and had eaten our dinner*.

I was just in time to rescue one of the eggs and a little boiled rice.

By three o'clock the river was fordable, and we pressed on, accompanied by the reverend gentleman who had stolen our meal. He was bound for Palanog, like ourselves, and kindly offered to ride over in our boat. Just before we reached the head waters of the stream on which we had left it, there came a perfect cloud-burst. Such rain I have never seen. The horses stopped and refused to move. It was over in a few minutes, but we knew only too well what it would do to that river, and as we had to cross it four times within a mile there was not a moment to be lost. Putting whip to our horses, we made the first three fords without trouble, and had begun to think our fears groundless when a sullen roar up the valley told us that the flood was coming. The *padre* hesitated, but Mateo and I rode furiously into the stream at the last crossing. Mateo went first and got safely over, but a wall of muddy water, thick with all manner of débris, struck me while some distance from shore, and in less time than it takes to tell it, I was swimming down-stream beside my horse, with a hand in his mane. The plucky little beast finally made a landing at the side of an eddy, but the brush was so thick he could not force his way through it. I got out by crawling along the ground, and sent men to cut a path to the horse with machetes.

The *padre* was left on the wrong side of the stream, but he found shelter in a native hut. At the house where we had before spent the night, men sent over by the governor were waiting to take us back. In addition, there was a crowd of storm-bound people. The food of the native who had hospitably taken them in was completely exhausted, and I thought we should have to go to bed hungry, as well as wet, but a kind-hearted old woman produced a pint of rice, which had been concealed somewhere about her person, and insisted on giving it to us; so we made a meal on it, boiled, without salt.

We passed a wretched night in our wet clothes, and were stirring early the next morning. I sent the men to the boat at once, with our few belongings, following them myself a few moments later, only to find them on the opposite bank, tugging away at a great ark of a craft, which it would have been impossible to get afloat before high tide, six hours later. On inquiry I learned that the *padre* had ordered *my* men to paddle *my* boat across the stream, and after inspecting it, had decided that it was not commodious enough for him. He had then commanded them to launch the huge affair above mentioned and had himself gone back for another nap, leaving word for me that he should not be ready to start before nine, and meanwhile did not wish to be disturbed. I had no thought of disturbing him. Calling Mateo, I ordered my men and boat back to our side of the river;

we stepped in and pushed off; my astonished oarsmen had hardly remarked, "*Y el padre, señor?*" when they found themselves fully occupied in keeping the *banca* from upsetting, as the swift current whirled us around a bend in the stream.

Borne rapidly onward, we soon reached the bay. A strong wind from the northeast had already set the waves to rolling, but we could not get back up river against that current, so we went on. The ride to Palanog was one of the wildest I ever took; but thanks to the stanchness of our little craft, we got in safely, though hatless and drenched with salt spray. Had we delayed our departure an hour, we could not have reached our destination; for by that time the wind was blowing furiously, and a sea was running that no *banca* could have lived in.

The steamer was in when we reached Palanog, but the weather continued so wild that she did not sail for three days, so that we had abundant time to get ourselves and our belongings on board.

To go back to the story of the Steere expedition: we sailed from Palanog for Boac, in Marinduque. A rather unfortunate event marked our arrival at our destination. Our baggage having been landed at low tide, just above the water's edge, the enterprising proprietors of buffalo-carts in the neighbourhood thought they saw an opportunity to drive a sharp bargain with us, as we had a huge pile of boxes and chests, and the tide was just on

the turn. They accordingly doubled their usual charge for moving such a load. Dr. Steere's management of the negotiations which followed was hardly diplomatic, as he had neglected to take the precaution of having the flood-tide delayed. He contrived to anger the natives, who refused to help us at any price; so we had to half kill ourselves in a frantic effort to carry our heavy chests to a dry place, and then stand guard over them all night. As it was, some of them got soaked with sea-water, and the next morning we paid double the price first asked, to have them taken to the house which we had rented. All of which simply goes to illustrate the fact that *the Philippine native is often more easily led than driven!*

Marinduque is a small island, forming politically a part of the province of Mindoro. Its people are civilized Tagalogs. After the effect of the first unlucky episode had worn off, we found them kindly and hospitable. They worked for us almost as diligently as had the natives of Siquijor.

We did not travel extensively, but found the country near Boac low, flat, and cleared of trees. Rice was being harvested in large quantities, and we were much interested in watching the primitive methods employed. The only implement used by the reapers was a small knife, with which they cut the heads of grain from the stalks *one at a time*. The rice was then trodden out under the feet of women and girls, and the hull removed

A TYPICAL PHILIPPINE SCENE — LUZON

by pounding in wooden mortars. The winnowing was done with flat baskets, rice and chaff being tossed up into the air together, and the more rapidly falling grain caught on the basket, which was then jerked aside in time to allow some of the chaff to fall on the ground. The operation was repeated until only clean, white kernels remained. (See illustration on opposite page.)

Small quantities of very fine *abacá* are grown in Marinduque. The fibre is unusually long, and brings a special price, being used for the manufacture of whaling-lines.

Some forest remained on the island, but near Boac most of the trees had been cut off. Horses were very numerous, and correspondingly cheap. When riding, the women of the region wore hats, a custom which I never noticed elsewhere in the Philippines.

We lived well in Marinduque, as food was to be had in abundance and variety; but toward the end of our stay it became less a question of what was to be had than of our ability to pay for what we needed. An unexpected delay in our mails left us short of money, and it was decided that I should go to Manila and replenish the exchequer, while the rest of the party crossed to Mindoro and awaited my return at Calapan, the capital of the island.

CHAPTER XVI

FIRST VISIT TO MINDORO

Mindoro is an island of some 4500 square miles. It lies directly south of Manila Bay, and its capital, Calapan, is distant about a hundred and twenty miles from Manila. Nowhere in the northern Philippines is there an island so little known, or one so universally avoided by white men. The natives frequently refer to it significantly as the "white man's grave." At the present time it is celebrated chiefly for the unsavoury reputation of its people, the heaviness of its rainfall, and the deadliness of the miasma in its fever-smitten lowlands.

There was a time when Mindoro was famous for other things. So much rice was formerly raised along the coast as to cause the island to be named "the granary of the Philippines," and the population of the numerous coast villages seems to have consisted chiefly of peaceable, law-abiding Tagalogs. All this has long since been changed. The prosperity of the civilized natives served to attract the attention of the Moros, who repeatedly raided their towns, rapidly thinning the population. An epidemic attacked the buffaloes, nearly

exterminating them, and leaving the natives without means of tilling their land; and cholera did the rest.

To-day the once rich fields have for the most part grown up to forest land, and the island is a rendezvous for desperate criminals, who escape from the neighbouring provinces and seek refuge in Mindoro, well knowing that if they once reach the forest there they are safe from pursuit.

The few poverty-stricken villages on the east coast are supposed to be under Spanish protection and control. How much that protection amounts to I shall attempt to show later. There are villages on the west coast also. White men who value their lives do not often visit them.

In the interior of the island are a number of lofty mountains, the highest peak attaining an altitude of 8865 feet. These mountains and the adjacent lowlands are clothed in magnificent forest which the hand of man has never disturbed. Under the shadows of its mighty trees dwell a race of primitive savages, the Mangyans. They bear a very bad reputation, which is wholly undeserved.

Between the mountains and the west coast are extensive plains, covered with high grass. East of the mountains are heavily timbered lowlands, crossed by numerous rivers. The surface details given in the best charts are wholly unreliable, and such large rivers as the Baco are left out altogether.

The rainfall is enormous. There are no statistics available, but it rains heavily during nine months of the year, and not infrequently during the other three, as I have learned to my sorrow. Exploration in the interior can be carried on only at the height of the dry season, in March, April, and May.

There is no anchorage at Calapan, and the surf runs so heavily during October, November, and December that steamers are often forced to carry the mails by.

The only Europeans in the island outside of Calapan are a half-dozen friars, and at the capital there are only the necessary officials, and one or two shopkeepers who are too poor to get away.

On our first trip to the Philippines we purposely put Mindoro last on our list of islands to be visited, knowing that if we were fortunate enough to escape the *tulisanes* we should still get the fever, and wishing to be able to start for home at once should it seriously disable us.

We had been tempted to visit the island by stories of a strange animal called the "*timarau*," which was said to abound in the interior. No two descriptions of the creature seemed to agree. One man solemnly assured us that it had but one horn, which grew from the top of its head. Another was in some doubt as to its horns, but was positive that it possessed only one eye, which was situated in the middle of its forehead.

Now, while we did not expect to discover a unicorn

or a cyclops, we did feel reasonably sure that there must be some foundation for all these improbable tales, and we had determined to have a *timarau*, if such a thing existed, in spite of the climate and the people.

Mindoro was in full view from our headquarters in Marinduque, and what we saw of it at a distance was not altogether reassuring. No rain had fallen for weeks in the latter island. The ground was parched until one could thrust a hand into the cracks, but just across the channel we saw the storm-clouds gather and burst day after day.

Mindoro had a sort of fascination for us. Every afternoon, after our work was done, Bourns and I used to lie on the beach, with our eyes fixed on those towering mountains and mighty forests, and wonder what they had in store for us.

The danger from *tulisanes* was brought home to us by the sad fate of the brother of one of our Spanish acquaintances, who had gone a few weeks before, in company with two other Spaniards, to try to save wreckage from a stranded ship. The three men had been caught off their guard, and our friend's brother and one of his companions had been decapitated.

It was not altogether without apprehension that we finally faced the music, but we had no thought of backing out, and in due time we found ourselves at Calapan. When actually on the ground, we felt better.

The dangers did not seem half so real as they had when we were in Marinduque. We could get little information in regard to conditions in the interior, but what we did get was not reassuring. There were no roads, and we must make our way up one of the

A GROUP OF MANGYANS AND THEIR HOUSE — MT. HALCON, MINDORO

rivers in canoes. If we escaped the *tulisanes*, we should encounter a tribe of head-hunting savages, who ate the bodies of their victims, and had other equally cheerful customs. If we managed to retain possession of our heads, there was still the fever, which no white man might hope to escape if he once entered the forest.

Moseley decided to go home, and left us. Our party was now reduced to four, and in order to cover more ground, it was decided that Dr. Steere and Mateo should go up the Baco River, while Bourns and I tried the Adlobang, at the mouth of which there was said to be a town called Naujan.

Upon inquiry, we learned that the most influential man in this town was a Capitan Valeriano, who was strongly suspected of being in league with the *tulisanes* of the vicinity, some of whom were believed to live in Naujan itself. The Capitan was naturally not in favour with the authorities, and we found difficulty in discovering any one who would confess to being acquainted with him. Eventually, however, we learned that he had a relative in Calapan, and having won the good graces of this man, we succeeded in persuading him to give us a note of introduction. He informed us, rather significantly, that if the Capitan befriended us, we should have no trouble with *tulisanes*. If not, he advised us not to use Naujan as a base of operations.

Hastily getting together the necessary outfit for the trip, we hired a large sail-boat, and set off down the coast. When we arrived at the mouth of the Adlobang River, there was no Naujan there. The inhabitants had abandoned their old town, moved several miles inland, and built another. This was a rather suspicious circumstance, but we had gone too far to turn back.

To reach our destination, we had to transfer our belongings to canoes, and paddle up a narrow stream. There were scores of places where a lance would readily carry from bank to bank, and we thought with some apprehension of our return trip, in case the Capitan failed to receive us with enthusiasm.

On reaching the town, we inquired for his house, and were directed to a rather pretentious structure. We asked for him, and he soon appeared. His head was swathed in rags until one could hardly make out where his face was. He seemed to be in pain, and was evidently not in an amiable mood. We bade him good-day, and presented our letter. He read it, grunted contemptuously, and then calmly stared at us without uttering a word. The silence grew embarrassing, and by way of diversion, we asked him what was the matter with his head. Without replying to our question, he inquired if we thought we could cure him. We gravely assured him that we were justly celebrated for our medical skill, and he unbent sufficiently to invite us in and order supper.

Things promised well for the moment, but the Capitan was not disposed to waste time. He wanted to be cured *at once!* We directed him to remove his head-gear, and he did so, disclosing a badly swollen face. He was evidently suffering intensely from neuralgia.

Experience had taught us that mild and pleasant remedies were not appreciated by the natives. We

had with us some gum-camphor and a small supply of ninety-six per cent alcohol, and we proceeded to saturate the latter with the former. We then carefully shampooed the unfortunate man with this powerful mixture, taking especial pains to get it into his eyes, nose, and mouth, in order that he might not fail to note that we were using *strong medicine.*

He seemed so favourably impressed by our treatment that we eventually turned our extemporized liniment over to him, and told him to apply it himself until seven o'clock (it was then about five), if he wished to get the full effect. In due time supper was served, and after satisfying our hunger we gave the Capitan a dose of laudanum calculated to insure him a night of *unbroken repose.* As soon as he was sound asleep we turned in ourselves.

When the Capitan appeared the next morning, we hardly recognized him. Whether from the bursting of an abscess or from some other cause, his face had resumed its normal proportions. The pain was gone, and the man was so delighted that he could hardly find words to express himself. He evidently regarded the cure as little short of miraculous, and immediately put himself and all his belongings at our disposal.

We now explained to him our desire to start at once for the interior of the island. He promptly offered to provide the necessary animals and accompany us, explaining that it would be impossible to go up the river in boats, as we had hoped to do. We told him what we

had heard about lack of paths. He smiled significantly, and advised us to wait and see.

It was agreed that we should get off immediately after breakfast, but the fates had decreed otherwise. The fame of the cure we had wrought on the Capitan had spread with wonderful rapidity, and the lame, the halt, the sick, and the blind began to pour in on us, beseeching us for help. We could not get away from them. I venture to say that no two young men ever built up a large medical practice more rapidly.

Most of our patients complained of *dolor de estomago* (stomach-ache), or *calentura con frio* (fever and chills), and we dealt out Jamaica ginger and quinine with a liberal hand. The quinine proved most effective when stirred up in a large glass of water and taken slowly. The first dose invariably cured. The ginger we gave undiluted, and its action was quite prompt.

Many a time that day we longed for real medical or surgical skill. Several pathetic incidents occurred. An old woman, totally blind from cataract, besought us to restore her sight. As gently as we could we explained to her that her trouble could not be cured by medicine, but demanded the knife. "Cut then, *señores!*" "But we have no suitable knives." "You have said that you come to skin birds?" "Yes." "Where then are the knives that you skin birds with?" In vain we assured her that our knives would not do, and that we lacked the skill to use them even had they been suitable. She

was firmly convinced that we could cure her if we chose, and went away weeping. Two hours later she returned, carrying an old cloth bag, from which she shook out thirteen big copper pennies, her entire savings. All of this wealth she offered to us, if we would only restore her sight.

During the day a number of people presented themselves with ailments which were quite beyond our skill. Total blindness was common. We had one case of palsy, one of leprosy, and a varied assortment of loathsome skin diseases.

At ten that night patients were still arriving, but we called a halt, and turned in. The next morning we were obliged to continue our clinic, and were able to save a small boy the use of his right arm. He had been brought to us the day before, with the injured member so badly swollen that we could not make out whether it was broken, or dislocated at the elbow. We ordered it kept cool over night, with water and banana leaves, and rubbed with camphor, and when our patient was brought back to us the swelling was sufficiently reduced for us to ascertain that the arm was out of joint. We had great difficulty in getting it into place, and when we succeeded it would not stay, but we eventually rigged a splint that held it. Nothing had been done for the child until our arrival, although the accident had occurred ten days before.

Our clumsy efforts must have caused him intense

pain, but he did not so much as whimper. His father was so happy over the result that he furnished us buffaloes for our trip inland, and accompanied us himself.

On the third day after our arrival we got away. We were to go on horseback, and our belongings were to follow on buffalo-sledges. The Capitan was the owner of a number of half-wild ponies, which were allowed to wander at will over the grassy plains near the town. If he wanted one he caught it provided he could, rode it unmercifully, and when through with it jerked off saddle and bridle, gave it a kick, and let it go.

In due time our ponies were brought around. The first one that I mounted absolutely declined to start. Another was secured, but the crowd of men and small boys which accompanied him led me to suspect that he too might be tricky. The saddle with which he was provided consisted of a piece of burlap, with rope girths. Stirrups were attached by other ropes so short as to bring one's knees level with the pony's back, while the bridle consisted of a stout cord tied around his lower jaw.

I had suspicions that this rather primitive outfit might prove unsatisfactory if the horse turned out to be ugly, but, affecting an indifference which I did not feel, I sprang to my place and clucked to my steed. He declined to budge. A number of men and boys assailed him behind with rattans, but the only effect

was to cause him to jump into the air and come down stiff-legged, with his nose between his fore feet. My assistants stopped for breath, when without the slightest warning the brute bolted under a neighbouring house. The floor was just far enough above the ground to scrape his back, and I dismounted over his tail with great promptness, to the intense delight of a large and appreciative audience. Fortunately my feet cleared the stirrups, and I received no serious injury except to my dignity.

The Capitan wanted to get me yet another horse, but I had decided to ride *that* one. He was accordingly caught and brought back. Providing myself with a good rattan, I mounted again. He tried to scrape me off a second time, but made a failure of it. Then he backed me through a bamboo fence, much to the detriment of my shins, and continued to back until he brought up in a very thorny bush. This evidently surprised him. He made a dash for the street, and started down it at his best pace. Pigs, chickens, and children scattered in wild alarm before us, and the shouts of my admiring audience grew rapidly fainter. For two miles we covered ground at an astonishing rate, the pony trying a variety of tricks to unseat me. Finding that I was on his back to stay, he finally quieted down.

The remainder of the party soon overtook me, and we pushed rapidly across a wide grassy plain to the

forest, which we entered along a rough and slippery path. Here the good qualities of our mounts came out. They were as sure-footed as mules. Many of the streams which we encountered had very steep banks. In crossing them the ponies slid down places which no civilized horse would have attempted to descend, waded or swam the streams, and scrambled up the seemingly impossible ascent on the other side while we clung desperately to their necks to maintain our seats.

At last we came to a ten-acre patch of felled timber. We could not get around it, and it looked as if we should be obliged to continue our journey on foot, but the Capitan rode on unconcernedly, and we followed. Our horses slumped through brush piles as calmly as if they liked it. Their method of taking tree-trunks was a new one to me. They did not attempt to leap clear, but lifted their front legs, came down on the trunk, balanced a moment, got their fore feet on the ground, and dragged their hind legs after them as best they could. They took their work without a sign of irritation, and we got through the tangle without once dismounting.

All day we pushed on. Nightfall found us far inland on the border of the Mangyan territory. We established our headquarters in the tiny hut of a Tagalog wood-cutter. It was so small that our two hammocks filled it, and when we got into them we

pulled the house down. It was hastily repaired, and we slept on the floor that night, waiting until the frame had been strengthened before we again ventured to put up our hammocks.

On the following morning we started out to explore, and had not gone a mile when we struck a settlement of Mangyans. Our surprise at their appearance was evidently fully reciprocated. The men were naked except for clouts, but to this we were accustomed. What astonished us was the remarkable dress of the women, which was wholly different from anything we had ever seen. Coiled around the waist and hips, the married women wore a great mass of cord, made by braiding narrow strips of rattan together. This remarkable skirt, if I may dignify it by that name, supported a bark clout. Except for these two articles of dress, nothing was worn save a few simple ornaments made entirely from vegetable materials. (See page 376.)

Unmarried girls covered the breasts with peels from one of the plantain plants, ornamented with very fine braided cords of split rattan or some other similar substance. The remainder of their costume was like that of the married women. (See page 379.) The children were naked, except that the little girls wore a strand or two of the rattan cord around their waists.

This curious skirt is the Mangyan woman's most treasured possession. The cord is usually stained black, although a kind woven in alternating black and yellow

checks is more highly prized. Beginning with only two or three coils of it in childhood, they add to it from time

MARRIED MANGYAN WOMAN, SHOWING TYPICAL DRESS — MT. HALCON, MINDORO

to time as opportunity offers, until their appearance becomes decidedly grotesque.

During the dry season Mangyans often have no permanent shelter, but wander through the woods by day,

sleeping wherever night overtakes them, with no other roof than they can extemporize by binding a few rattan or palm leaves together and throwing them over a framework of poles (see page 383), or sticking their butts into the ground so as to give them a slight inclination. Now, however, the rainy season was at hand, and we found several families herding together on a platform of poles, protected by a rude roof of rattan leaves. Their only utensils were a few earthen pots; their only weapons, rude iron machetes.

Here then were the dreaded head-hunters and cannibals, of whom we had heard such alarming reports. We kept a sharp eye on them at first, but our precautions were entirely needless. They were as harmless as children. They were far more afraid of us than we were of them, but after we had won their confidence they furnished us endless amusement.

It proved a simple matter to entertain them. We extemporized rattles for the women, by putting a few shot in some of our old metal cap-boxes. They would play with them by the hour, shaking them and laughing as contentedly as so many babies.

We gave one of the men a hand-mirror. He did not recognize his own reflection, but acted precisely as I have seen the Philippine monkeys do under similar circumstances. He first looked into the mirror, and then looked behind it, in order to get a better view of the strange individual who peered back at him.

After two or three failures to locate the other fellow by this method, he snatched the mirror suddenly from before his eyes, so that the stranger might not have opportunity to hide. Finally, holding the glass close to his face, he reached behind it, and tried to lay hold of the mysterious man who seemed to be so near. When this expedient failed, he threw the mirror down in disgust.

On our two subsequent visits to Mindoro we penetrated further into the interior and lived among the Mangyans for months, learning much of their curious ceremonies, customs, and laws, and watching their habits closely, and I shall therefore defer further description of them for the following chapter.

Our interest in them did not lead us to forget the main object of our visit, and we at once began to hunt for the (to us) half-mythical *timarau*. The Mangyans knew it well. The account which they gave of it sounded reasonable, and ultimately proved correct. They said it was like a small buffalo, with horns running upward and backward, like those of a goat. They added that it was very shy and very vicious, that it attacked and killed the much larger water-buffalo when opportunity offered, and that it did not hesitate to charge a man if encountered at close quarters.

The water in the river was very low, and we found plenty of *timarau* trails in its partially dry bed. At

first we tried still-hunting, but without success. Then we followed the trails for hours, without ever catching sight of the beasts that made them. We procured Mangyan guides and crawled through the dense jungle to the places where *tamaraw* were supposed to bathe

UNMARRIED MANGYAN GIRLS, SHOWING TYPICAL DRESS — MT. HALCON, MINDORO

or sleep, but they were never at home. We found that the bulls were in the habit of coming out on the sand-bars at night to settle their private differences, and in the full of the moon we watched for them all night long, but they were too sharp for us.

Meanwhile the food problem was becoming serious. Edible birds were scarce. We had no canned provisions, and were forced to live on boiled rice and wild honey. Finally we decided to retreat to Naujan, and make a fresh start.

We learned from the Mangyans that nearer the coast there was a lake, named after the town of Naujan, and they described it as a veritable hunter's paradise. If our informants were to be believed, there were strange birds there, with tails like fighting cocks, which swam in the water; *kaseelees* (snake-birds) were abundant; crocodiles swarmed in the lake, and *timarau* were plenty along its shores.

Capitan Valeriano confirmed all that we had heard of the Laguna de Naujan, but shook his head and looked very serious when we told him we were going to visit it. He said that the people up there were not very hospitable, and might not care to have strangers come among them. We found out later what we suspected at the time; namely, that it was a regular *tulisan* rendezvous. Finding that we could not be dissuaded from carrying out our project, the Capitan insisted on accompanying us.

Naujan Lake empties into the Adlobang River by a sluggish stream, in which a current is hardly perceptible. In fact, if the Adlobang rises suddenly, it often happens that the current sets back into the lake.

After a wearisome journey on horseback, on foot, and by canoe, we reached our destination. I shall not soon forget the sight that met our eyes as we passed out of the river into the lake. A huge crocodile swam across our bows, not fifty feet away. On the black mud banks which bordered the shores were gathered such an assemblage of wading birds as we had never seen before. There were scores of snake-birds in sight, some of them swimming in the water, with only their heads and long writhing necks showing; others perched on convenient stumps, and drying themselves, with wings spread and backs turned toward the sun; while high above, seemingly among the very clouds, a flock of them soared in endless circles.

What most surprised us was that the *gallos de agua* (water-cocks) were really there. Beautiful lotus plants spread their broad leaves over the shallows along the shore, and running about on them were curious birds with long tails, which took to the water at our approach, sinking themselves until only head and tail showed, or flew away with strange cries. On attempting to pick up a male bird that I had wounded, I discovered that he had sharp spurs on his wings, which he used with effect.

There were great flocks of ducks in the small bays, and all the birds were stupidly tame. They had evidently never heard a gun.

The lake itself was some ten miles long and six wide.

Its waters were very warm, and almost stagnant. The Capitan told us that sharks ran up from the sea during the rainy season, and could not make their way over the bar and into the Adlobang again after the floods were over, so that they were forced to remain in the lake. This proved to be true. Later on we ourselves repeatedly saw large sharks.

As we skirted the shore, I wondered at the apparent absence of houses; but when I mentioned the matter to the Capitan, he only smiled. Later we found that there were plenty of them, but they were so cleverly concealed that not one showed from the lake, nor were there any paths through the rushes near them. Their occupants seemed to be of a very retiring disposition, and were careful not to drag a canoe ashore twice in the same place.

The Capitan told us that we were to stop with a friend of his, who would be delighted to see us; but when we drew near the house of this gentleman, took the precaution of hiding us in the brush, while he went forward to explain matters.

The next day he took us around the lake, and introduced us to each of our neighbours, never failing to first hide us and go forward alone. Knowing as we did that most of these people were fugitives from justice, we could not help wondering what lay behind the influence which the Capitan evidently had over them. Eventually we found out. He was believed to possess a charm, by

virtue of which he could compel any one whom he chose to dance until he died of hunger and exhaustion.

Three years later we were allowed, as a special favour, to see this charm, which proved to be a little bronze image. Whether or not the Capitan believed in it himself, we could not make out.

TYPICAL MANGYAN HOUSES — ADLOBANG RIVER, MINDORO

We went to work at once, and at first got on very well. We took turn and turn about, each of us hunting birds one day, and *timarau* the next. *Timarau* trails were numerous, and we several times got near enough to the creatures themselves to hear them dash off through the dense underbrush; but we discovered that

their noses were very keen, and their ears no less so. They could scent us at an almost incredible distance if they happened to be down the wind, and the cracking of a dead twig often meant a morning's work thrown away. As they hid during the day in the densest tangles they could find, the task we had set ourselves seemed an almost impossible one.

As we gained skill by experience, however, we got nearer and nearer them. At last, one dark, cloudy afternoon, my tracker and I struck the fresh trail of a bull, near the edge of the lake. We had no difficulty in following it, as the ground was soft, and it grew fresher every minute. The tracker began to get excited. We came to a puddle, in which muddy currents, caused by the *timarau's* passage, had not ceased to spread, and I knew that my game was within a few yards of me.

A fallen tree obstructed the path. The tracker crept stealthily over it, took one look, and scrabbled hastily back, his face gray with fear. I had known from the start that he had great respect for a *timarau*. In fact, the agreement had been that having shown me one he should be at liberty to run. He now availed himself of this privilege, pausing only to point hastily into the brush and whisper, "*Timarau, señor!*"

Clambering over the tree-trunk with all possible care, I stopped in my tracks, and scanned the bushes on every side. I knew from the actions of my guide that the

timarau must be in sight, but it seemed hours before I saw him. At last I made out his head. He was buried in the brush, standing side on, and his body was completely hidden.

How many of my readers can understand the excitement of that moment? It had been known for years that there was a strange animal in Mindoro, and we had come there and faced savages, *tulisanes*, and fever, in order to hunt it down. For weeks we had crawled through damp, reeking jungles, torn by thorns, bitten by leeches, and stung by all manner of insect pests until we were scarred and sore from head to foot, and during all this time we had never so much as seen the animal we were seeking. At last my opportunity had come.

The *timarau* was within fifty feet of me, quietly chewing his cud. With the utmost care I aimed for his eye, but as I was in the very act of pulling the trigger the brute caught sight of me, lowered his head suddenly, and I missed him clean. For an instant the smoke hid everything, then I caught a glimpse of him as he tore through the brush, and gave him a parting shot. As I fired the second time there came crashes in the jungle on every side of me. I had walked into a whole herd of *timarau* without knowing it. One old bull stood his ground. I could hear him blowing and stamping as he turned round and round in the brush, trying to locate the source of the unusual disturbance. In a moment I caught sight of him, and gave him a bullet in his

shoulder. Furious with pain, he whirled and faced me, presenting a perfect head-shot.

As I pushed the sliding block of my Colt rifle, to load again, one cartridge slipped into the carrier and one under it, blocking the mechanism, and leaving me to face a wounded bull *timarau* with a useless gun. I thought of several different things in a very short time. Why that brute did not charge has always been a mystery to me. I never afterward knew one fail to do it under similar circumstances. What he did do was to turn tail and dash madly into the brush after the herd.

After sitting down on the tree-trunk and making a few remarks, I utilized my jack-knife as a screw-driver, and fixed my rifle. Then I set out to hunt up my tracker, who had disappeared. I eventually located him up a tree, from which he at first emphatically declined to descend.

I finally got him to come down, and in spite of his strenuous objections forced him to take the trail of the wounded bull. We soon came up with him, but failed to get a glimpse of him as he ran. He had been lying down, bleeding from side and nose. My bullet had evidently pierced his lungs. We started him a second and yet a third time. I did not believe that he would get up again, and was just flattering myself that we must be almost on him, when the flood-gates of heaven were opened, and the rain fell in torrents. In three minutes every trace of blood was washed away, and

tracks were so filled with water that one could not tell a fresh trail from one a week old.

As I crawled back to the house that night, drenched to the bone, my clothing in tatters, and nothing to show for it all except a little *timarau* blood, it is safe to say that there was not a more disgusted hunter in existence.

The next day we scoured the jungle for miles around the scene of my adventure, looking for a dead *timarau*, but we found nothing. The rain poured down all day. Toward evening we sent for Mangyans, and on the following day hunted the ground over with them. Again it rained from morning till night, and at last we reluctantly abandoned the search.

I never quite got over losing those *timarau*, and it did not soothe my feelings to learn, three years later, that the savages continued the hunt on their own account, found *both* of those I had shot at lying stone-dead ten miles from the place where they were wounded, and kept the fact to themselves.

For fourteen days and as many nights the rain fell almost without interruption. During all this time we never saw the sun. It was impossible to hunt. Our provisions having been exhausted we were forced to live on rice and mud-fish. We finally gave up, and made our way back to Calapan, where we found that the monthly mail-steamer had come in three days ahead of time and that the other members of our party had sailed for Manila.

We had no desire to remain longer in Mindoro, so we attempted to cross to Luzon in a native sail-boat. After many hardships we reached Batangas, and got a Manila steamer.

Before reaching that place, I fell ill with Mindoro fever. We found Dr. Steere just recovering from a fearful attack of it, but he had secured five *timarau*, and was happy. A few days later Bourns came down. Neither he nor I suffered very seriously at first, but for two years after our return to America we did not lack for forcible reminders of our first visit to Mindoro.

CHAPTER XVII

SECOND AND THIRD VISITS TO MINDORO

Profiting by our first experience in Mindoro, Bourns and I planned our next visit to that island so that it came at the height of the dry season, believing that we could then make use of river beds as highways to the interior, and thus be spared the necessity of forcing our way through miles of damp, fever-breeding jungle.

We had spent some time in Siquijor, getting ourselves into the best possible condition for facing the hardships which we knew must be met, and it was a bitter disappointment to us when Bourns came down with a severe attack of fever, just as our steamer anchored in front of Calapan.

Our ill-fortune did not end there, however. We were sent ashore in a boat piled so high with baggage and freight that it could not be rowed, but had to be sculled. The ship was anchored a mile out, and when half-way to the beach we discovered that the sailors had forgotten to plug the hole intended to allow rain-water to drain out of the boat when hanging at its davits, and it was rapidly filling with water. For a time things looked as if we should have to swim for it, but the

men hastily shifted some of the baggage, and luckily uncovered the leak, which was plugged just in time to prevent the boat's sinking, but not soon enough to keep our chests from getting soaked.

After spending our first night in the *tribunal*, we were fortunately able to rent a fine new house close to the beach, where we got the sea-breeze.

It was, of course, out of the question for Bourns to go into a malarial region with the fever already on him, and we finally decided that I should leave him at Calapan to recover, and set out on foot for a week's rapid scout, in the hope of finding just the right place for a permanent camp.

We were assured that a beginning had been made toward bringing the Mangyans under subjection, and that those near Calapan recognized the authority of a certain Tagalog who had been appointed their "Capitan." The governor was kind enough to order this man to accompany me.

We had arrived just at the beginning of Holy Week, and, of course, had to wait until the following Monday before I could start. I took with me the lightest possible outfit, consisting of food enough to last myself and my men a week, one change of clothing, a hammock, a shotgun, a heavy rifle, and plenty of ammunition.

I was accompanied by the Capitan of the Mangyans, one Tagalog servant, and seven carriers. We started with much *éclat*, and made a sort of triumphal march

through the town, much to my disgust. My carriers were arrayed in their best clothes, and we had to go to the house of each man and wait for him to put on his working costume. The Capitan, who carried my rifle, insisted on demonstrating its mechanism to every one he met. Finally, when we had reached the outskirts of the place and I thought we were really off, the men announced that they had not breakfasted; so I waited two hours for them to cook and eat.

My coolies had been quite sceptical as to my ability to keep up with them, and it afforded me much satisfaction to set them a lively pace. Before evening they were fully convinced that the "*cachila*" could walk. We at first headed straight for Mt. Halcon, but after reaching the forest, turned south. The moist earth swarmed with leeches, which crawled through my stockings and bit my ankles until my shoes were soaked with blood. So damp and foul-smelling was the jungle through which we passed that we did not stop for dinner, but pushed on until five o'clock, when we came out on the Nabotas River. Here we found the largest number of Mangyan houses I ever saw together. There were twelve arranged in a semicircle, with a larger one in the centre. To reach this little village we had to cross the stream on a bridge which did not look attractive.

It consisted of three thick rattans, so arranged that one came under each arm, while the third was intended to be used as a foot-path. Having had no previous ex-

perience as a slack-wire performer, I regarded this novel device with some suspicion; but after my men had crossed safely I attempted to follow them, and was getting on famously when the whole thing gave way, precipitating me into the stream. The water was cold, the current swift, and crocodiles were presumably numerous, but I managed to swim to the further bank.

The village was deserted, its inhabitants having fled at our approach. The huts were of the usual sort — mere platforms of poles, with shelters of leaves above them. I moved into the largest for the night, but it would not support my hammock, so I was forced to lie on the floor. My Tagalog carriers refused to go further, and as the Capitan felt confident that he could get Mangyans for me, I dismissed them the next morning. During the day the Capitan found some of the men who belonged in the village we were occupying, and after much difficulty persuaded them to return to their houses. They were delighted with the things I had to offer in trade, and we soon became great friends.

They had never seen a white man, and insisted on rolling up my shirt-sleeves and the legs of my pantaloons, in order to find out whether I was the same colour all over. Just before starting I had been obliged to have my head shaved clean, as an attack of fever some weeks before had caused my hair to fall out badly. My beard had not been trimmed for a long time, and the Mangyans, who were not accustomed to beards, marvelled

greatly at my appearance, and finally decided that, by some mysterious reversal of the ordinary processes of nature, the hair had been diverted from the top of my head to the bottom.

They readily agreed to carry my things one day's journey for me, but like all the members of their tribe, were unwilling to go more than that distance from their women and children. After a twelve hours' tramp through a foul marshy forest, swarming with leeches and mosquitoes, I found myself, greatly to my disgust, at Adlobang, the place we had visited during our first stay in Mindoro. The Capitan insisted that there were plenty of *timarau* there, but I knew better; so he went off to hunt up new carriers, while I established myself in a Tagalog wood-chopper's hut, payed off my Mangyans, and dismissed them.

After a delay of thirty hours we got away again, starting at three in the morning, and using the dry bed of the Adlobang as a highway. In places it was half a mile wide, and although rough and stony, it was at least free from leeches and other forest pests. As the sun climbed higher, however, the heat became terrific. I could not bear my hand on the sand, and the men were forced to make bark sandals for their feet. All day we tramped straight toward the centre of the island, a fine mountain range, with Mt. Halcon as its highest peak, serving us for an objective point. Evening found us near the foot-hills, and here we camped.

My men set two tripods in the sand for my hammock, and fastened three sago-palm leaves over it, making an excellent shelter. Their own wants were easily satisfied. Each of them tied a couple of rattan leaves together by their butts, and stuck them into the ground at such an angle that they drooped over a little. Under these quickly extemporized roofs they squatted contentedly on their heels, eventually falling asleep in this position.

The next day was wasted in a vain attempt to get new carriers. While the Capitan was hunting for Mangyans, I explored the neighbouring country and discovered numerous *timarau* trails. As I was near the end of my provisions, it was absolutely necessary that I should get on as promptly as possible, and when the Capitan came in without men, I finally succeeded in persuading those whom I already had to go on with me, promising them a rich reward. I had long since discovered that the Capitan's authority was purely imaginary. He was of value to me only because he quieted the fears of the savages, and brought them into camp, where I could make my own bargain with them.

Again we started long before daylight. My guide had assured me that we were near the head waters of the Baco River, which empties north of Calapan. I did not believe this, but it proved true. The bed of the upper Baco was perfectly dry, and we made rapid progress until eleven, as our path was completely shaded

by green trees, and there were few stones to make the tramping hard. As the river-bed grew wider, however, the sun began to reach us, and we suffered severely once more from the intense heat. My men were obliged to run over the patches of burning sand; and they dashed into the pools of water, which we now occasionally found, in order to cool their scorched feet.

About four o'clock we reached a place called Balete, where some Tagalogs were cutting and splitting rattan. From them I learned that there were plenty of *timarau* and wild buffaloes in the region, and I decided that I had struck just the place I was looking for, especially as it could be reached by water. Just in front of the shed where they stored their jungle-rope, and did their sleeping, the river suddenly appeared, flowing out of the sand in which its upper waters were buried. I was assured by the Tagalogs that the trip to Baco could be made in a *banca*, so hired them to take me to that town, after paying my Mangyans, and giving them my last cupful of rice.

During my entire trip I had been forced to communicate with my men by signs, as neither the Capitan nor my servant understood a dozen words of Spanish. After once reaching the Mangyan country, I had paid my travelling expenses with empty sardine-boxes and butter-cans, a few brass rings, a little copper wire, some cheap mirrors, and a small amount of tobacco. Furthermore, I had made it a principle to give each savage

just twice what he asked for his services, and had left ardent admirers along my whole line of march.

We got off without delay for Baco, and our little *banca* was swept rapidly onward by the swift current. At sunset, as we turned a bend in the stream, I was amazed to see Bourns, with some thirty men, just landing on a sand-bar. It was a most fortunate meeting. He had recovered from his fever, and hearing of the herd of wild buffaloes at Balete, had started for that place with a camp outfit, provisions for six weeks, and a full force of men, including a tracker. He was naturally much pleased to know that I had marked the very spot of which he had heard as an ideal situation for our permanent camp.

We had to lie on the ground that night, for the tangle of vegetation on the river banks was simply impenetrable, and there was nothing for it but to camp on the bar. A few days later not only Bourns and myself, but every man with us, came down with fever within a space of two hours.

Owing to the swiftness of the current, it took us twelve hours to make the distance up-stream which I had covered in less than three coming down. That night we slept on bundles of rattan in the shed, and the following day set our men to building a camp for us in the dry river-bed. The structure which they erected is shown on the opposite page. While not exactly commodious, it served our purpose, and for six weeks

we had no other habitation. We slept in hammocks and sat on powder boxes. The lid of a trunk served us for a table. Our cooking-stove, constructed from a five-gallon kerosene tin, may be seen in the left foreground. The skull, at the corner of the house,

OUR CAMP ON THE BACO RIVER — MINDORO

belonged to a bull buffalo which I killed during our stay. Near it stands one of the broad-bladed Tagalog paddles.

Work on our camp was interrupted by a heavy rain, and we were again obliged to sleep in the rattan shed. The next afternoon, too, we took a siesta there. About four Bourns awoke, and started out to give the men

some directions. He had gone but a few rods when I was amazed to see him stop, make a wild grab at his trousers, and hang on while with his free hand he proceeded to divest himself of those useful garments with astonishing agility, meanwhile communing with himself in tones that would have been audible at a considerable distance.

Never before had I seen a man get out of his pantaloons with such publicity or such extraordinary promptness. The scene was picturesque in the extreme, and I laughed until the tears came, but my companion failed to see the fun. While he slept a scorpion had crawled up the leg of his trousers, and when it began to sting he had but one ambition in life, namely, to get out of them.

As soon as our "house" was finished, serious work began. *Timarau* proved abundant, but they were terribly wild. Our guide and tracker soon showed himself both incompetent and cowardly. While out with me he lost his way, and I had to turn guide and take him back to camp. He tracked fairly well until he got near the game, but then his fears overcame his judgment, and he seemed strongly inclined to mistake an old trail for a fresh one. He was too dignified to carry in the hogs that we killed, and we finally dismissed him.

A few days later we saw a strange figure coming up-river toward our camp. It proved to be a dwarfish

old man, clad only in a pair of short pantaloons. His toes were all grown together, and he had a bit of a moustache — an unusual thing for a Tagalog. On his back was an immense basket in which he carried clothes and provisions. He was armed with a lance, and led a nondescript yellow dog.

In broken Spanish he introduced himself as Poljensio Acibida, and explained that he was the tracker who had helped Dr. Steere and Mateo kill *timarau* on our first visit to Mindoro. He brought us a note from the schoolmaster at Baco which set forth the fact that he was honest, and described him as the best "*practico*" in the island.

Poljensio wanted fifty cents a day for his services, and we hesitated, for the price was a most unusual one. We had never before paid any native so much. He was willing to work for three days without pay, however, just to show us what he could do; so we told him to go ahead. After being out with him once, we engaged him at his own price. Never have I seen such a tracker. He would follow a trail at a rapid walk, where we could not see a scratch. By the colour of sap-wood from which the bark had been knocked, or by the appearance of grass that had been cropped, he would tell with astonishing accuracy how long it was since the game had passed. His sense of direction was a perpetual source of amazement to us. After following a crooked trail for hours through virgin

forest, he would invariably take a bee-line for camp. We felt greatly encouraged by his presence, and were sure that it would now be only a question of time until we brought down a *timarau*. Bourns and I took

GROUP OF MANGYANS — BACO RIVER, MINDORO

the trail on alternate days, the man who was not hunting big game giving his time to collecting birds.

Meanwhile, a family of Mangyans came to visit us, and we secured our first photograph of these strange people. (See above.) So far as I know, it is the first

ever obtained by any one. Our visitors were a mother with her daughter and two sons. The old lady was the wife of a headman, and her rank was indicated by a large affair like a dog-collar which she wore about her neck. She was locally famed for the possession of two sleigh-bells, which had, perhaps, come ashore in wreckage from some ship. It was with the greatest difficulty that we secured a photograph of this interesting family group, but we finally succeeded in overcoming their fears, and tempted by some of our cheap jewellery, they stood up and let us take them.

For four long weeks we had hunted *timarau* without success. Our knees and elbows were worn raw from crawling through the jungle. The leeches had bled us, the *tungau* had burrowed into us, and the ants had stung and bitten us to their heart's content. Again and again we had crept up within a few feet of some wily old bull, when the snapping of a dry stick, or a puff of wind carrying the scent in a wrong direction, had alarmed him, and he had torn away through the dense vegetation without giving us so much as a glimpse of himself. At last, however, our day came.

A fine rain had put the ground into excellent condition for tracking. It was my turn to take the trail, and I said jokingly to Bourns as I started that we would have *timarau* steak for supper. Within a hundred yards of camp the old *practico* struck the track of a large bull, and we were soon crawling on all fours

through a fearful tangle, or worming our way, stretched flat on the ground. The work was terribly hard, and the heat most trying, but from start to finish we exercised the utmost care, pushing ahead slowly and in absolute silence.

After three hours of trailing, Poljensio suddenly stopped, and looked back at me, his face working with excitement. I took several minutes to cover the short distance that separated us, and not so much as a leaf rustled under me. The old man pointed silently, and looking in the direction indicated I saw an indistinct black mass lying on the ground. Our *timarau* was asleep within forty feet of us. For a long time I could not make out which end of him was which. The dense vegetation shut off the light so that I could not see distinctly; but it was no time for mistakes, for I was so bound down by rattans that I could not stand erect without working back some little distance, and a wounded *timarau* has an uncomfortable habit of charging. A shot through the brain is the only thing that will put one of the creatures out of commission promptly.

At last I thought I made out his head, facing directly toward us, and taking careful aim, I fired. The smoke settled thickly in front of me, so that I could see nothing, but I heard a tremendous crashing in the brush, and backing hastily out of the rattans stood up, expecting every instant to see a pair of horns coming

through the smoke. There was more crashing in the bushes, but after a moment or two I thought I heard the *timarau* fall. Crawling in carefully, I found him lying on the ground with blood flowing from his nostrils; and stealing up within ten yards, I sent a bullet into his eye, thinking to end his misery. To my utter

OUR FIRST TIMARAU — BACO RIVER, MINDORO

amazement he sprang to his feet, whirled around, and tore off through the brush, disappearing in an instant. I began to think I had been shooting at a phantom *timarau*, but a phantom would hardly have left a bloody trail. We followed on warily, and not forty feet away found an old bull stone-dead.

It took us some time to cut a path through to the

river, and get back to camp. Bourns was out after birds, but I fired a signal that brought him in. Taking our gang of natives, we hurried back to the dead *timarau*, cleared away the jungle, and obtained the first and I believe only extant photograph of this rare animal in the flesh, although others have been taken from mounted specimens. It is reproduced on page 403, and if the reader will look at the uncut vegetation back of the dead bull, and will remember that tangle of this sort is usually from ten to twenty feet high, with great trees above it shutting out the light, he will perhaps realize in a measure what it means to creep up on one of the most wary of quadrupeds in such cover, and bring him down. But no one who has not actually followed *timarau* trails in vain, day after day and week after week, can fully realize my feelings when my first bull lay dead at my feet.

We lost no time in skinning him and cleaning his skeleton, and bore our trophies back to camp in triumph. Having killed one *timarau*, we hoped soon to get more, but it proved the same old story. Every day or two we *almost* succeeded, but never quite, so long, at least, as we remained on the Baco River.

From our camp at Balete we could see a number of clearings on the neighbouring slopes of Mt. Halcon. The *practico* said they were made by Mangyans, and as we wanted to push as far up the mountain-side as possible, to collect birds, it was decided that Bourns

and old Poljensio should go on a scout. Upon their return they gave little encouragement as to the prospects for good hunting, having found birds very scarce; but the Mangyans had proved so promising that we at once decided to go up and live with them for a time, in order to secure photographs and study their ways.

We accordingly got together a light outfit, chose two men to help us carry it, and set off, following the Baco and one of its tributaries to the foot of the mountain. Here the *practico* signalled our approach by a method quite new to us. In the Philippine forests there is a peculiar tree, the roots of which begin to grow out from the trunk some distance above the ground, in a manner which will perhaps be best understood by examining the illustration on page 416, where a young tree of this sort may be seen just back of the group of Mangyans. With increasing age these curious roots, which form vertical walls of wood, have their origin further and further up the stem. In very old trees they sometimes leave the trunk twenty feet above the ground, and project thirty feet at the bottom, dividing the space at the foot of the tree into a number of chambers, with side-walls but, of course, no roofs.

Such a tree stood near our path. From one of the recesses at its base Poljensio pulled a big club, and began to strike slow heavy blows on a projecting

root. The whole tree seemed to be converted into a huge resonator, and each stroke produced a deep, booming noise that must have been audible for a long distance. We had often heard this peculiar sound before, rolling over the lowlands, and on asking Poljensio its meaning had been informed that the Mangyans were "talking." We had not taken the old man seriously, but it now dawned on us that he had been telling the truth.

After finishing his tattoo on the root, he assured us he had taken the precaution to inform the Mangyans that white men were coming to visit them, so that they might not be too much alarmed when we appeared in their clearing.

We now started up the mountain-side, and I trust I may never have such a climb again. The incline was very steep, and for a considerable part of the way our path lay along the trunks of trees, evidently felled by the Mangyans to serve just this purpose. They were worn smooth by bare feet, and slanted upward at such a sharp angle that it at first seemed impossible for white men to walk up them. We were all weakened by recent attacks of fever. The sun beat down upon us unmercifully, and long before we reached our destination we were so completely exhausted that we had to stop for a rest every hundred feet or so.

We were glad enough when the climb was over, but

the Mangyans had all fled. It seemed that old Poljensio had traded with them for twenty years, furnishing them machetes, and other articles which they needed, in exchange for their wax, honey, and forest gums. As he had never once cheated them in all this time, they held him in high regard; but his bringing Bourns to their clearing had made them very angry, and they had exacted a promise from him not to commit such an indiscretion again. Our second coming, and especially the appearance of a man with a beard, as we afterward learned, had alarmed them beyond measure. Fires were burning in their huts, but they had taken to the forest, and although Poljensio pounded trees all day, trying to "talk" with them, they made no response.

While awaiting their return, we improved the opportunity to explore the clearing. It contained about ten acres. The Mangyans had felled the trees with their only tool, the machete, cutting through many of them twenty or thirty feet above the ground, where they were comparatively small. Imagine hacking through two feet of solid timber with a big knife! The felled trees had been destroyed by burning, as far as possible, but their charred trunks lay scattered thickly over the ground. Yams had been planted in the cleared soil, and so rank was the growth of their vines (see illustrations on pages 376 and 378) that weeds had little chance for life. A rude fence helped to keep out

wild hogs, and the people who had been diligent enough to make this clearing had thereby gained an unfailing food-supply, since when hungry they had only to dig and cook sweet potatoes. As the forest furnished everything needed for dwellings and clothing, it seemed that their material wants were very well provided for.

Probably because of their having a permanent residence, their houses were more substantial than those of their lowland neighbours, who do not cultivate the soil, but wander from place to place, living largely on sago. We selected the most spacious of the huts for our abode. It is shown, together with the family that built it, on page 366. Its inside floor dimensions were ten by six feet. It was four feet high at the centre and two at the sides. One small opening served for door, window, and chimney.

Apart from the sweet potatoes, we found in the clearing a few plants of sugar-cane, carefully tied up, and a little mountain rice. Perched on the top of a tall stump was an odd-looking structure which we investigated with interest, hoping that we had at last found something in the shape of a temple, or place of worship; but we were disappointed. It was only a storehouse for grain. With infinite patience its owners had hacked out two rough boards, and had fitted them about the tree-trunk in such a way as to prevent rats from climbing up and stealing. This was the most elaborate piece

of Mangyan architecture we ever saw, and Bourns photographed it with much care.

MANGYAN STOREHOUSE FOR GRAIN — MT. HALCON, MINDORO

The morning after our arrival Poljensio caught the headman of the clearing spying on us from the woods, and brought him in. We soon interested him in our wonderful jewellery, mirrors, etc., and seeing that no evil

befell him, the other members of his family came straggling back one by one. In a few hours we were all on the best of terms. We traded with them for several complete Mangyan costumes, photographed them, and measured some of them; and before we left their clearing we learned a good deal about their manners, customs, and laws, and something of their beliefs.

I wish to call attention to the fact that the costume of the unmarried women shown on the opposite page is not entirely typical, as they had substituted cloth obtained from us for certain portions of their dress, which we had purchased. The group is otherwise fairly representative.

We found these mountaineers in every way superior to the lowlanders. They were physically well developed, and were comparatively free from the disgusting skin diseases which had rendered most of their tribe whom we had previously met hideous in the extreme. Their noses were very flat. Their heads were covered with great shocks of black hair, which in many instances showed a tendency to curl — due perhaps to a slight admixture of Negrito blood, although Negritos are not known to inhabit Mindoro. The tallest of the men was five feet and one-half inch in height, while three women measured four feet ten inches, four feet eight and five-eighths inches, and four feet seven and a half inches, respectively.

Apart from the vegetables and grain which their clearing afforded, they ate certain jungle roots and

tubers; also "toadstools," crows and any other birds they could get, rats, civet-cats, monkeys, snakes, lizards, and fish. Crocodiles they considered a great luxury, but could seldom catch them. In hunting they used bows and poisoned arrows, and occasionally managed to

GROUP OF MANGYANS — MT. HALCON, MINDORO

bring down a wild hog. Fish and the smaller mammals they trapped.

When a Mangyan falls seriously ill, his relatives and friends run away in fear, abandoning him to his fate. The mountain people return after a time, however, carry the body into the woods, build a bit of a fence about it, and cover the little enclosure thus formed

with thatch. The lowlanders have a different custom, as will appear later.

All of the tribe with whom we talked emphatically denied any belief in a future life. As the headman of this clearing tersely put it, "When a Mangyan is dead, he is *dead!*" We asked our interpreter to inquire as to their belief in a god or gods, but he informed us that they had no words for such ideas. At no time during any of our three visits to Mindoro did we find the slightest evidence of idolatry, spirit worship, or, for that matter, of worship of any sort whatsoever.

The only possible clew to a belief in supernatural powers which we obtained, was in a barbarous ordeal for the detection of persons guilty of theft. We never saw this test carried out, but it was carefully described to us. An accused person is placed before a fire, in which a piece of iron of convenient size has been heated red-hot and covered with living coals. He raises his hands to heaven and says, "May this hot iron enter my heart if I am guilty." To whom he imagines that he is addressing this appeal, we could not learn. Having made it, he brushes aside the coals with his bare hand, grasps the iron, and attempts to hold it firmly. If he flinches or drops it, he is adjudged guilty, and compelled to pay a heavy fine.

Should a convenient piece of iron, or iron-ore, not be available, a pebble is placed at the bottom of an earthen

pot filled with boiling water, and the suspect is forced to take it out.

Mangyans do not inflict the death penalty on each other as a punishment for crime. If one of them kills another in a quarrel, he forfeits his property to the wife or relatives of his victim. If, however, any one outside of the tribe takes the life of one of its members, they all unite in an effort to kill him or any of his relatives whom they may encounter.

A man may have as many wives as he can support, but a woman is expected to be satisfied with one husband. Children often marry by the time they are eight years of age. All the information we could get as to the marriage ceremony was that "The old folks get together and talk."

One might imagine that morality would be at a low ebb among a people whose women are almost without modesty, and where all alike agree that there is no future life, nor any sure retribution for evil deeds in this. Nothing could be further from the truth. Such a thing as a faithless wife is almost unknown. Again and again we left, wholly unprotected, enough property to make a dozen of them very wealthy according to their standards, yet they never stole a penny's worth from us. On the whole, after making somewhat extensive observations among the Philippine natives, I am inclined to formulate the law that their morals improve as the square of the distance from churches and other so-called "civilizing influences."

As regards his philosophy, a Mangyan is a fatalist. If the pigs spoil his potato-patch, or the lightning strikes his wife dead, he has only one comment to make, *i.e.* "So it was appointed." I was a good deal amused at the account which a *padre* at Naujan gave me of the reply he received from a Mangyan to whom he had been setting forth the benefits of Christianity. The unregenerate heathen had answered that if he became a Christian it would cost money to be baptized, to live, to marry, to die, and to be buried. In his existing state none of these more or less necessary operations cost him anything, and he could see no advantages to be derived from embracing Christianity, commensurate with the increased expense!

The Mangyan language is peculiar. There are some common words like *asín* (salt) and *túbig* (water) that run through nearly all the Philippine dialects with which I have any familiarity; but *all* the Mangyan words were strange to us, while certain inarticulate, clucking sounds gave to their speech a character distinct from that of any other tribe with which we came in contact.

We were sorry when the time came for us to leave our cool perch on the mountain-side and return to our camp. The married woman whose picture appears on page 376 took the loads which had made all five of us grumble when we came up, put them into a blanket, tied its ends together and threw it on her

back with the knot over her forehead. Thus burdened she began the descent, and never once stopped until she reached the foot of the mountain. We considered this a rather good showing for the "weaker sex."

With the least possible loss of time we returned to Calapan and set off anew, this time for the Laguna de Naujan. On our arrival there we found that our old friend Feliciano had built a fine new house (shown on page 138), in which we remained during our stay at the lake. We were fortunate in our collecting, getting three crocodiles and four more *timarau* as well as a fair lot of birds.

We saw a good deal of the Mangyans of the region during our stay. They had come more or less in contact with the renegade Tagalogs, and had not profited by the acquaintanceship, although their women had learned to wear such cloth as they could get hold of. (See illustration on page 416.) Compared with the mountaineers, they were a wretched, scrawny, underdeveloped set. Many of them were suffering from fever, while others had a disgusting disease which caused their skin to turn white, crack, and peel off in great flakes all over their bodies. They made good carriers, however, the women proving quite as useful as the men. The group shown in the illustration above referred to were part of our regular coolie-gang.

GROUP OF MANGYANS,

Showing effect of contact with civilized natives — Laguna de Naujan, Mindoro

These lowlanders were an inferior class mentally, as well as physically. The mountaineers count up to ten and then repeat. Few of the lowlanders could get above three, although their most learned mathematicians managed to compass twenty by using the fingers of both hands and the toes of both feet. As they always counted in a definite direction, each digit came to have its predetermined mathematical value. Ordinarily, however, if we wished a man to return in five days, we tied as many knots in a bit of rattan, and instructed him to untie one of them each morning.

When they were all gone, he knew it was time to return.

Their food disgusted us more than anything else. Our crocodile-meat was a great luxury to them, and after skinning the foul-smelling reptiles the very thought of any one's eating them made us sick. *Timarau*-meat that had lain in the jungle until it was, like Charles Lamb's cheese, ready to be led if one but tied a string to it, they devoured with delight. Why it did not kill them, I could never make out. It smelled so that we would not allow them to bring it near the house, but they carried it off to their camp and had a grand feast, eating until they had reached their limit, and then running around their fire until they had settled their dinner sufficiently to make room for dessert, which consisted of more of the first course. When completely gorged, they lay down to sleep off the effects.

I may mention, in passing, that the rather surprising corpulence of the individuals shown in the illustration on the opposite page was due to our having tried to determine experimentally how much boiled rice a Mangyan could eat. After three times cooking for them all our largest pot would hold, we abandoned the research, deciding that we could not afford the rice to continue it.

One of their delicacies was quite too much for me. A man who had often brought me land-shells came in one morning, carrying something of which he was

evidently very choice, tied up in a large leaf. I thought he must have found some especially fine shells, but on opening the package, discovered that it contained only half a dozen immense white grubs, with brown heads. They at once began to crawl away in different directions, but the fellow herded them carefully, and offered them to me, evidently considering them something very fine. I explained to him that I did not want them, as they were too soft and "squashy" to preserve without alcohol, which I did not happen to have. He at once began to gesticulate excitedly; but I could not make out what he was driving at, until he suddenly picked up one of the nasty things by the head, bit off its body, and swallowed it with evident satisfaction. I promptly and forcibly banished him, throwing his grubs out of the window after him. He gathered them up carefully and made off, with an expression of wonder on his countenance.

On inquiry I learned that these creatures bore in the trunk of the sago palm, and gorge themselves with starch. It is presumable that this turns to sugar as it is digested, and they are doubtless sweet, although I must admit that I have no first-hand evidence to offer on this point. The Mangyans regard them in the light of confectionery, and my man had imagined that he was doing me a great favour when he brought me some of them.

With the coming on of the rainy season we were forced to bring our work in Mindoro to a close, but

as we had just found a fine hunting-ground for *timarau* on the Subaän River, some ten miles from our house at the lake, we resolved to return the following year. This we did, bringing Mateo with us. We were fortunate in again securing the services of old Poljensio, and made for Naujan Lake at once. *Tulisanes* had been causing so much trouble in eastern Mindoro that we thought it best to take soldiers along, to guard our house during our absence from it, and men were accordingly furnished us by the governor.

On our arrival at the town of Naujan, we found that it had recently been raided by a band of some thirty outlaws. They had entered the place at four in the morning, and had begun operations by shooting into the *tribunal* and killing one of the *cuadrilleros* on guard there. The people of the town had fled to the neighbouring swamps as soon as firing began, so the *tulisanes* plundered the houses at their leisure. By daybreak they had pillaged to their heart's content. Repairing to the public square, they killed a buffalo and had a barbecue within seventy-five yards of the *convento.* This building was of stone, and admirably constructed for defence. The *padre* had a Spencer carbine and plenty of ammunition. Why he did not indulge in a little target practice, no one seemed to know.

After filling themselves with food the bandits set off, driving before them a number of buffaloes heavily laden with plunder.

As they left the town, they fired a few parting shots at some natives who had ventured to show themselves at the edge of a swamp. A fast runner had started for Calapan when they first appeared, and as soon as he brought the news a company of soldiers set out from the capital preceded by the governor and a number of Spanish officials, who pushed ahead on horseback. The Spaniards reached Naujan in time to hear the last shots fired. They were well armed, but instead of pursuing the *tulisanes*, who had amongst them only fourteen old flint-locks, and were shooting iron bails, spikes, and the like for lack of bullets, they went about town and made a careful list of the persons who had been robbed! After the *tulisanes* were safe in the forest a vigorous pursuit was organized, which naturally resulted in nothing.

Three well-mounted men, with such rifles as the Spaniards had, might have kept out of range of the antiquated guns which the bandits carried and have given them a lesson that they would not soon have forgotten. In fact, two of the villagers borrowed the priest's rifle and seven cartridges, and ran after them. Deliberately approaching within short range, they opened fire, killing three of the robbers. These brave men held their ground while their ammunition lasted, but had to retreat when it was gone. They were both wounded, one being shot through the neck and the other in the foot. Curiously enough, the

former recovered, while the latter, having been hit with a rusty old iron ball, died of lockjaw.

As Capitan Valeriano was out of town when we arrived, we stopped in the *tribunal*. The fresh bullet-holes in its walls, as well as certain bloody relics of two ghastly murders which had recently been committed in the place, served to remind us that we were in a bad country. We were informed that both of the murderers had taken refuge at Naujan Lake, which was not particularly encouraging. We pushed on, however, reaching our destination in safety, and stopping once more at the house of Feliciano.

Mateo and Poljensio made a splendid combination for hunting *timarau*, and we let them attend to it, while one of us superintended the removal and preservation of the skins, and the other "fished" in the lake for crocodiles.

On our second visit to the Laguna we had brought along a number of hooks, made of quarter-inch steel. They were six inches long, and had big rings for the attachment of the three-quarter-inch Manila rope which served us for line. Near the hook we put loosely braided *abacá*, in order that the conical teeth of the crocodiles might pass in among the fibres, without cutting them. For bait we used monkeys or dogs, dead, of course, and the deader the better; for the smell of carrion attracts these reptiles.

We made our lines fast to trees or stumps at the

water's edge, and sticking poles in the mud, hung the baited hooks from them in such a way that they dangled about three feet above the water, but could be easily pulled down. Our plan did not work very well. The crocodiles chewed the bait off the hooks faster than we could put it on, but neither swallowed them nor got them caught in their mouths. At last, however, we secured a fair-sized specimen. He was too greedy to let go of the bait, and hung on until Bourns got near enough to shoot him in the head, when he sank to the bottom, apparently dead. Fortunately he still kept his grip on the hook, and was, therefore, easily hauled up and loaded into the boat. While he was being taken to the landing, several of the coolies sat on him. In order the more readily to haul him up the bank, they tied a rope around him, and threw him overboard; whereupon he suddenly came to life and started out into the lake, dragging after him a man who had foolishly tied the free end of the cord about his waist, in order to pull the harder. Half a dozen coolies sprang in to help their companion, but for a time it seemed doubtful whether they would be dragged into the lake, or would haul the crocodile out. Reinforcements saved the day, however, and eventually the big reptile was securely tied up to await our convenience. Before skinning him we took his photograph, which is reproduced on the opposite page. If one looks closely, the wound in his

nead can be seen. It would naturally be supposed that a 500-grain bullet planted in such a place would have killed him instantly; but the brain of a crocodile is a very small affair, and the ball missed it, simply stunning him.

A CROCODILE AWAITING OUR CONVENIENCE — LAGUNA DE NAUJAN, MINDORO

For some days our men were much excited over their boat-ride with a live crocodile, and it was really a wonder that none of them were bitten.

A little later, Bourns shot a fair-sized specimen which had crawled out on the bank, but our hooks brought us nothing more until it occurred to us to bind three of them together, forming a grapple. We

reasoned that this would be an uncomfortable thing to chew, and would therefore be the more likely to be swallowed. Our theory proved sound, and we speedily captured a very large male, with the grapple lodged in his stomach and securely caught in its walls. This was just at the close of our stay.

Before returning for our third and last visit to the lake, we had ordered in Manila a lot of new hooks, which were welded together by their shanks, in threes. With these we now had excellent success, catching ten fine crocodiles, the largest measuring twelve feet seven inches in length. With several of our captives we had exciting experiences, as they did not all submit tamely to being hauled in One big fellow towed my boat out into the middle of the lake, in spite of the best efforts of my men to paddle ashore. There he kept us all day, putting his nose up from time to time, and renewing his supply of air, but never giving me a shot. Whenever we tried to start the boat, he simply dug into the mud of the bottom and anchored us. Toward evening a canoe-load of natives passed near us, and I made them lend a hand. The two crews were too much for the big reptile, but it was so dark before we reached shore that we missed the landing. Our progress in the shallow water was very slow, and I was finally forced to the rather risky expedient of having the men haul the crocodile's ugly head out of water over the stern of the boat, so that

I could shoot him. I fired into his wide-open mouth, trying for the brain, and my third shot found the mark, killing him instantly. With much difficulty we loaded him into the *banca*, and at last got back to the landing.

Mateo and Poljensio hunted on the Subaän River, which flowed into the lake some miles from our house, killing no less than ten *timarau* during our stay. Each morning they started out and took up the first fresh trail they struck. One of us remained in camp with the skinning gang, and kept his ears open for firing. As soon as he heard a shot he started with the men, taking dinner for the *practico* and Mateo, as well as skinning knives, a rifle, and a compass. Going in the direction taken by the hunters, he sooner or later found a bamboo cross at the edge of the river, marking the trail they had followed. He then signalled for direction with rifle-shots, and Mateo replied; whereupon the bearings of the answering shot were taken as carefully as possible, and a path was cut straight through the jungle to the dead *timarau*. While the hunters ate, the skinners removed the hide and roughed out the skeleton, and before dark all hands were back in camp.

We saw a good deal of the Mangyans at the Subaän River. They came to get sago from the palms which grew abundantly along its banks, and were attracted also by the prospect of obtaining *timarau*

meat. Some of them were clad in the costume typical of their tribe, while others had purchased clothing from the Tagalogs.

Mosquitoes were very troublesome along the river and the little children, who went stark naked, had a

PARTIALLY CIVILIZED MANGYANS — SUBAÄN RIVER, MINDORO

hard time of it. Mothers carry their small babies astride the hip. When they are a few months old, they are transferred to slings which may be borne on the back of either parent. In the above illustration, which shows a group of partially civilized Mangyans in the bed of the Subaän River, a small boy may be seen peeping over the shoulder of his father, who also

carries at his side a quantity of sago tied up in a leaf.

The method which they employ to get sago is decidedly primitive. The palms are felled with machetes, their trunks are cut up into three-foot lengths, and these are halved. The fibre is then pounded out of them with wooden mallets, and water is run through it to wash out the starch. The water runs off looking like whitewash, and is caught in rude wooden troughs, or in receptacles made of immense leaves. When the sago has settled, the water is drawn off, and drying completes the process.

The Mangyans about the lake did not carry their dead into the forest, as do the mountain people. It was their custom to abandon the sick as soon as their condition became serious. After a time they would steal back to learn the result of the illness, and if, by any chance, recovery had begun, would do what they could to help the patient. If, as was more frequently the case, death had ended the earthly troubles of the unfortunate, they fled at once, leaving everything in the house undisturbed, and closing all paths to it with brush. Having taken this precaution, the relatives of the deceased person hid themselves away in the jungle, changing their names, to bring better luck.

This peculiar custom greatly facilitated our collecting operations. In one half-day we found three deserted houses, and secured as many fairly complete

skeletons, well cleaned by ants and other insects, together with a large amount of other ethnological material.

When we had been in the vicinity of the lake for about a month, it fell to my lot to return to Calapan and get our mail. Taking a repeating rifle and plenty of ammunition I set off, with only old Poljensio as a body-guard. We made the trip to the Adlobang River in a light *banca*, and pushed on to Naujan overland, intending to follow the seashore from that point to our journey's end; but as the tide was high, I stopped at the house of Capitan Valeriano to sleep until it fell. When I awoke I heard a confused murmur out of doors. It was highly suggestive of a crowd, and a crowd is usually a very undesirable sort of thing in the vicinity of Naujan.

Snatching up my rifle, I called Poljensio, and hurried out to see what the trouble was. There were at least 300 people gathered about the house, and the moment I showed myself, a villainous-looking specimen of humanity pushed up to me and briefly announced that he had come to have me shoot at him. To say that I was surprised is putting it mildly.

At some time the man had received a terrible blow in the face from a machete, which had put out his left eye, cut his nose in two, and enlarged his mouth some two inches at its right corner. My first thought was that it had also impaired his reason. I replied that

I should be happy to shoot him if it would be any accommodation, but would first like to know why he wished to be shot.

He answered that he neither wished nor expected that. He simply desired to show a few friends that *I could not shoot him.* He had *anting anting* and would catch my bullet in his fingers, or blow on it and cause it to fall to the ground. It seemed quite certain that I had to do with a *tulisan* leader; and as I looked the crowd over, and noted the number of unfamiliar faces, I concluded that it contained a goodly sprinkling of his followers. Evidently, it would be unsafe to let him bluff me, while, on the other hand, I had no desire to provide material for a funeral.

The situation rather staggered me. I had never supposed that gentry of his stamp took themselves seriously, but had imagined that they knowingly imposed on the credulity of their followers. This man, however, was apparently very much in earnest in his desire to serve as a target, and I was at first tempted to relieve him of a finger or two at short range; for he had kindly offered to let me choose my distance. A better plan occurred to me, however.

I told him I would shoot at his *anting anting* itself. To this he assented, producing a little leather-bound book about two inches long by one and a half wide, which proved to be the wonderful charm in question. It was agreed that I should fire at twenty paces; and

I offered him five dollars if I missed, but stipulated that if I made a hit, the *anting anting* should be mine.

We went to the bank of a neighbouring stream, in order that my bullet might bury itself harmlessly in the water, and he set up his charm in the sand, opening it wide, to make the mark as large as possible. Noting that one of the two pages thus exposed had writing on it, I fired at the other The impact of the ball caused the little book to fly into the air. The crowd had run away, and my *tulisan* had sought shelter behind a tree as I raised my rifle to take aim; but he now ran forward with a cry of delight, evidently believing that his book *had jumped of itself* to avoid the bullet. He was rather crestfallen when he found a hole in it, but in a moment showed me with much satisfaction that it went only half-way through. This phenomenon was due to the fact that the book, which had been open when I fired, was now shut; but he could not see it that way. I therefore had him put the charm up again, and bored it to his entire satisfaction. He now decided that it must be "old and worn-out," but produced another, which he said was better. I promptly gathered it in. This convinced him that I had an *anting anting* myself, but he still had confidence in yet another one of his own, which was believed to possess wondrous properties. Two men had already shot at it. The gun of the first exploded, killing him instantly; while the other not only failed to hit it, but came down with

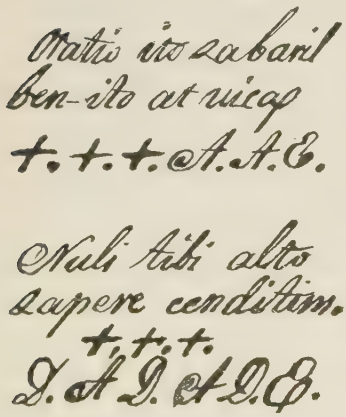
smallpox the next day. I learned afterward that, curiously enough, both these statements were true.

I was undismayed by the sad fate of my predecessors, however, and told him to put up his charm. It was in a cloth tied about his waist, and he was evidently afraid of it himself. He kept it covered even after sticking it up on edge in the sand. Drawing a circle about it, he scrawled a number of mystic characters within this ring; and after falling on his knees and repeating an unintelligible rigmarole, turned his face away and snatched off the cloth, disclosing an oval bronze medal, some three inches by two. This was evidently an *anting anting* of the first water, for now the crowd took to their heels again, and my *tulisan* sought refuge behind his tree. His medal was a shining mark, but, unfortunately, I knocked it into the river, and it could not be found.

The crowd came straggling back, and proceeded to jeer at the discomfited bandit, who insisted that his charms would have been all right on any ordinary occasion, but the *cachila* had one that was stronger than his. It seemed that there were other men supposed to be bullet-proof in that crowd, and calling on several of them by name, he invited them to pit their *anting anting* against mine. When the supply was exhausted, I was the possessor of a large collection of curious articles, and of a reputation which was worth more to us than two regiments of soldiers would have been.

The crowd followed me back to the house, and respectfully requested that I would perform a few miracles, so I let one of them cut a small piece of rope in two, and "chewed the ends together"; made water run up-hill, with a siphon; and finally hypnotized a fighting cock. Had I desired to set up in business as a *tulisan* chief, I believe that my friend with the damaged face, and, in fact, most of the male population of the village, would have been ready to enlist under me. I had fallen from grace with the women, however, and thereafter they slammed doors and shutters, or scudded for shelter, whenever they saw me approaching.

On overhauling my collection of *anting anting*, I found that one consisted of a betel-nut and an old leaden bullet, wound with string and tied together. Another was a small joint of bamboo, stopped at its open end with a bit of dirty rag, and containing a stone which had been found in the stomach of a crocodile. Most of them, however, were small books in which had been written a good deal of extraordinarily bad Latin, some Tagalog, and a lot of mummery made up of letters of the



FACSIMILE OF A PAGE IN AN ANTING ANTING

alphabet and cabalistic marks. (See illustration on opposite page.) I strongly suspect that the friars of the island could have explained the origin of some of them.

Curiously enough, while I was having this experience at Naujan, my companion was similarly engaged at the lake, where he also succeeded in making a collection of charms, but frightened our coolies so that they ran off into the forest and hid. There may have been more than a mere coincidence in this. In any event we were safe from molestation during the remainder of our stay.

What might have happened to us, had the *tulisanes* dared to attack us, was well shown by the fate which befell two Spaniards but a few days after we left the island. A gang of bandits entered the house of a poor fellow who was keeping a little shop in one of the eastern coast villages, and as he came out of his sleeping-room to see what the trouble was, shot him through the groin, bringing him to the floor mortally hurt. Not content with this, the brutes dragged him into his dining-room by the feet, stuck the muzzle of a gun in his mouth, and blew his head off; after which they cut flesh from his body to feed their dogs. A few days later the same band raided a *convento*, captured the friar in charge, and demanded money. He gave them some thirty dollars — all he had. They insisted on having more, which he, of course, could not furnish. After first trying threats in vain, they

hacked off his right hand with a machete, then chopped through his arm at the elbow, and finally at the shoulder, when he died. This actually aroused the officials, who took steps for the apprehension of the criminals, with what success I do not know. An infantry captain informed me that they sent a force to the west coast, with instructions to shoot every prisoner they took who could not show a *cedula*. The method may have been a trifle arbitrary, but if they followed it they cannot have gone very far wrong.

We were well satisfied with the results of this our third visit, but were all in poor health before we got away. In fact, not only did we ourselves have fever as the result of each of our trips to this the most unhealthful of the larger Philippine islands, but every man whom we employed suffered from it more or less severely. We had found much to enjoy during our wanderings in the interior, but were not sorry to feel that our work in Mindoro had been brought to a successful termination. While its natural resources are undoubtedly great, I feel disposed to allow some one else to undertake their development.

CHAPTER XVIII

LUZON

Luzon, with its 42,000 square miles, includes more than a third of the total land area of the Philippine Islands. In its northern portion are extensive chains of lofty mountains. There are also a number of volcanic peaks, active and extinct, and the world does not contain a more perfect cone than that of the Mayon volcano, in Albay province. It rises majestically to a height of nearly 10,000 feet, and whatever the point of view, its outline is simply perfect. Taäl, on the other hand, is one of the lowest active volcanoes known, its whole top having been blown off during a terrific eruption in 1749.

The river and lake systems of Luzon are second only to those of Mindanao. The Rio Grande de Cagayan rises in South Caraballo mountain near the centre of the island, and empties at its extreme northern end, draining an immense area. It overflows its banks each year, during the rainy season; and the soil in its valley is extraordinarily fertile, producing the best tobacco grown in the archipelago. Steamers of eleven feet draught have, it is said, entered this river; but the bar

at its mouth is constantly shifting, and makes navigation dangerous.

The Rio Grande de la Pampanga also rises in South Caraballo, but flows in the opposite direction, emptying into Manila Bay by more than twenty mouths. The low ground along its banks is extensively cultivated, and produces good crops of rice and sugar-cane. Besides these two large rivers there are other important streams in Luzon, among which may be mentioned the Rio Agno and the Bicol.

The Laguna de Bay, distant but a few miles from Manila, is probably the largest body of fresh water in the archipelago, although some of the Mindanao lakes are known to approach it closely in size. Its greatest length is twenty-five miles, and its greatest breadth twenty-one. It empties into Manila Bay by the Pasig River, which separates the newer portion of the capital from the old, and is navigable to the lake for small flat-bottomed steamers.

Lake Bombon, from the centre of which rises Taäl volcano, measures fourteen by eleven miles.

The natural resources of Luzon are enormous. Rich deposits of gold and other valuable minerals have long been known to exist. The soil is very productive and yields the greater part of the sugar raised in the archipelago, together with excellent *abacá*, coffee, and *cacao*, large quantities of rice, and, in fact, all the more important staple crops of the colony.

TAGALOG HOUSES ALONG A CANAL NEAR MANILA

The population, roughly estimated at 5,000,000, is divided into numerous tribes. Of these the Tagalogs and Ilocanos are the most important. Both are civilized and, as a rule, orderly, although brigandage is not uncommon in the Tagalog territory.

There are a few Negritos left in Mariveles mountain near the mouth of Manila Bay, and in the vicinity of Cape Engaño they are still quite numerous. They are commonly believed to be the true aborigines of the Philippines; but even at the time of the Spanish conquest were getting the worst of it in their struggle with the Malay invaders, and are now rapidly disappearing. They are a wretched, sickly race, of almost dwarfish stature. Their skins are black, their hair is curly, their features are coarse and repulsive. They practise agriculture little, if at all, living chiefly on the fruits and tubers which they find in the forest, and on the game which they bring down with their poisoned arrows. Mentally they stand at the bottom of the scale, and experience seems to have proved them incapable of civilization. Some of the remaining wild tribes are of pure Malay extraction, others are, apparently, half-breed races between Malays and Negritos, while one of the Igorrote peoples is believed to be descended from the followers of the Chinese invader Limahong.

The word "Igorrote," which was originally the name of a single tribe, was extended to include all the head-

hunting peoples of Luzon, and later became almost synonymous with *wild*, so that when one speaks of the Igorrotes at the present day, he refers to a number of fierce hill-tribes, which differ more or less *inter se*.

Head-hunting is practised by the Gaddanes, but is for the most part confined to the season when the fire-tree is in bloom. It is said to be impossible for a young man of this tribe to find a bride until he has at least one head to his credit. There are a number of other head-hunting peoples, among whom may be mentioned the Altasanes and Apayaos.

Not all of the wild peoples are warlike, however, the Tinguianes, for instance, being a peaceable, well-disposed race. Certain of the tribes can hardly be blamed for their fierce hostility toward the Spaniards, who in their expeditions against them have interfered with their women in ways calculated to arouse the hatred of any people.

The work of our first expedition to the Philippines ended in Luzon, while that of our second began there. I have already mentioned the fact that when Bourns and I returned to Calapan, at the end of our first visit to Mindoro, we found that the monthly mail-steamer had sailed, and that the other members of our party had taken passage on it, leaving us to follow after as best we could.

We were in no condition to remain in the island another day, and immediately hired a stanch sail-boat

with a good crew, in order to cross to Batangas in Luzon, where we hoped to get a steamer for Manila. We got off without delay, but the luck was against us from the start. An unfavourable wind forced us to anchor off the west coast of Isla Verde through an entire night. The next day we were caught in bad tide-rips near the north coast of the same island, and narrowly escaped going to the bottom. This danger was hardly past when a furious storm burst upon us, and after battling with it until we had lost courage and hope, we were finally driven ashore at some distance from the town we had hoped to reach. Our belongings were rescued with difficulty, and we sought refuge in a native hut, which afforded shelter, but no food. It fell to my lot to go to Batangas and lay in a supply of provisions. On the way I walked into a quicksand, from which I escaped with much trouble, leaving both of my shoes behind.

After performing my errand, I started back to my companion, got lost in the dark, and spent a good part of the night wandering barefooted through patches of cactus and other spine-bearing plants. When I at last reached the hut where I had left Bourns, my strength was nearly exhausted and my patience quite so.

By morning the wind had gone down enough to allow our sail-boat to reach town, and we established ourselves at the *tribunal*, where we spent two days in drying our sea-soaked belongings, and recovering from the fatigues of our journey.

When we called on the governor, to get our passports viséd for the voyage to Manila, he strongly advised us to visit Taäl volcano. We had not realized how near to it we were, and although our steamer was due in two days we decided to attempt the trip. The governor kindly gave us a peremptory order to *gobernadorcillos*, instructing them to furnish *promptly* whatever assistance we might need; and two hours later we were rattling along behind a good pair of ponies on the way to the town of Taäl. The road was the best I have ever seen in the Philippines, and we reached our destination at nine in the evening, after a very quick journey. The *gobernadorcillo* directed us to a small *barrio* on the Pansipit River, by which Bombon Lake empties into the sea. Here we were to get boats. We pushed on at once, arriving about midnight. The *teniente* to whom we had been directed was asleep, but we routed him out. When he discovered that we expected him to hunt up men for us at that time of night, he was the most disgusted native official I ever saw; but there was no getting out of it, so he lit a lantern and started off, grumbling vigorously all the while.

We managed to snatch a few moments' sleep, but were on our way up-river soon after three, and had reached the lake at sunrise. Here we stopped, to let the men eat breakfast. One of them asked to be allowed to land and purchase bananas, and disappeared among a cluster of native huts near the shore.

As he failed to return within reasonable time, I sent a man to hunt him up. He likewise disappeared. The *piloto* in charge of our crew now informed us that they were convicts, and suggested that the two men who had gone ashore had probably improved the opportunity to run away. I knew that they had not left the cluster of huts, however, and landing where I could command the only avenue of escape with a shotgun, sent the *piloto* to bring them back. He found them hiding in one of the huts, and we were soon off again.

The island from which Taäl volcano rises was in plain sight, about seven miles away. We found the waters of the lake quite warm, and yellow with some mineral substance. The natives told us that they contained crocodiles, but no fish, which would seem rather an improbable state of affairs, unless the supply of native babies was unusually large. The lake has no visible inlet, but sends a strong stream of water down to the sea, and is evidently fed by subterranean springs.

The air was still, and an immense column of smoke and steam rose slowly from the crater of Taäl, spreading out, high in air, like a huge umbrella. Our convicts were lazy and ill-humoured, but we kept them hard at work, and reached the island in due time. The volcano is not more than 900 feet high, and we began the ascent at once, expecting to reach the top with little trouble. Our guide led off with great confidence, but after making half the distance we were brought to

A TYPICAL RIVER SCENE — LUZON

a sudden halt by an impassable crevasse in the earth. We were forced to retrace our steps and make a fresh start, which ended as the first had done. We then began to realize that our guide knew no more about the volcano than we did, but he insisted that we should *surely* succeed next time; so we gave him one more chance, only to be stopped by a wide fissure that spit sulphur fumes, and looked like a side entrance to the bottomless pit.

We now decided to take matters into our own hands, and skirted the shore of the island for some distance, determined that we would not again attempt the ascent until there was a reasonably sure prospect of reaching the top. To our surprise, we discovered a native hut, and its owner readily undertook to pilot us to the crater's edge. There was a fairly good path, when once we found it, and we were soon looking down on the most impressive sight that I have ever witnessed.

The crater was an immense cup-shaped depression, fully a mile in diameter and about eight hundred feet deep. Its almost perpendicular walls were seamed and gashed with gullies and crevices, and they stood guard over a scene of utter desolation, unrelieved by a green leaf or blade of grass. A second and more recent crater had been built up inside of the first, but half of it had disappeared, leaving a semicircular fragment of wall standing. At the southern end of this an active cone rose somewhat sharply, and from it rolled up the im-

mense column of vapour which we had seen from the edge of the lake.

Within the large crater were three lakelets of strange-coloured water. One was dirty brown, one intensely yellow, and one a most brilliant emerald green. The yellow and green lakelets were boiling away steadily, with a sullen roar, while our ears were assailed by a pandemonium of other sounds, the sources of which we could not make out with certainty. The scarred and blackened walls, with their hissing sulphur jets, the boiling lakes with their strange colours, and the immense column of vapour combined to make a most extraordinary scene, grand in the extreme, and wholly beyond my powers of description.

We had intended to content ourselves with gazing at it from a comparatively safe distance, but having seen so much, we wanted to see more. We decided to attempt descending to the floor of the outside crater and climbing what remained of the wall of the second one, from which, we argued, we could see all that was worth seeing. At another season such a thing would have been impossible, for during the rains the muddy lake extends, cutting off all communication with the point we wished to reach; but fortunately, although the wet season was on in Mindoro, it had hardly begun in Luzon, and, evaporated by the fierce underground fires, this lakelet was reduced to the smallest size which it reached at any time during the year.

In many places the crater walls were nearly or quite perpendicular, but just in front of us the descent was more moderate, and there were traces of an old path, long since washed almost completely away. The steep slope was badly gullied and cracked, but we reached the bottom without misadventure, and were soon crawling up the wall of the second crater. It was a hard climb, for the steep incline was slippery with volcanic mud, but we persevered.

Our men had been horrified when we first started on our descent from the outer wall; but seeing that no evil befell us, they now began to follow. Eventually we gained the edge of the second crater. By this time the active cone had begun to exert a strange fascination over us, and we crept along toward it for an eighth of a mile, until we finally reached its base. Here we stopped to rest.

The heat was intense. In crossing from the wall we had descended to the one we had just climbed, we had found the ground so hot that we could not stand on it without scorching our shoes. The sun beat down upon us unmercifully, and the walls of the outer crater cut off the breeze which had sprung up, but it evidently made itself felt at the top of the active cone; for the column of vapour was now swaying gently, and inclining away from us. We therefore decided to crawl up this cone and cool off.

I wonder why one always wants to go into such

places! Fifteen minutes later we were craning our necks over the brink of that entrance to the infernal regions, and looking on a sight that few men have seen. One moment nothing was visible but a sea of rolling, eddying vapour; the next, this was torn asunder by some unseen force, and we could gaze down, it seemed for miles, catching an occasional glimpse of the eternal fires below. Heavy stones lay thickly scattered about where they had fallen after being hurled out of the crater. We rolled some of them over the edge, but could not hear them strike. In fact, we could hardly hear each other when we shouted at the top of our voices.

Our men had crept after us, half against their will, but, like ourselves, drawn on by some irresistible force; nor could they refrain from hanging over the edge of the crater, and gazing into its seething depths. Their eyes were like saucers, and at each sudden explosion in the inferno below they sprang back from the brink, slipping and sliding far down the steep slopes, only to crawl sheepishly up again a few minutes later, and take another look.

The place had a wonderful fascination for us all. It was not so much what we saw as what we *hoped* to see, that held us where we knew sensible men would not stay. What might that ever-shifting curtain of vapour not reveal, if it were to draw aside for a moment? We knew, however, that a sudden change in the wind might suffocate us with stifling sulphur

fumes, or an unusually heavy subterranean explosion throw the edge of the crater on which we were perched into the abyss, and we at last reluctantly dragged ourselves away.

On the floor below we found something that surprised us greatly. A pair of wagtails had made a nest in a place where the ground was so hot one could hardly bear his hand on it. Instead of building the small, cup-shaped structure which is characteristic of the species, they had heaped up a great pile of dry grass, which must have been gathered outside of the volcano. They were flitting about quite unconcernedly, leaving their four eggs to be hatched by this natural incubator! I have often wondered what possessed that pair of birds to nest in such a place. They were apparently the only living things within the crater. Perhaps, like ourselves, they enjoyed the scenery!

We wanted to get some of the oily-looking water from the green lake for analysis, and for a time thought we should succeed. We had worked our way nearly to its steaming shore when the native who carried our bottle suddenly broke through a thin crust of dry earth into scalding mud, burning himself considerably. The man was panic-stricken, and turning, ran for hard ground at his best pace, going through at almost every step. Fortunately his injuries were not very serious. We picked our way back most circumspectly, and

decided that we would better climb to the outer rim before we did any more foolish things.

We found the getting up quite a different matter from the coming down, but after a hot climb reached the top again. We tarried long enough to eat lunch, but the day was far advanced, and it was high time for us to depart. After taking a last look at the strange scene before us, and blessing the governor for sending us there, we hastened back to the lake, and started on the return trip.

We had the misfortune to get caught in a pitilessly cold rain-storm, and suffered the more from it because we were still so overheated when it began. Our teeth were soon rattling, and we were forced to take the heavy sweeps from our men and row ourselves, in order to avoid serious chills. It was late at night when we reached the *barrio* where we had hired our boat, but before daylight we were on the road to Batangas. Long processions of coffee-laden *carabaos* plodding toward the town told us that our steamer was in and was taking on cargo. A few hours later we were on our way to Manila, and I was experiencing my first attack of genuine Mindoro fever — hastened, no doubt, by the exposure of the previous evening.

Never, in the course of my wanderings, have I beheld such magnificent sights as I saw in the crater of Taäl; yet, in comparison with what has taken place there in bygone years, the wonders that we saw were

the merest bagatelles. The volcano looked innocent enough at the time of our visit, but its record is a black one. It is seldom indeed that an intelligent observer has the opportunity and courage to get a near view of a violent volcanic eruption, and then escapes to tell what he has seen. Much interest therefore attaches to the manuscript account of the eruptions of 1749 and 1754, prepared by Fray Francisco Vencuchillo, and preserved in the archives of the Corporation of St. Augustine, in Manila. Foreman has given us a paraphrase of this account, which I venture to quote. He says: —

"The last and most desolating of all the eruptions of importance occurred in the year 1754, when the stones, lava, ashes, and waves of the lake, caused by volcanic action, contributed to the utter destruction of the towns of Taäl, Tanauan, Sala, and Lipa, and seriously damaged property in Balayan, 15 miles away, whilst cinders are said to have reached Manila, 34 miles distant in a straight line. One writer says in his manuscript, compiled 36 years after the occurrence, that people in Manila dined with lighted candles at midday and walked about the streets confounded and thunderstruck, clamouring for confession during the eight days that the calamity was visible. The author adds that the smell of sulphur and fire lasted six months after the event, and was followed by a malignant fever to which half the inhabitants of the Province fell victims. Moreover, adds the writer, the lake waters threw up dead alligators and fish, including sharks.

"The best detailed account extant is that of the parish priest of Sala at the time of the event. He says that about eleven o'clock at night on the 11th of August, 1749, he saw a strong light on the top of the Volcanic Island, but did not take further notice. He went to sleep, when at three o'clock the next morning he heard a gradually increasing noise like artillery firing, which he supposed would proceed from the guns of the galleon expected in Manila from Mexico, saluting the Sanctuary of

Our Lady of Cagsaysay, whilst passing. He only became anxious when the number of shots he heard far exceeded the royal salute, for he had already counted a hundred times, and still it continued. So he arose, and it occurred to him that there might be a naval engagement off the coast. He was soon undeceived, for four old natives called out, 'Father, let us flee!' and on his inquiry they informed him that the island had burst, hence the noise. Daylight came and exposed to view an immense column of smoke gushing from the summit of the volcano, and here and there from its sides smaller streams rose like plumes. He was joyed at the spectacle, which interested him so profoundly that he did not heed the exhortations of the natives to escape from the grand but awful scene. It was a magnificent sight to watch mountains of sand hurled from the lake into the air in the form of erect pyramids and then falling again like the stream from a fountain jet. Whilst contemplating this imposing phenomenon with tranquil delight, a strong earthquake came and upset everything in the convent. Then he reflected that it might be time to go; pillars of sand ascended out of the water nearer to the shore of the town and remained erect until, by a second earthquake, they, with the trees on the islets, were violently thrown down and submerged in the lake. The earth opened out here and there as far as the shores of the Laguna de Bay, and the lands of Sala and Tanauan shifted. Streams found new beds and took other courses, whilst in several places trees were engulfed in the fissures made in the soil. Houses which one used to go up into one now had to go down into, but the natives continued to inhabit them without the least concern.

"The Volcano, on this occasion, was in activity for three weeks; the first three days ashes fell like rain. After this incident, the natives extracted sulphur from the open crater, and continued to do so until the year 1754.

"In that year (1754), the same chronicler continues, between nine and ten o'clock at night on the 15th of May, the volcano ejected boiling lava, which ran down its sides in such quantities that only the waters of the lake saved the people on shore from being burnt. Towards the North, stones reached the shore and fell in a place called Bayoyongan,

in the jurisdiction of Taäl. Stones and fire incessantly came from the crater until the 2nd of June, when a volume of smoke arose which seemed to meet the skies. It was clearly seen from Bauan, which is on a low level about four leagues (14 miles) from the lake.

"Matters continued so until the 10th of July, when there fell a heavy shower of mud as black as ink. The wind changed its direction, and a suburb of Sala, called Balili, was swamped with mud. This phenomenon was accompanied by a noise so great, that the people of Batangas and Bauan, who had that day seen the galleon from Acapulco passing on her home voyage, conjectured that she had saluted the Sanctuary of Our Lady of Cagsaysay. The noise ceased, but fire still continued to issue from the crater until the 25th of September. Stones fell all that night; and the people of Taäl had to abandon their homes, for the roofs were falling in with the weight upon them. The writer was at Taäl at this date, and in the midst of the column of smoke, a tempest of thunder and lightning raged and continued without intermission until the 4th of December.

"The night of All Saints' day was a memorable one (Nov. 1st), for the quantity of falling fire-stones, sand, and ashes increased, gradually diminishing again towards the 15th of November. Then, on that night, after vespers, great noises were heard. A long melancholy sound dinned in one's ears; volumes of black smoke rose; an infinite number of stones fell and great waves proceeded from the lake, beating the shores with appalling fury. This was followed by another great shower of stones brought up amidst the black smoke, and lasted until ten o'clock at night. For a short while the devastation was suspended prior to the last supreme effort. All looked half dead and much exhausted after seven months of suffering in the way described. It was resolved to take away the Sanctuary of Cagsaysay and put in its place the second image of Our Lady.

"On the 29th of November, from seven o'clock in the evening the volcano threw up more fire than all put together in the preceding seven months. The burning column seemed to mingle with the clouds; the whole of the island was one ignited mass. A wind blew. And as the priests and the mayor (Alcalde) were just remarking that the fire

might reach the town, a mass of stones was thrown up with great violence; thunderclaps and subterranean noises were heard; everybody looked aghast, and nearly all knelt to pray. Then the waters of the lake began to encroach upon the houses, and the inhabitants took to flight, the natives carrying away whatever chattels they could. Cries and lamentations were heard all around; mothers were looking for their children in dismay; half-caste women of the Parian were calling for confession, some of them beseechingly falling on their knees in the middle of the streets. The panic was intense, and was in no way lessened by the Chinese, who set up a yelling of their own jargonic syllables.

"After the terrible night of the 29th of November they thought all was over, when again several columns of smoke appeared, and the priest went off to the Sanctuary of Cagsaysay where the prior was. Taäl was entirely abandoned, the natives having gone in all directions away from the lake. On the 29th and 30th of November there was complete darkness around the lake vicinity, and when light reappeared a layer of cinders about five inches thick was seen over the lands and houses, and it was still increasing. Total darkness returned so that one could not distinguish another's face, and all were more horror-stricken than ever. In Cagsaysay the natives climbed on to the house-tops and threw down the cinders, which were over-weighing the structures. On the 30th of November, smoke and strange sounds came with greater fury than anything yet experienced, while lightning flashed in the dense obscurity. It seemed as if the end of the world was arriving. When light returned, the destruction was horribly visible; the church roof was dangerously covered with ashes and earth, and the writer opines that its not having fallen might be attributed to a miracle! Then there was a day of comparative quietude, followed by a hurricane which lasted two days. All were in a state of melancholy, which was increased when they received the news that the whole of Taäl had collapsed; amongst the ruins being the Government House and Stores, the Prison, State warehouses and the Royal Rope Walk, besides the Church and Convent. . . .

"With all this, some daft natives lingered about the site of the

Village of Taäl till the last, and two men were sepulchered in the Government House ruins. A woman left her house just before the roof fell in and was carried away by a flood, from which she escaped, and was then struck dead by a flash of lightning. A man who had escaped from the Mussulman pirates, by whom he had been held in captivity for years, was killed during the eruption. He had settled in Taäl, and was held to be a perfect genius, for he could mend a clock!

"The road from Taäl to Balayan was impassable for a while on account of the quantity of lava. Taäl, once so important, was now gone, and Batangas, on the coast, became the future capital of the province. The actual duration of this last eruption was 6 months and 17 days."

Shortly after arriving in the Philippines for the second time, and while waiting to get our things through the Manila custom-house, we met an old American named Collins. He was living at Quisao, a little native village on the Laguna de Bay, and he urged us to make him a visit. Thinking that we might perhaps get through the trying "breaking-in" process more satisfactorily at a place where it was possible to have better food and more comforts than in some *tribunal* or native hut, we accepted his invitation. As soon as our things had passed customs, we loaded them into *bancas* and hurried on up the river to overtake a big *casco*, or cargo-lighter, belonging to Mr. Collins, which was already on its way to the lake. It is not a difficult task to catch a *casco*, as it has neither the lines nor the speed of a yacht. The one in which we took passage was precisely like that shown in the centre of the swarm of dugouts on

page 27, except that it had two rude masts, with mat-sails. Fortunately the clumsy craft had nearly reached the lake when we started, for as it was it took her two days to complete the journey to Quisao.

After our busy time in Manila we were quite content, however, to lie under the shelter at her stern, and enjoy the river and lake scenery. Along the canals that lead from the Pasig near Manila the native houses are thickly clustered, and an excellent idea of such a settlement may be gained from the illustration on page 437. Further up the stream one sees many a pretty bit like that shown on page 443, where graceful bamboos droop over the water, and passing *bancas* add life to the scene.

Mr. Collins's house proved to be a comfortable structure of boards with a *nipa* roof. (See page 456.) Many years before its owner had been cheated out of a valuable cargo of lumber by Spanish officials, and he had been trying to get damages ever since, with no prospect of having his claim adjusted before the Judgment Day unless his own government should sometime take a hand. Meanwhile, poor and without much ambition, he had learned the native language, fallen into native ways, and married a native woman.

We found that we were not the only guests, for he had staying with him Dr. X., a graduate of Harvard College and Medical School, who had been sent on a long voyage in a sailing-vessel, in the hope that

this might cure him of a propensity to drink too much whiskey. He had finally brought up at Manila, cabled for money to come home with, and received

HOUSE OF MR. COLLINS, OUR HEADQUARTERS AT THE LAGUNA DE BAY — LUZON

it; whereupon he had gone up to the Laguna and settled down quietly at Quisao. Here board was inexpensive, and a very poor quality of rum was cheap, so that his wants were all supplied.

It is not unusual to find, in some remote native village, a white man dead to all that ought to make life worth living, who has settled down, apparently in contentment, to the life of a barbarian, and who shuns his own kind as if they had the plague.

I must do Dr. X. the justice to say that he kept sober during our stay. In fact, he spent most of his time working on the translation of an important French medical work, an employment that seemed, under the circumstances, a trifle incongruous.

I imagine that Mr. Collins's desire to have us visit him was not wholly disinterested. His house had been twice raided by *tulisanes* within a short time, and on the latter of the two occasions the bandits had pounded him into insensibility with the butts of their guns, and had even stolen the sleeping-mat from under his wife, who had a child but a few hours old. *Tulisanes* seldom go where there is any danger of getting hurt, and they gave us a wide berth during our stay at Quisao.

A fearful storm, lasting many days, interfered greatly with our work, but the "breaking in" was finally accomplished, and we started for Manila on a *casco* loaded with fire-wood, sailing just at dusk. The sky was clear at first, but clouds soon obscured it. There was no compass on board, our *piloto* lost his way, and after drifting helplessly about for half the night, we anchored.

Morning found us lying to windward of a rocky island, with a perfect gale of wind blowing dead on

shore. Our clumsy craft wallowed in the waves most alarmingly and it was evident that something must be done at once, as the anchor was dragging steadily. The men attempted to make sail, but the *casco* drifted inshore so rapidly that they became alarmed and anchored a hundred yards nearer the rocks. The wind grew rapidly worse, and they again tried to make sail, with the same result as before, except that this time the anchor would hardly hold at all; so they hauled it up once more, and made their third and last attempt to get steerage-way on the old ark. It was a vain effort. She struck the rocks with tremendous force stern on, and one of her masts went by the board with the first shock.

The shore was precipitous at that point, but we had a strong crew, who pushed frantically against the almost perpendicular rocks with the long bamboos ordinarily used for poling, and thus eased the *casco* a little. Her thick wooden sides were intended to stand hard knocks, but she had a seam the whole length of her, and every time she struck we expected she would split in two.

We pounded along that rocky shore for a quarter of a mile, and at last drifted into the entrance of a sheltered cove, where we anchored in quiet water, and then wondered how we had done it. The wind had now become terrific, and was blowing in the violent puffs which are characteristic of a typhoon.

It veered around suddenly, and the waves soon reached us, driving the *casco* ashore in the mud, and breaking clean over her. With some difficulty we managed to land, and were fortunate enough to find in a protected spot a native hut, which held together until the storm was over. We then rescued our drenched belongings, and proceeded on our way in a more manageable craft.

On arriving at Manila, we found that the storm had wrecked several vessels in the bay, and had flooded the streets of the city until it became necessary to go about in boats.

We little thought at this time that our work in Luzon was finished. On the contrary, we planned a long trip into the almost unexplored regions to the north. Two years later we were on the very point of starting, but were dissuaded by a Spaniard who had spent much of his life near the locality we proposed to visit. He told us that the season was most unfavourable, and it was finally decided that I should make the trip with Mateo, after Bourns had left for Borneo, at a time when the climatic conditions were likely to be at their best.

This would have made the North Luzon trip my final one, which was an advantage, as there were reasons for thinking that it would involve some hardships, and that a change of climate might be desirable after its conclusion.

Unfortunately, an attack of typhoid fever, for which I had neglected to make provision in forming my plans, forced me to leave the archipelago much sooner than I had intended. To my everlasting regret I was thus prevented from getting first-hand information concerning the strange tribes inhabiting North Luzon, many of which are hardly known even by name.

CHAPTER XIX

ROMBLON, TABLAS, AND SIBUYAN

On one of our voyages from Manila to Ilo Ilo, Bourns and I chanced to pass near Sibuyan, and our attention was attracted by a splendid mountain peak which rose from the centre of that island. We at once decided that if practicable we would at some future time return and visit what seemed likely to prove a profitable collecting ground.

Before we had been able to carry out this plan we sailed close to Tablas, and noted that it was covered with fine forest. Romblon, situated on an island of the same name lying between Sibuyan and Tablas, is a port of call for mail-steamers, and we were now more than ever convinced that it would be worth while to come to that place, and use it as a base of operations in reaching the points in Tablas and Sibuyan which we had selected as favourable for our purpose.

Just before the time came to make this trip, we decided to divide our party. Bourns was to take a Malay who had been in our employment for some time, finish up work that remained to be done in Tawi Tawi, and then cross to Borneo; while I made

the Tablas-Romblon-Sibuyan trip, and then collected in Masbate, Culion, Busuanga, North Luzon, and the Batanes and Babuyanes islands lying between Luzon and Formosa. Mateo was to remain with me. It was not without regret that we came to this decision, as it meant many lonely months for both of us; but there seemed no other way to cover the ground which remained in the time allowed us.

A few hours after Bourns had sailed, Mateo and I got off for Romblon. In due time we entered its tiny harbour, the deep waters of which are so completely landlocked as to afford a perfectly safe anchorage in the wildest typhoon.

The town is crowded into a little valley, and unable to find room for itself on level ground, straggles up the neighbouring hillsides. It has a fair supply of excellent water, piped to the public square from a fine spring. At the time of my visit it was a well-built and well-kept place. It is the capital of the province of Romblon, which includes not only that island, but Tablas, Sibuyan, and a number of small islets as well.

The majority of the inhabitants of the place are dependent, in one way or another, on a wealthy Spaniard, Sõr. Don Pedro Sanz, who occupies a handsome house close to the steamer landing. I was so fortunate as to have a letter of recommendation to this gentleman, but it happened that he was absent from home when we arrived.

I at once presented my credentials to the governor, who received me courteously, and promised to give me every assistance in his power. I then hired a house and got to work, or rather set Mateo to work, for I had contracted influenza in Manila, and was unable to get out much myself.

Although there is no very high ground in Romblon, the surface of the island is terribly broken, and the absence of roads makes it difficult to get from place to place unless one goes by sea. Except for two small patches, the forest has been entirely cleared away. There are numerous fine groves of cocoanut trees, however, and the dried meats of their nuts (copra) form the chief export of the island.

Sõr. Sanz, or Don Pedro as I soon learned to call him, returned at the end of the second day. I presented my letter and he received me most cordially, inviting me to dine with him that night. I spent a delightful evening, and when I left he urged me to come and live at his house; but I declined, on account of the nature of my work. He then said that in any event he should expect me to take my meals with him. I did not at first regard his invitation seriously, but the next day, at one, his son appeared at my house and informed me that the *comida* had been ready for an hour, and would continue to await my convenience! At night the same young man came early to escort me to dinner, and after receiving a special invitation to each meal for a couple

of days, it dawned on me that my kind host had meant exactly what he said.

He did everything in his power to assist me during my stay in Romblon, and it was almost with regret that I found my health sufficiently improved to allow of my crossing to Tablas.

Don Pedro had extensive interests both in that island and in Sibuyan. In fact, he was commonly spoken of as "the King of Sibuyan." It had become necessary for him to own a small steamer, in order to carry on his immense business to the best advantage, and he now insisted on getting up steam for my special benefit, and sending me to my destination in style. The monsoon was blowing strongly, and I was more than glad to be able to make the trip so comfortably and safely. We landed at the town of Badajoz, which was tolerably near the forest, and was supplied with water by a pure stream from the hills. It was but a small place, and cattle-raising seemed to be its chief industry.

I had hoped to be able to resume work in Tablas, but was forced to content myself with remaining in the house and helping to care for such specimens as Mateo brought in.

A week after my arrival I heard the whistle of a steamer, and on going down to the beach found that Don Pedro had sent his boat over on purpose to bring me my mail, which had reached Romblon after my departure. During our stay I tried in vain to get tidings of

a settlement of Negritos which formerly existed among the hills of the island. No one had seen anything of them for a number of years, and the general opinion was that they had all died.

In due time we returned to Romblon, preparatory to setting out for San Fernando, in Sibuyan. This time Don Pedro was not content with merely sending me on his steamer. Much of his own time was spent in the town which I was about to visit. He had a fine house there, which was then being occupied by his family. In fact, they remained there during a considerable portion of the year, as the location was extremely healthful. His son-in-law happened to be visiting them, and the house was full, but Don Pedro had rented another one for us, just across the street, and it was all ready for our occupation. He insisted on my taking my meals with him, as I had done in Romblon.

Unfortunately there was no forest within easy reach of San Fernando, the neighbouring hillsides having been cleared and planted with coffee or *abacá;* but my host was quite equal to the occasion. On the day after my arrival horses were brought around, and we rode over his extensive lands until I had selected just the spot I wanted, when he turned a shepherd out of his hut, and placed it at our disposal. We moved in at once, and every day or two our host rode over to visit us, bringing us meat or other supplies.

Sibuyan is a most interesting island, and is, in many

ways, different from any other which we visited. Cone-bearing trees grow at sea-level, a thing which I saw nowhere else in the archipelago. The great mountain Giting-Giting looks as if it might have been miraculously transported from the American Rockies. A little to the east of it is a tremendous cañon, with the soil and vegetation on its opposite sides strikingly different. From its mouth comes a river of pure cold water, said to rise in the crater of an extinct volcano. I was most anxious to follow this stream to its source and verify the story, but having just recovered my health, was not in good condition for so hard a trip, while Don Pedro urged me not to undertake it for another reason. The rains were beginning, and it seemed that at this season the river had a way of rising with astonishing swiftness. More than once people had been drowned at the crossing near my house by the sweeping down of a sudden flood while they were in mid-stream; and if I once entered the cañon there was danger that high water might imprison me there.

In the neighbouring forests dwelt some wild natives called Mangyans, although apparently in no way related to the Mindoro tribe which bear the same name. The men, whom I met on several occasions, wore shirt and pantaloons, and were armed with bows, arrows, and lances. They were a thievish set, and caused Don Pedro much annoyance by stealing his cattle. The women I never saw.

Negritos formerly existed in Sibuyan, but have long since disappeared.

It proved impracticable to work at any considerable height on Giting-Giting, as storms hardly ceased to rage about its summit during our stay. Fortunately the weather at sea-level continued fairly good, and we were successful with our collecting.

The people of San Fernando were all dependents of Don Pedro, and it was interesting to note the friendly relations which existed between master and servants. The kindly Spaniard knew by name every old grandmother and every tiny child that we met, and for each of them he had a pleasant word. He seemed to take a genuine interest in the petty affairs of his people, and they fairly worshipped him. Although his great estates were scattered over Tablas, Romblon, and Sibuyan, all of them were kept under his personal supervision. His native helpers were everywhere contented and prosperous, and the results accomplished during his thirty-nine years of residence in the Philippines served to show what might have been brought about in the colony at large had the conquering nation contained more men like him.

Every morning he called his sons and daughters together for study. A room was set apart for "school," and he himself served as teacher. I doubt if there was at that time another Spaniard in the Philippines who took enough interest in the education of his children to conduct it himself.

At the end of three weeks the refreshing breezes which swept down from Giting-Giting, the excellent food for which we had to thank Don Pedro, and especially the exhilarating baths in the chilly river had put us into excellent physical condition. We had secured a good set of lowland birds, and as work in the highlands was out of the question, we sailed for Romblon, stopping on the north coast of Sibuyan, where Don Pedro had yet another fine house and extensive plantations.

On reaching our destination, we found that the province had a new governor. Rather an interesting series of events had preceded the change in officials. I have elsewhere mentioned the fact that the Philippine natives are made to pay burdensome taxes. The total amount extorted from them annually is very large. What becomes of it? The correct answer to this question would make an interesting story, but unfortunately no one can furnish it. Certain it is that comparatively little of the whole sum is applied in the way it should be, while large amounts annually find their way into the pockets of provincial officials.

The Spanish government has long been in the habit of employing one set of officials to watch another. In actual practice this sometimes amounts to setting a thief to catch a thief, as will shortly appear. With a view to breaking up combinations, and preventing the government employés in any one province from pilfering too extensively, they are all kept forever on the

move. It is two years here, six months there, and twelve somewhere else. They are expected to steal more or less. That is what they are there for, in most instances, and they do not hesitate to admit it. Time and again I have heard them say of themselves, when discussing this matter, "We are a nation of thieves"; and if I may judge from what I myself saw, much might be said in support of this view of the case! If peculation becomes too extensive, however, so that the perquisites of those in high places are interfered with, an investigation is ordered.

The meek-looking little governor whom we had found in Romblon had shown more zeal than discretion in appropriating the public funds, and a *fiscal*, or censurer, had unexpectedly appeared to examine into the affairs of his province. The showing was a sorry one, and the delinquent was ordered to Manila. The *fiscal* who had investigated him was the governor of a neighbouring province. When his labours in Romblon were over, he returned to his home only to find another *fiscal* examining *his* record; and it proved that he was a bigger rascal than the man he had just condemned. So it always goes. Misappropriation of the public funds is by no means confined to officials in the provinces. Many of those in Manila find ways of bettering their financial status more rapidly than would be possible if they depended on their salaries alone. And herein lies one important cause of the

conditions existing in the Philippines to-day. Had the affairs of the provinces been honestly administered, there would now be roads, bridges, water-works, public schools, and many other things for the lack of which the colony has long suffered.

But from the beginning until now, the archipelago has served the horde of hungry Spanish officials as a plundering ground. The following account of conditions in the earlier days, translated by Foreman from the writings of Eusebio Mazorca, is interesting, especially since Mazorca was himself a Spaniard. He says: —

"The salary paid to the Chiefs of Provinces (governors) who enjoy the right of trade is more or less $300 per annum; and after deducting the amount paid for the trading right, which in some Provinces amounts to five-sixths of the whole — as in Pangasinan; and in others to the whole of the salary — as in Caraga; and discounting again the taxes, it is not possible to honestly conceive how the appointment can be so much sought after. There are candidates up to the grade of Brigadiers, who relinquish a $3000 salary to pursue their hopes and projects in Governorship.

"Each Chief of a Province is a real Sultan, and when he has terminated his administration, all that is talked of in the capital is the thousands of dollars clear gain which he made in his Government.

"The Governor receives payment of the tribute in rice paddy, which he credits to the native at two reales in silver per caban. Then he pays this sum into the Royal Treasury in money, and sells the rice paddy for private account at the current rate of six, eight, or more reales in silver per caban, and this simple operation brings him 200 to 300 per cent profit.

"Now quite recently the Interventor of Zamboanga is accused by the Governor of that place of having made some $15,000 to $16,000 solely by using false measures. . . . The same Interventor to whom

I refer, is said to have made a fortune or $50,000 to $60,000 whilst his salary as second official in the Audit Department is $540 per annum."

The Royal Order of 1844, forbidding governors to engage in trade under penalty of dismissal, has checked some abuses, but others have taken their place. Of the existing state of affairs Foreman says: —

"If the peculations by the Government employés from the highest circles downwards could be arrested, the inhabitants of this Colony would doubtless be several millions richer per annum. One is frequently hearing of officials leaving for Spain with sums far exceeding the total emoluments they have received during their term of office. Some provincial employés acquire a pernicious habit of annexing what is not theirs, by all manner of pretexts. To cite one of many instances: I knew a Governor of Negros Island who seldom saw a native pass the Government House with a good horse without begging it of him — thus, under fear of his avenging a refusal, his subjects furnished him little by little with a large stud, which he sold before he left, much to their disgust."

Unless General Weyler was grossly slandered by his own countrymen, his financiering was more strikingly successful than that of any other Governor-General of recent times. He was credited with having put by a sum running into the millions. His successor, Despujol, was an upright man. It is said that shortly after his arrival at Manila the head Chinaman of the city called on him, bringing a little present of ten thousand dollars in silver as a slight attention to the new official. He got his face slapped for his pains.

This occurrence shed some light on the methods of Despujol's predecessor.

It would be easy to multiply illustrations indefinitely, but those given will suffice. The whole financial administration is rotten from skin to core.

A little incident which occurred just before we left Romblon will perhaps serve as an indication of the way certain other matters are managed in the provinces. Fourteen pounds of gunpowder was stolen from one of my chests, and I had good reason for suspecting a Tagalog servant of the theft. I called on the governor and asked his advice in the matter. "Oh, bring him over," he said, "and we will torture him a little." I inquired what form of torture would be employed, and he said he thought a thumb-screw would prove effective! I decided to let the powder go, and contented myself with leaving the boy behind when I sailed for Manila.

I have thus far said little of the character of the civilized natives, and before taking up our experiences in the Calamianes Islands, where we were most of the time among semi-savage people, I wish to pass briefly in review the main characteristics of the partially Christianized islanders, whose number is, approximately, five millions, or quite half that of the total population.

The writers in our current literature, who lump the whole population of the Philippines as barbarians and savages, are grossly in error, and it may be worth while, in passing, briefly to summarize the facts.

The total population of the archipelago is not definitely known, as census returns are necessarily inaccurate, but it is usually estimated at from eight to ten millions. It is divided between more than eighty distinct tribes, which, for purposes of discussion, may be conveniently grouped as Negritos, Mohammedan Malays, pagan Malays, and civilized Malays.

The Negritos come at the bottom of the scale mentally, and there are good reasons for believing them to be incapable of civilization; but this fact is of little importance, as they are rapidly disappearing, and seem destined to speedy extinction.

I have elsewhere given in some detail my estimate of the Mohammedan Malays, or Moros. I consider it certain that the nation which would have any hope of getting on peaceably with them *must let their religion strictly alone;* certain, too, that for many years to come they must be held in check with a strong hand. General Arolas has inaugurated the only sane policy to pursue in dealing with them. Its main features are absolute justice, combined with relentless firmness. The preservation of order in Tawi Tawi, Sulu, Basilan, and certain parts of Mindanao will require the presence of a considerable body of troops for many years to come. It should be clearly borne in mind, however, that the territory occupied by the Moros in Mindanao is but a small part of its total area.

As for the pagan Malay tribes, their number is large,

and they differ widely in character. Many of them are admittedly harmless and docile. Others have a bad reputation which they do not really deserve, while others yet show dangerous hostility toward white men. Unfortunately, in not a few instances they have the best of reasons for their dislike; but fair treatment would in time go far toward overcoming it. It would be folly to deny, however, that there are some pagan tribes which are naturally warlike and intractable. So far as I know, they are confined to Mindanao and Luzon, and chiefly to the highlands of these islands.

One who reads Blumentritt's "Alphabetisches Verzeichniss der eingeborenen Stämme der Philippinen" and notes the number of tribes characterized as "kriegerische, blutdürstige Kopfjägerstämme," is likely to get an exaggerated idea of their importance. There is a not unnatural tendency to make them out worse than they really are, while the casual reader does not, perhaps, realize that many of them are numerically insignificant peoples, quite content to practise their peculiarly objectionable customs on their immediate neighbours, without molesting the inhabitants of the civilized districts.

It has been recently suggested that the best disposition to make of the warlike hill-tribes might be to convert them into soldiers, as has been done with similar peoples in India. Their natural propensities might then be utilized to the best advantage, and

abundant occupation might be found for them in the Moro country.

On the whole, it is, I think, fair to say that the only really important problem presented by the wild Malay tribes is that of their ultimate civilization — a problem which time alone can solve.

The important questions which intimately concern the future of the Philippines, result from the character of the five millions of civilized natives, and the conditions existing in the regions which they now inhabit. I trust that my readers have gained some idea of these conditions, but I have as yet said but little concerning the character of the people themselves.

They belong for the most part to three tribes, the Tagalogs, Ilocanos, and Visayans. Some attempt has been made to draw fine distinctions between the Tagalogs and Visayans, rather to the discredit of the latter people, but I confess that it seems to me a little far-fetched. Certainly it would be a great mistake to maintain that the Tagalogs of Mindoro were superior to the Visayans of Cebu. Some differences will inevitably be found between the inhabitants of different islands, or even of different parts of the same island, yet I think that the civilized natives show sufficient homogeneity to be treated as a class. I shall first consider certain of their characteristics which do not impress one favourably.

Foreman states that after years of faithful service, a trusted native employé will sometimes rob his master,

or commit some horrid crime against him, betraying him into the hands of brigands, for instance. This is doubtless true, but such occurrences are certainly far from common, nor, on the other hand, are they by any means confined to the Philippines.

The same author states that the native is refractory toward mental improvement. It is difficult to see on what ground a general statement of this sort can be based, for, as a rule, he has no opportunity to improve his mind. The great mass of the people have been deliberately kept in ignorance from the time of the Spanish discovery until now. Some of them are doubtless very stupid. On the whole, I believe that they are naturally fairly intelligent, and they are often most anxious for an opportunity to get some education. On a number of occasions we secured good servants who asked for nothing but food and an opportunity to pick up a little English or Spanish.

The civilized natives seldom voluntarily confess faults, and often lie most unconscionably to conceal some trivial shortcoming. In fact, they frequently lie without any excuse whatever, unless it be the æsthetic satisfaction derived from the exercise of their remarkable talent in this direction. When one of them is detected in a falsehood, he is simply chagrined that his performance was not more creditably carried out. He feels no sense of moral guilt, and cannot understand being punished for what is not, to his mind, an offence.

A servant of mine once sulked for days because I had beaten him for telling me a most inexcusable lie. Some time later, in attempting to carry me across a stream, he stubbed his toe and fell, pitching me into the water, and sadly demoralizing my spotless white suit. I treated the affair as a joke, but my laughter seemed to cause him more anxiety than reproaches would have done. He acted strangely all the evening, and when I was about to retire, presented me with a rattan and asked me *to give him his whipping then, as it made him nervous to wait*, and he wanted to have it over with! This serves to illustrate the well-known truth that a native will submit without a murmur to punishment for a fault which he recognizes as such. Too much kindness is very likely to spoil him, and he thinks more of a master who applies the rattan vigorously, when it is deserved, than of one who does not. On the other hand, he is quick to resent what he considers to be injustice, and is quite capable of biding his time until he can make his vengeance both swift and sure.

It is often said that he lacks originality. If this means that he has never made any extensive contributions toward the advancement of science, literature, or art, the charge must be admitted, — although the Tagalog race has developed one painter of merit, an author of no mean ability, and some wood-carvers who have done admirable work. But the average

native, situated as he is, could not be expected to make any advancement along such lines. Within his own sphere he is certainly ingenious, and ever ready with a remedy for any mishap which may occur.

He frequently shows himself irresponsible in financial affairs, spending money that he should save, and borrowing what he is not likely to be able to repay. On the other hand, he seldom repudiates his debts, and if called upon to meet them does his best. He has a curious prejudice against asking outright for a gift, preferring to call it a "loan." My men used even to ask me to "lend" them their wages when due.

It is very often charged that the civilized native is hopelessly indolent. Indolent he surely is, but whether hopelessly so is another question. And first let me say that I have never yet seen a white man who was disposed to exert himself unnecessarily in the Philippines. Had I found such a one, I should have considered him very foolish. No one can work there as he would in a temperate climate and live.

Nature has done so much for her children in these islands that they have no need to labour hard in order to supply their few and simple wants. There is no use in piling up money for the tax-gatherer or the village friar to make way with, and I am bound to say that under existing circumstances they do well to take life as comfortably as possible.

Their laziness might be remedied by increasing their

necessities. I do not mean that they should be loaded down with heavier taxes. They have a natural prejudice against paying something for nothing, which is about what taxation has amounted to with them in the past. If, however, they could be made to feel new wants of their own, they would work to satisfy them. In Siquijor, Bohol, and other islands, where hard natural conditions make it difficult to earn a livelihood, the people are noted for their industry, and are consequently in demand as labourers.

The civilized Philippino certainly has many good qualities to offset his bad traits. The traveller cannot fail to be impressed by his open-handed and cheerful hospitality. He will go to any amount of trouble, and often to no little expense, in order to accommodate some perfect stranger, who has not the slightest claim on him; and he never turns one of his own race from his door.

If cleanliness be next to godliness, he certainly has much to recommend him. Every village has its bath, if there is any chance for one, and men, women, and children patronize it liberally. Should the situation of a town be unfortunate in this particular, its people will carry water from a great distance if necessary, and in any event will keep clean.

Hardly less noticeable than the almost universal hospitality are the well-regulated homes and the happy family life which one soon finds to be the rule. Children are orderly, respectful, and obedient to their parents.

Wives are allowed an amount of liberty hardly equalled in any other Eastern country, and they seldom abuse it. More often than not they are the financiers of their families, and I have frequently been referred, by the head of a house, to "*mi mujer*" when I wished to make a bargain. Women have their share of the work to do, but it is a just share, and they perform it without question and without grumbling.

At vespers in the evening there is always a pretty scene. An instant hush comes over the busy village. In each house father, mother, and children fall on their knees before the image or picture of some saint, and repeat their prayers. The devotions over, each child kisses the hand of his father and his mother, at the same time wishing them good evening. He then makes an obeisance to each of his brothers and sisters, as well as to each guest who happens to be present, repeating his pleasant salutation with each funny bow. Host and hostess also greet one in the same way, and in remote places, where white men are a rarity, the little tots often kneel to kiss one's hand.

The civilized native is self-respecting and self-restrained to a remarkable degree. He is patient under misfortune, and forbearing under provocation. While it is stretching the truth to say that he never reveals anger, he certainly succeeds much better in controlling himself than does the average European. When he does give way to passion, however, he is as likely as not

to become for the moment a maniac, and to do some one a fatal injury.

He is a kind father and a dutiful son. His aged relatives are never left in want, but are brought to his home, and are welcome to share the best that it affords to the end of their days.

Among his fellows, he is genial and sociable. He loves to sing, dance, and make merry. He is a born musician, and considering the sort of instruments at his disposal, and especially the limited advantages which he has for perfecting himself in their use, his performances on them are often very remarkable.

He is naturally fearless, and admires nothing so much as bravery in others. Under good officers he makes an excellent soldier, and he is ready to fight to the death for his honour or his home.

I once saw a man in Culion who was seamed and gashed with horrible scars from head to foot. How any one could possibly survive such injuries as he had received I do not know. It seemed that his wife and children had been butchered by four Moros while he was absent. He returned just as the murderers were taking to their boat. Snatching a machete, he plunged into the water after them, clambered into their prau, and killed them all. When one remembers the sort of weapons that Moros carry, the thing seems incredible, but a whole village full of people vouched for the truth of the story.

With all their amiable qualities it is not to be denied that at present the civilized natives are utterly unfit for self-government. Their universal lack of education is in itself a difficulty that cannot be speedily overcome, and there is much truth in the statement of a priest who said of them that "in many things they are big children who must be treated like little ones."

Not having the gift of prophecy, I cannot say how far or how fast they might advance, under more favourable circumstances than those which have thus far surrounded them. They are naturally law-abiding and peace-loving, and would, I believe, appreciate and profit by just treatment.

In the four months which separate May 1, 1898, from the day when the manuscript for this volume leaves my hands, important events have crowded on each other's heels as never before in the history of the archipelago. Whatever may be the immediate outcome, it is safe to say that having learned something of his power, the civilized native will now be likely to take a hand in shaping his own future. I trust that opportunities which he has never enjoyed may be given to him. If not, may he win them for himself.

CHAPTER XX

CULION AND BUSUANGA

The province of Calamianes includes the numerous islands lying between the Mindoro Sea on the north, Mindoro and Panay on the east, the Sulu Sea on the south, and Palawan and the China Sea on the west. The capital of the province is at Cuyo, an island already described in Chapter III. The most important islands of the province are Culion and Busuanga. The Steere expedition did not attempt to work on them, but on our second trip through the archipelago Bourns and I stopped for a month at Culion.

The town of Culion lies on the northeast coast of the island. It stands on high ground, and is a very healthful place. Its people are, for the most part, dependents of two wealthy half-castes, who furnish them food, pay their taxes, and make them work from one year's end to the other to square the account. There are a couple of wretched Chinese shops in the place, but it has no market, and one cannot buy fruit, chickens, eggs, bread, or even fish. In short it is a "hungry town."

The most interesting thing about it is a well-preserved stone fort (see below), built in 1744 as a defence against the Moros. Although Mohammedan pirates are no longer to be feared, it is still of use; for expeditions of *tulisanes* from Mindoro often raid

THE OLD STONE FORT AT CULION

the villages of Culion and Busuanga. It will be noted that the church is built inside of the fort — a convenient arrangement should the inhabitants be besieged there on Sunday.

In 1889 the priest and headmen of Culion went to attend a feast in Busuanga, carelessly leaving the gate

of their stronghold unlocked. During their absence a band of *tulisanes* entered the place, walked into the fort, and carried off an iron box containing sixteen thousand dollars in silver belonging to one of the headmen.

As a result of this occurrence a garrison of nine soldiers under the command of a lieutenant was established, and at the time of our arrival this *teniente* and the friar constituted the white population of the island, while there was but one European in Busuanga.

Ten minutes after landing we met the *padre* and the following conversation ensued. "Good morning, Father." "Humph! Who are you?" "We are American naturalists, Father." "Humph! American naturalists! You can live in the *tribunal*." With that the man of God turned on his heel.

The *tribunal* proved a wretched place; so we did not avail ourselves of his kind permission, but rented a good board-house which happened to be vacant. It belonged to Capitan Doroteo Rodriguez, one of the wealthy half-castes previously mentioned; and we were most fortunate to get it, for the native huts of the place were wretched affairs.

When the *padre* found that we were not poverty-stricken, as he had at first imagined, he became very friendly, and called on us daily until he had exhausted our rather limited supply of brandy, and had smoked up all the cigars which we had provided for the enter-

tainment of guests. By that time he had decided that there must be money in bird-skins, and had evidently made up his mind to go into the business; for he sent word to us that he would like the "loan" of a good shotgun, with powder, shot, primers, wads, brass shells, arsenic, plaster of Paris, some cotton, and a set of bird-stuffing tools! These modest demands rather startled us, for we knew only too well what it would mean to lend him a gun. He was the autocrat of two big islands and several little ones, and was accustomed to choose his own time for returning things which he borrowed. We accordingly replied that we should be glad to furnish him arsenic, plaster, etc., but had neither guns nor ammunition to spare. From that day we were forced to number him among our enemies.

A son of Capitan Doroteo and the *teniente* at the fort proposed that we should accompany them into the interior on a deer hunt. They said that game was astonishingly abundant, and the *teniente* offered to furnish carriers. As we wanted skins and skeletons of the Culion deer for our collection, we gladly accepted the invitation, although we had no faith that the hunting would prove at all as it was represented.

Culion is a limestone island, without high mountains, but near the coast its surface is much broken by hills. The open country is covered with short grass, through which one can walk with comfort. On

the tops of many of the hills, and here and there on lower ground, are impenetrable bamboo thickets through which one cannot force his way without first using a machete to clear a path. Little true forest remains, but at the centre of the island there is an immense *cogonal*, occupying what may once have been the bed of a lake. This *cogonal*, and, for that matter, the whole region around it, swarmed with deer, and we also found there plenty of wild cattle and a herd of nine buffaloes.

Although we did not reach the hunting-ground until nearly dark, we killed four deer after our arrival. The towns in Culion and Busuanga are inhabited by civilized natives, but the remainder of each island is peopled for the most part by Tagbanuas. A number of them had their huts near the *cogonal*, and as they had fled in alarm at the firing, we had our choice of houses, and selecting the largest, proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. The next day we managed to overcome the fears of the timid natives, and as soon as the word spread that we had fresh deer meat on hand they came from far and near. One old fellow vowed that he knew where a big snake had its "house," and we arranged to visit the place with him. It proved that he had told the truth. In the hollow trunk of a fallen tree we captured a python measuring two inches longer than our Palawan specimen. It was coiled about an immense heap of eggs.

They had a leathery shell, and were about the size of a regulation base-ball. Each of them contained a fine, lively young snake. We counted them carefully, and found that there were eighty-nine.

The *teniente* and our *mestizo* companion remained with us until they had put up a good supply of dried deer meat, and then returned to town; but we stayed where we were until time to take our Manila steamer. During most of our stay I was laid up by trouble with one of my eyes, its sight failing suddenly and without apparent cause. On reaching Manila, I was condemned to spend ten days in a dark room, which effected a cure.

As we had found no forest worthy of the name in Culion, and had not visited Busuanga at all, we considered it best for one of us to return at some future time.

In December, 1892, I again arrived at Culion, accompanied by Mateo. I had three definite objects in view. The first was to visit the *cogonal* once more and secure the skin of a fine bull buffalo which I had seen there. The second was to get the Tagbanuas throughout both islands to hunt pythons for me. The third was to find forest, if there was such a thing in Busuanga, and make a good collection of birds.

The *padre* declared war on me at once, and forbade the *gobernadorcillo* to furnish me the men I needed for my projected expedition. However, I frightened that

unfortunate official into doing his duty, and having secured coolies, took them to my house for safe keeping over night, thinking that I had stolen a march on the friar. When I awoke in the morning not a man was to be seen. The *padre* had been busy while I slept.

I was now thoroughly aroused, and called on the *teniente*, the *gobernadorcillo*, and the *padre*, telling them that if men were not ready for me in thirty minutes I would hold them individually and collectively responsible, and would drop down to Cuyo on the next mail-steamer and lay the matter before the governor. This threat had the desired effect, and before the thirty minutes had expired I was on my way.

I speedily succeeded in the first of my objects, and having secured a fine buffalo skin, and examined all the "snake-houses" of Culion without finding any of their occupants at home, I returned to town and crossed to Bintuan in Busuanga. Here I was joined by Mariano, the oldest son of Capitan Doroteo, who remained with me during most of my sojourn in the island. He was on the best of terms with the Tagbanuas, spoke their language fluently, and proved invaluable to me as an interpreter.

We first made a rapid trip through Busuanga, leaving word everywhere that I wished to purchase big snakes, and would undertake to capture them myself, asking only to be shown where they were.

In the course of this trip I found excellent hunting-

ground for birds. There was a large house belonging to an *ex-gobernadorcillo* conveniently near it, and there I settled down, after sending to Culion for my heavy baggage. Whenever I heard of a python I went after it, and when snakes failed me I collected birds. Just at this time a very amusing incident occurred. In order to keep myself in reading matter I had arranged to have a number of magazines and papers sent me from home. Among the latter was "Judge." It will perhaps be remembered that this publication had a fondness for caricaturing President Cleveland, and especially for portraying him in the garb of a friar, with a tin halo supported by an upright from the back of his collar.

After reading my papers I used them for wrapping bird-skins, and when I was one day tearing up some old copies of "Judge" for this purpose I came across a particularly villainous full-page cartoon of our then chief magistrate, in the garb above described. He was represented in an attitude of devotion, with hands clasped, and *very large* tears rolling down his cheeks. The owner of the house begged for the picture, and I gave it to him, little suspecting the use to which he intended putting it. I was called away to catch a python, and when I returned, after an absence of a few days, was surprised to see the cartoon of Mr. Cleveland hanging at one end of the hut, in a neat bamboo frame. Even then I failed to appreciate the full beauty of the situa-

tion until six o'clock, when father, mother, and children fell on their knees before the preposterous thing, and offered to it their evening petitions! So far as I know, Mr. Cleveland is the first American president to have been canonized.

The Tagbanuas of Culion and Busuanga are an odd lot, and one of the strangest things about them is that they nearly all pay tribute, working in the jungles for the civilized natives, who buy *cedulas* for them which they never see, nor care to see. Imagine these poor barbarians, who are mortally afraid to come near a civilized town, toiling away to discharge their obligations to a government which does absolutely nothing for them! They are allowed to live their own life, quite undisturbed. On attempting to learn something of their customs and beliefs, I found them quite suspicious of my motives, but with the help of Mariano was able to calm their fears, and eventually to find out what I wanted to know.

Their ideas, as well as their practices, differ in many ways from those of their fellow-tribesmen in Palawan.

Their method of detecting a thief interested me greatly. If anything is stolen, all the persons who may possibly be guilty are summoned, and an "old man" gives each of them boiled rice to chew. At an order from him each person spits his mouthful on the ground in front of himself, and the old man feels of each quid in succession. The person whose rice is found to be

most moist is declared guilty. The old man determines the penalty, which may be a whipping or a fine.

Adultery is punishable in the same way, but never by death. Proof must be positive, and a witness must produce some bit of clothing or small article belonging to the accused. The Tagbanuas deny that they ever kill or wound each other as a punishment for crime.

Divorce from mere caprice is impossible, but it may be granted if either party to a marriage neglects the other. It is effected by a council of the elders of the two families. The individual at fault must pay a fine to the other.

Child-marriage seems to be less common than in Palawan. The marriage ceremony is quite a complicated affair. A proposal must come from the parents of a man to those of a woman, through the agency of an ambassador known as "the captain of the ship." If an offer is, for any reason, not acceptable, it may be refused with impunity.

If, however, the parents of the woman are favourably disposed toward the suitor, they set a day on which he may get his "toothpicks," which serve to indicate the amount of the dowry demanded for the bride. At the proper time the suitor goes to a place previously decided upon, and sends a messenger to the bride's house to ask, "Can the ship come to anchor?" The future bride sends a messenger to reply in the affirmative. A second message from the groom says, "We have an-

chored." The bride's family then send the "toothpicks" (*palitos*), each of which represents a dollar in value, and the suitor thus learns how much dowry is demanded for the bride. He beats down the price as much as possible, and a satisfactory arrangement is finally reached, after much sending back and forth of messengers.

When the necessary preparations have been concluded, the family of the groom go to the house of the bride's parents, where the two messengers indulge in a mock combat at the door. The groom's messenger always wins, and after the bloodless duel is over the "captain of the ship" goes up into the house between the two combatants, who now stand at the sides of the door. He carries with him something worth from fifty cents to a couple of dollars to pay the "*subida*."

The other guests follow the "captain," the family of the bride presenting to each of them a cigar or a cup of drink. No one must be omitted, or the marriage will be unlucky. The groom's family now pay the dowry to the bride's mother, who keeps it for herself.

Meanwhile, the bride has been waiting in a closed room. The door is now thrown open, and she is discovered, sitting with her back toward it. The bridegroom, conducted by the two messengers, enters and seats himself with his back against hers. The messengers then go out and close the door, after warning the couple not to move until it is again opened.

The father and mother of the bride, together with the messengers and some very old man, now take seats in the middle of the room where the guests are assembled, and eat and drink.

A dance follows, the groom's messenger indicating the men who are to take part, and the bride's messenger the women. No one may refuse.

After the dancing comes a feast, furnished by the bride. Dancing and feasting alternate with each other until the supply of food is exhausted. While the guests are eating for the second time, the messengers open the closed door, and bride and groom appear. They eat alone, to the accompaniment of music, and then dance together. This completes the ceremony, but the festivities usually last until the following morning.

Unlike the Mangyans, Tagbanuas care for their sick. They have doctors called "*babalyán*." The *babalyán* are persons who are supposed to have encountered in the forest a "man of the wood," said to be "like a human spirit, but small of stature." This mysterious being makes as though he would hurl his lance at the person who meets him, but if the latter shows no fear, gives him a pearl. The fortunate owner of such a pearl never allows any one else to see it, but when called to a sick-bed, looks at it himself. If it is dark and lustreless, he will not undertake the case; but if it is translucent, he prescribes what he considers to be the proper remedy. Crocodiles' teeth, filed to dust, are believed

to be potent in checking some diseases, and the gall of pythons is also highly esteemed.

A funeral among the Calamianes Tagbanuas is an elaborate affair. The corpse is dressed in good clothes, and relatives and friends are summoned. The family of the deceased person name a certain place, and ask if he wishes to be buried there. Then they lift the corpse. If it seems light, the answer is considered to be affirmative, but if heavy, they try again and again until some place has been hit upon which is satisfactory to the departed brother, when his corpse suddenly becomes light. It is carried to the chosen spot, even if very distant, and may be buried in the earth, in a cave, or placed on a rude platform in some tree.

All the belongings of the deceased, except such bare necessaries as may be needed by his immediate relatives, are left at the head of his grave.

The mourners return to his house, and when evening comes build a fire in front of it, waiting in silence until the wood is all consumed, and watching the dying embers. They say that they sometimes see their dead friend, sometimes only his footprints, in the ashes of the fire.

Five days later all again return to the house. A bamboo pole is set up in the middle of the floor, with rattans attached to its top, the whole affair somewhat resembling a May-pole. Each person sits down, grasping the end of one of the rattans, and all begin to chant

the "*bactal*," a strange and very lengthy song, which recounts the remarkable adventures of a mythical person named Dumarácol.

The *bactal* is handed down from generation to generation, and must have originated at a time when the ancestors of the Calamianes Tagbanuas were far more civilized than are the present representatives of the tribe; for in it reference is made to articles which those of this generation do not possess, and would not understand the use of.

The singing of the *bactal* is kept up on three successive nights, from dusk until daybreak. The singers stop occasionally to eat, and sometimes dance in order to keep themselves awake. The performance is repeated after the rice harvest, and even a third time if the relatives can afford to pay for the food necessary to keep the participants in good spirits.

A house where a death has occurred is always abandoned. The Tagbanuas refuse to tell their names to strangers, and change them after a severe illness or any other serious misfortune. Children may not mention the names of their elders, even in addressing them.

Good Tagbanuas go to a pleasant abode, concerning which I could learn nothing. The spirits of the dead may return to earth, those of the good appearing in the form of doves and helping the living in all sorts of undertakings. Bad spirits come as fire, or goats. They

are doomed to wander forever, sometimes on the earth, sometimes within it.

The gods of the Tagbanuas are the "*Dwéndi*," which have the form of men, live in caves, and are very powerful. They eat a peculiar food, which looks like boiled rice, but moves as if alive. The *Dwéndi* deceive men and children, and carry them away.

The *Majalók* are evil spirits, which devour the hearts and livers of very sick persons. They, too, have the form of men, but can fly through the air. They go about putting their ears to the ground, and listening for the sound of weeping, in order to learn where they can find food.

The rise and fall of the tide is caused by a large fish, which alternately swallows sea-water and throws it up.

The eclipse of the moon is due to the fact that a gigantic crab is attempting to eat it.

Tagbanuas who live on the beach are called Bulalacaoúnos. Bulalacao was a falling star, which dropped upon the beach and turned into a beautiful woman. A Tagbanua married her, and their descendants, who still live on the seashore, bear her name.

Animals talk, but the dove is the only one that they can understand. It was once a child. When its mother was pounding new rice for *panípig* (a sort of confection), it asked for some. Its request was refused, and in shame it ran behind the door, took *nipa* leaves, fashioned itself wings, and flitted to a neigh-

bouring tree, changing to a dove as it flew. This is why the dove is always asking for *panípig*.

All of the above tales rest on the authority of "the old men of former times."

My work in the Philippines was destined to be brought to an end in a wholly unexpected way. After being in excellent health for weeks, I was much disgusted to find myself growing weak and listless. In a few days I began to suffer a little from fever, but thought it only malaria, and was determined to fight it off. I kept on with my tramping, meanwhile using remedies which had never before failed to afford me relief. To my amazement they seemed to produce no effect whatever. The time soon came when, after dragging myself to the woods, I was unable to hunt, and came near failing to get back to the house. When I finally reached it, after lying down a score of times in the last half-mile, I realized that my hunting-days were over for a time.

Had I known then that I was down with typhoid fever, I might perhaps have saved myself suffering later by keeping quiet; but with no suspicion of the nature of my trouble, I still tried to fight it off, getting up every afternoon to help skin the birds which Mateo brought in. At last I could no longer raise myself from my hammock. The "civilized" natives of the vicinity, deciding that I was done for, began to steal my effects. My fever-thermometer went first;

various small objects followed suit, and finally my medicine chest disappeared bodily. It contained several drugs not intended to be taken in large doses, and I sincerely trust that the man who stole it practised on himself.

The loss of my medicines was the last straw, and I told Mateo that he must take me to Manila by a steamer which would soon leave Culion. Fortunately Mariano, who had been called home, returned just at this time, and the two of them got together a cooliegang, and landed me and what remained of the baggage safely in Culion. The journey was a perfect nightmare. I suffered torments from being jolted along in a hammock to the coast, and while crossing the strait in a sail-boat, was alternately roasted by a scorching sun and soaked with rain.

For five days I lay at the house of Capitan Doroteo, unable to sleep, and with only boiled rice and salt pork to eat. Then came the misery of being loaded on to the steamer. A rough voyage to Manila nearly finished me. On my arrival I was bundled into a carriage, and driven to a hotel where I had quarters reserved against my return, but I had come weeks ahead of time, and every room in the place was occupied. The proprietor kindly offered to accompany me and give me what help he could in finding accommodations; but I realized that I could not sit in that carriage much longer, and was about ready to give up

when I bethought myself of Don Felix Fanlo, a Spanish acquaintance who lived near by. He was a son-in-law of good old Don Pedro Sanz, and had often urged me to stop with him while in Manila. I ordered the coachman to drive to his door, and when he hurried out, asked him if he would give me a sleeping-mat on the floor and call a doctor.

Two minutes later I was lying on his bed, and there I continued to lie for a month, while he and his wife drove four miles out of the city every evening to their country place, in order to leave me their room.

In half an hour a skilled English physician was at my side. He looked me over, and asked me if I would like to see one of my countrymen, — the United States consul, for instance. His meaning was quite evident, but I did not take his view of the case and declined. A few minutes later Mr. Daland, the consul, appeared, saying that he had happened to be passing, and hearing that I was upstairs, had dropped in. Daland never was an accomplished liar. He would not have passed along that street in a year had he not been summoned, and if he had passed a dozen times would not have known that I was in the house. He stood by me through the long night that was to follow.

The effect of such a knocking-about as I had received on a man at the crisis of typhoid fever need not be dwelt upon. I can hardly regret the experience, for it served to teach me how much real kindness

there is in the world. Sõr. Fanlo, a Spaniard on whom I had no earthly claim, watched with me night after night, and treated me as if I had been his brother. He did everything for my comfort that kindness could dictate or ingenuity devise.

Mr. Daland I had barely known by sight. He, too, watched with me until the worst was over, and not a day passed that he did not drop in with a cheery word. His last query was always, "What can I *do?*" As soon as I was able to get out, his carriage was at my disposal.

Heretic though I was, kind-hearted old Padre Simó found time now and then to come over from the Jesuit college and make me a visit. Last but not least, another of my countrymen, Mr. Charles L. Smith, carried me off bodily to his own house near the English Club, as soon as I could be moved. Here I had bright, airy quarters, free from the heat and noise of the busy city, and my recovery became rapid.

Although I was now out of danger, my internal machinery did not run very smoothly, and when I asked my physician what he should think if I started on my long-planned North Luzon trip within a few weeks, he looked me squarely in the eye and quietly remarked that he should consider me insane.

I had some hope of proving him wrong, but when I attempted to walk about town a little I realized that I had taken my last tramp in the forest for some time

to come. My work was over, and since that was the case, I could not leave too quickly.

Mateo chose to remain behind. The faithful fellow had cared for me until he was worn out himself. He looked very solemn when the time came for me to sail. I had to cross three Cavite ferry-boats to board my launch, and he followed out to the last one, as if he had half a mind to go with me after all; but he finally comforted himself with the delusion that I would be back in a few years, in any case.

As I bade good-by to the friends who had made it possible for me to come safely through the most trying of all my experiences, words failed me to express what was in my heart, and I could only grip their hands. Daland was not to be found. He could stand anything but being thanked.

At ten o'clock that evening the lights of Manila sank into the bay as we steamed toward Corregidor, and when I awoke the next day nothing was visible save gray mist and the ever-restless waters of the China Sea. I had seen my last of the Philippine Islands and their people.

APPENDIX

NOTES ON THE NATURAL RESOURCES OF THE PHILIPPINES AND THE CONDITIONS GOVERNING THEIR DEVELOPMENT

Agricultural and Forest Products

At the present time agricultural and forest products constitute the most important source of wealth in the Philippines. The well-nigh inexhaustible richness of the soil, as well as the favourable climatic conditions, make it probable that this state of affairs will long continue. The success which has often attended the introduction of valuable plants in the past renders it presumptively likely that much might still be accomplished along this line; but taking conditions as they exist, the vegetable products of the Philippines are very important.

Areca Nut. — The areca palm, which produces the nuts so much used by the natives for chewing, grows abundantly throughout the colony. It is a graceful tree, and as it is frequently planted close to the native houses, it adds much to the picturesqueness of the villages. A tree produces from 200 to 800 nuts per year. The local demand for them is fairly good, and they are used somewhat in Europe for manufacturing a dentifrice.

Bamboo. — There are innumerable varieties of this valuable plant. They range from a quarter of an inch to fifteen or even eighteen inches in diameter, and from five to seventy feet in height. Bamboo is absolutely indispensable to the native. It furnishes him with frame, siding, and sometimes even roofing for his house, and from it he fashions rafts, outriggers for his boats, sledges, agricultural implements of many sorts, lance-heads, bows, bow-strings, arrows, spoons, forks, fish-

traps, water pipes and receptacles, cups, measures for fluids, fences, bridges, carrying poles, musical instruments, and what not.

A Tagbanua once boasted to me that, given a machete and a clump of bamboo, he could provide a good dinner. I laughed at him, whereupon he walked to the nearest clump of *caña*, split a dry joint and kindled a fire in the manner described on page 296, put water on to boil in a *green* joint, stewed some fresh young bamboo shoots in it, and then fashioned me a platter to hold the "greens," and a knife and fork with which to eat them.

Buyo is a trailing plant cultivated for its leaves, which the natives smear with lime, wrap about pieces of betel-nut, and chew. Fresh leaves are in constant demand, but sell at a low price.

Cacao. — The cacao tree (*Theobroma cacao*) was imported from Mexico early in the seventeenth century. It flourishes in the Philippines, producing "beans" from which an excellent chocolate is obtained. It is said to grow best between 11° and 12° north latitude. The rich seeds are borne in large, red, fleshy pods. Bushes are raised from the bean, and bear the fourth year, reaching maturity two years later, by which time they have attained a height of about ten feet. The beans find ready sale, as the home consumption is considerable. Profits would be large were the crop certain, but unfortunately a violent wind just before the fruit ripens will throw most of it down, while rats and insects cause some damage to it.

Castor Oil. — The castor oil bean (*Ricinus communis*) grows wild on many of the islands, and its oil is extracted in a small way for the local trade. It is not an article of export.

Cinnamon of inferior quality is abundant in Mindanao.

Cocoanut palms flourish throughout the Philippines, often growing in soil too poor to produce anything else. Trees come to bearing in six or seven years, and yield on an average twenty nuts per month. The ripe fruit is made into large rafts and floated to market whenever possible; but when waterways are lacking, it must be hauled on buffalo-sledges with high sides. There is a steady local demand for the oil, which is the illuminant almost invariably used by the natives, and is sometimes employed in place of lard for cooking purposes.

The dried meats (copra) are exported in considerable quantity, going chiefly to Europe, where they are used in soap-making. In 1897 the total shipments reached 801,437 pounds.

Tuba, a mild alcoholic drink highly appreciated by the natives, is obtained by tapping the blossom-stalk. (See page 225.) The husks and hard shells of the nuts are put to many different uses.

The water contained in immature fruits makes a delicious and very healthful beverage.

Coffee of excellent quality is readily grown in the Philippines. The bushes come to bearing in their fourth year. They grow best at a considerable elevation, where the temperature does not average above 70 F. The bushes, which must have shade and moisture, yield but one crop of berries annually. These are picked from the trees by hand, heaped up in piles for a few days, and then washed to get rid of the pulp. The price of coffee at Manila varies greatly from year to year. Recently the extensive plantations near Batangas, in Luzon, have been nearly ruined by a wood-borer.

Cogon is a tall grass which grows plentifully in dry localities where *nipa* is not to be had. In such places it is used for thatch, while its coarse stems sometimes serve the natives in lieu of fire-wood. At the close of the dry season the *cogonales* are often burned over, and the young shoots which spring up with the first rains make good fodder for cattle.

Cotton. — A species of tree-cotton grows wild on many of the islands. The fibre is too short to be of value for weaving, but it is used for stuffing pillows and the like. Before ripening its pods the tree sheds all its leaves.

Long-staple cotton was at one time successfully raised in Ilocos Norte, but its cultivation was discouraged by the authorities, who preferred to have the natives grow tobacco.

Dammar. — There are extensive deposits of this valuable gum in Palawan and Mindanao. They have never been systematically worked, although the Palawan deposits are near the coast. Yearly exports vary from 200 to 500 tons.

Gabi is a plant with a turnip-like root, and leaves two or three feet high. The root is used by the natives for food, but it is sorry stuff.

Gutta-percha of good quality is abundant in certain localities. It is hardly known as a Philippine export, as the two or three men who have dealt in it have kept their knowledge to themselves so far as practicable. It is especially plentiful in Mindanao.

Manila hemp, known in the Philippines as *abacá*, is the fibre of a wild plantain (*Musa textilis*). Its plants so closely resemble those of the edible banana that only an expert can distinguish them. *Abacá* will not live on swampy land, yet requires considerable moisture, so must be shaded by trees which can resist the sun. The best plants are grown at a moderate elevation, on hillsides from which only the smaller forest trees have been cut.

The slender stem of the plant is enveloped by overlapping half-round petioles, which produce the fibre. In order to extract it, the plant is cut and the leaf-stems are separated, and allowed to wilt for a short time. Each is then drawn between a block of wood and a knife, hinged to the block and provided with a lever and treadle, so that it can be firmly held down on the stem. By this means the pulp is scraped from the fibre, which is wound around a stick as fast as it is drawn from under the knife.

It is next spread in the sun for at least five hours, to dry, when it can be immediately baled. Most of the hemp-presses are run by man-power, and the regulation weight of a bale is 240 pounds.

Abacá is usually propagated by transplanting the suckers which spring from its roots. It reaches maturity in three years from these cuttings, and in four years from seed. It should be cut when it flowers, as fruiting weakens the fibre. There are no insect pests which injure the growing plants to any extent.

It is necessary to employ native labourers, and they must be closely watched, as they are inclined to allow the petioles to rot, and to use serrated knives in drawing the fibre, thus decreasing the labour of extracting it, but sacrificing its strength.

The only attempt to grow *abacá*, outside of the Philippines, which has met with any success is one recently made in North Borneo, and the fibre continues to be the most important export of the Philippines. The average number of bales for the years 1888 to 1897 was 651,897, but the

output has been steadily increasing, and in 1897 reached 825,028 bales. The best *abacá* thus far grown has been raised in Leyte, Marinduque, and the districts of Sorsogon and Gubat in Luzon.

About thirty per cent of the fibre is wasted by the present method of extraction, and a fortune undoubtedly awaits the man ingenious enough to devise a suitable labour-saving machine to take the place of the simple device at present used for drawing it. Numerous attempts to meet this want have been made in the past, but the various contrivances have all failed, through either breaking the fibre or discolouring it. To be of practical value, a machine must be light enough to be readily carried about by a few men.

Under existing conditions *abacá* plantations are estimated to yield, under careful management, an annual return of thirty per cent on the sum invested.

Maize is raised as a staple food article in some of the central and southern districts, especially in Cebu. On good land it yields about two hundred fold, and two crops can be grown in a year. The demand for it is quite limited, as many of the natives will not eat it.

Nipa. — The *nipa* palm (*Nipa frutilans*) grows in swampy places, especially in those reached by the sea at high tide. Its leaves are very extensively used for thatching and siding houses. An alcoholic drink is obtained by tapping its fruit-stalk and fermenting the juice which flows from the cut. In the vicinity of Capiz, large quantities of strong alcohol, of excellent quality, are distilled from *nipa* sap.

Palma brava is a species of palm much valued on account of the hardness of the outer wood of its trunk, which will resist the action of water indefinitely. The stems are used for building piers. Often their soft inner fibre is removed, making hollow tubes of large size, admirably suited for piping water.

Potatoes are grown in Cebu, Negros, and Luzon. Those thus far produced are very small. There is good demand for them, and the price is high. It would be worth while to experiment with this crop on high land.

Rattan is very abundant, and like bamboo is put to a thousand uses. Its stems, of uniform diameter, grow to enormous length and are very

strong. They are used in place of ropes and cables, or are split and employed for tying together the parts of house-frames, canoes, fences, carts, sledges, and agricultural implements, as well as for binding hemp-bales, sugar-sacks, and the like. Split rattan is also used in bed-making and chair-seating. The demand for it is steady, and many natives earn a living by cutting, splitting, and marketing it.

Rice is the staple food of the common people, and they are quite successful in raising it. In former years considerable quantities of it were exported to China, but at present the crop is insufficient for the home consumption.

There are more than twenty different kinds of paddy. They may be roughly divided into two classes, the lowland rice (*macan*) and the highland rice (*paga*). The former grows on alluvial soil under water. The fields where it is raised are divided into small plots, surrounded by mud banks for the better control of the water-supply. The grain is sown on a seeding plot to sprout, and when it has reached proper height is transplanted to the flooded fields. As a rule, but one crop per year is obtained, the yield varying from fifty to a hundred fold.

The *paga* is of inferior quality, but grows without irrigation. It yields about half as much as the *macan*, but two or three crops can be raised in a year.

The methods used in rice culture and harvest are of the crudest. The ground is prepared for *macan* by flooding it and working it with muck-rakes drawn by *carabaos*. The young rice-shoots are stuck in by hand. The ripe heads of grain are often cut one at a time, with a small knife-blade, though sickles are sometimes used. Threshing is usually accomplished under the feet of women or cattle, more rarely by means of wooden flails. The grain is freed from the husk by pounding in a wooden mortar (*pilon*) and flat baskets are used for winnowing. (See page 360.) Very rarely one finds simple home-made machinery for pounding or winnowing, but there is nothing of the sort in general use.

The market price for cleaned rice varies with locality and season. It cost us from two dollars to four dollars and a half per *caban*.

Sugar comes next to *abacá* in its importance as an export. The

value of land suited to raising it varies with the facilities for drainage and the distance from market. Partially exhausted land near Manila brings as much as $115 per acre, while Luzon land producing a third more sugar, but at a distance from the capital or any other good port, sells at $30. Railways would level values and open up much new country.

Negros has the best sugar land in the colony, and only about half of it is under cultivation. In this island good uncleared land sells for $50 per acre and cleared land for $75.

Otaheiti cane is planted in Luzon, and Java cane in the southern islands.

Nearly all the Negros grinding-mills are of European make. Antiquated wooden or stone crushers, run by buffalo-power, are extensively used in the other sugar-producing districts.

The Philippine estates are usually small, and not more than a dozen of them produce more than 1000 tons each per annum. Transportation to the coast is by buffalo-cart or water. Negros has no port which will admit large vessels, and sugar must be shipped to Ilo Ilo in small steamers or schooners.

In the northern Philippines the syrup from the boiling-pans is poured into porous earthen pots holding about 150 pounds each, and is then allowed to drain. The molasses, which is caught in jars, is sold to distilleries for making alcohol.

In Negros the method is different. The syrup is boiled longer, and is finally poured into large wooden troughs and stirred with shovels until it cools, forming a dry sugar which is ready to pack into bags at once. The so-called "clayed sugar," produced by the method first described, must be broken up and sun-dried before it can be shipped.

In 1888 exports reached their maximum, with 408,722,161 pounds. Since that time they have fallen off, owing to the increased production of beet-sugar and the consequent depreciation in the price of that obtained from cane.

Tobacco was introduced into the Philippines from Mexico in the early days of the colony. During the first two centuries of Spanish rule little attention was paid to its cultivation, but in 1781 the Luzon

crop was formally declared a government monopoly. The natives were compelled to raise it against their will, and outrageous abuses arose. Rioting often resulted, and finally, on December 31, 1882, the whole disgraceful business was brought to an end by the removal of the obnoxious regulations and restrictions.

Although the best Philippine tobacco is not considered equal to the cream of the Cuban crop, it is nevertheless excellent. Thus far comparatively little systematic effort has been made to improve its quality. There is no question that the quantity of the crop might be greatly increased and its quality bettered by more careful growing and curing.

Until now the best results have been obtained in North Luzon, although tobacco is grown, to a limited extent, in Panay, Negros, Cebu, and Mindanao.

One manufacturing concern in Manila employs 10,000 operatives. In 1897 the leaf-tobacco exported reached 801,437 pounds, while the cigars numbered 156,916,000. It should be remembered, too, that the home consumption is very large.

Woods

There is an enormous amount of valuable timber in the archipelago. I have seen a collection of a hundred and six different woods from the island of Mindoro. Four of these would sink in water. Of hard woods alone, more than fifty species are known. Many of them are very valuable for house or ship-building. Many, also, owing to their hardness and capacity for taking a beautiful polish, would produce very elegant effects if used for inside finish and cabinet work. I have seen fine ebony in considerable quantities.

A volume might well be written about the woods alone, and I must refer readers who care to follow the matter further to Foreman's "The Philippine Islands," pages 367–373, where a detailed description of some thirty valuable species will be found.

Senseless government restrictions have thus far prevented the realizing of the large sums which ought to be made on timber in

the Philippines. Persons thinking of engaging in this line of business should remember that specially constructed vessels are required for the satisfactory loading of long logs, and that many of the woods are so hard that ordinary circular saws will not cut them.

Yams or sweet potatoes (*Convolvulus batatus*) are much used by the natives for food. They are easily raised, and require almost no care.

Animals and Animal Products

Mammals

In comparison with Borneo the Philippines are remarkable for the scantiness of their indigenous mammalian fauna. Some wild species, however, occur which are worthy of mention, while the various domesticated mammals should be described.

Bats. — Large fruit-bats occur in enormous colonies. Their fur has some commercial value, and the natives occasionally eat them.

Smaller insectivorous bats are numerous, and some of the bat-caves contain extensive deposits of guano, which, so far as I know, have never been worked.

Buffaloes. — Wild *carabaos*, or water-buffaloes, are abundant in parts of Mindoro, Luzon, Negros, and Mindanao, and they occur in Masbate and Culion. They are often caught young and tamed. The Culion natives stalk them on moonlight nights, creeping up behind tame animals which have been trained for this purpose. When close to their game they spring out and hamstring it, with two blows from a machete. It is a dangerous sport, for should either stroke fail, the hunter is likely to pay for his lack of skill with his life.

Tame *carabaos* are almost universally employed for beasts of burden. When six years old they sell at from $10.00 to $30.00 each, according to the urgency of the local demand.

The *carabao* is very dependent on his daily mud-bath, and will seldom work without it for more than a couple of hours during the heat of the day. He is most unconscionably slow at the best, and his strength and endurance are not what one would expect from an animal

of such huge bulk. He is usually docile enough, when only natives are around him, although I have known one to attack and kill his master. In the more secluded native villages he hates the very smell of a white man, and I have stampeded half the buffaloes in a place by simply walking along its main street.

Buffalo meat is valued as an article of food by the natives, but it is tough and rather tasteless.

Cattle are extensively raised for beef on some of the islands. They are of a small humped variety. In the Visayan islands bullocks are often used as draught animals. Milk is always both scarce and dear, while fresh butter and cheese are not to be had at any price.

Cattle have run wild on several islands, but have not become very numerous in any of the localities which we visited.

Carnivorous Animals. — There are no large carnivores in the Philippines. A small wild-cat, two species of civet-cats, and the *binturong* are the most conspicuous representatives of the order. The Philippine house-cats all have a curious fish-hook crook in the ends of their tails.

Deer. — There are several species in the archipelago. In some localities they are sufficiently numerous to furnish a considerable addition to the meat supply.

Goats are common, and are prized both for their milk and their flesh.

Hogs. — Wild hogs are very abundant in many of the islands, notably so in Tawi Tawi. Domesticated hogs are kept in every native village, and closely resemble their wild brethren, with whom they frequently cross.

Horses. — The Philippine pony is said to have originated from the Andalusian horse. He is small, but well-formed, sure-footed, and remarkably tough. He makes an excellent saddle-horse. A pair of ponies will handle a carriage nicely, but they are not strong enough to haul heavy loads.

The large European and Australian horses do not stand the climate.

Timarau. — The *timarau* is a curious little forest-inhabiting buffalo, apparently closely allied to the Anoa of Celebes. The species is con-

fined to the island of Mindoro, where it lives in the densest jungles. It voluntarily attacks and kills the much larger *carabao*. If trapped, it will usually kill itself in trying to escape, and in any event will refuse to eat. It is said that its young calves, when captured and put to suck to a tame buffalo, will not only refuse to eat, but will attempt to attack their foster-mother. Although the *timarau* is abundant in Mindoro, it is seldom killed, on account of its wildness and pugnacity. Its flesh is good eating.

Birds

The Philippines are very rich in birds, of which some five hundred and ninety species are known. There are many rare and elegant forms among them, but Foreman is wholly in error when he states that birds-of-paradise and humming-birds occur in the archipelago.

The jungle-fowl (*Gallus bankiva*) is common. It is frequently snared by the natives, and is eaten or domesticated according to the tastes and necessities of its captors.

Large hornbills and fruit-pigeons form welcome additions to the food-supply of the traveller who carries a strong-shooting gun, while snipe are abundant in the rice-fields, and curlew and other waders flock along the beaches during the winter months.

One species of swift is of considerable commercial importance, for its nests are much prized by the Chinese as an article of food, and when perfectly clean sometimes bring more than their weight in gold. They are found, at the proper season, in caves or on the faces of inaccessible cliffs, and the gathering of them is attended with considerable risk. They are made from a salivary secretion which rapidly hardens on exposure to the air into a substance resembling white glue in appearance. The best nests contain no foreign material whatever, but after being repeatedly robbed the birds grow discouraged, or their supply of secretion begins to give out, and they supplement it with bits of grass and moss.

The best nests are taken on the Peñon de Coron, a very precipitous island at the mouth of the strait which separates Culion and Busuanga. Fairly good ones may be had in Guimaras, Siquijor, and Palawan.

Reptiles

Crocodiles are abundant in the fresh-water lakes and streams, where they sometimes attain to enormous size. Ordinarily the natives show little fear of them, but they say that if one tastes human flesh he is thereafter content with nothing else. Man-eating crocodiles cause considerable loss of life in some parts of Mindanao, and the creatures destroy a good deal of live stock in other parts of the colony, pulling horses, cattle, and young buffaloes into the water when they come down to drink.

Snakes are abundant, and some of the species are very venomous. There are cobras in Samar, Mindanao, and the Calamianes Islands. The loss of life from snake-bite is not great, in any of the islands which we visited, but I was informed that it is very serious in the island of Lubang, north of Mindoro.

Pythons of small size are very common. In fact, they are sold about the larger towns, to be kept in houses on account of their rat-catching proclivities. Very large specimens are comparatively rare, owing probably to the scarcity of suitable food for them. They usually content themselves with monkeys, hogs, and deer, but I have definitely known of their attacking men.

Fishes

Marine fish occur in great variety and enormous abundance. They form the staple animal food of the natives. Fresh-water fish are less important. One curious species appears annually in the flooded rice-fields, disappearing completely when the fields dry up. No one seems to know what becomes of it.

Mollusks

Many varieties of "shell-fish" are eaten by the natives. Some of the edible species are quite palatable.

Near Sulu there are extensive beds of pearl-oysters which yield beautiful shells and very fine pearls as well. At present the fisheries are entirely in the hands of Moro divers, and all pearls above a certain size go, by right, to the Sultan of Sulu. The smaller ones, as well as the shells, are sold to Chinese buyers.

From another oyster, handsome black pearls are sometimes obtained. Systematic dredging in these waters could hardly fail to result profitably, but it is impracticable under the present administration, and in any event the boat that undertook it would need to carry a Gatling-gun or two.

From another oyster are obtained the thin squares of "concha" used in place of window-glass.

The pearly nautilus is very abundant in the Tañon channel, and its shells are used for drinking-cups by the natives of the adjacent coasts.

Insects

Pests of locusts occur every few years. The creatures alight in countless millions on the growing crops, and devastate them in an incredibly short time. They can sometimes be started up, or prevented from lighting, by the firing of guns, or the making of other loud noises. Fried locusts are considered a delicacy by the natives of certain regions.

A large beetle, found in pools of stagnant water, is also eaten, and good specimens often bring ten cents each. I have already mentioned the fact that the Mangyans are very fond of a huge white grub which bores in the stem of the sago palm. A number of other insects or larvæ are eaten by natives upon occasion.

Three species of bees occur. The Italian honey bee, as well as a non-stinging species, nests in hollow trees; while a huge, dark-coloured kind builds its great combs on the under sides of branches, alighting on them in such a way as to completely "shingle" them during bad weather. The honey and "grubs" are greedily devoured by the natives, while the wax brings a good price on account of the demand for candles, created by the numerous religious ceremonies in which they are used.

Two species of insects cause damage to the rice crop. One blasts the flowers, while the other eats through the stalk, causing the heads to droop and wither.

In recent times perhaps the most destructive of all insect pests has been a larve which bores in the stems of coffee bushes. It has ruined whole plantations.

Echinoderms

The number of species is very large, but the only forms of any commercial importance are a few kinds of "sea-cucumbers" which are made into *balate* by cooking, drying, and smoking, and are then sold to the Chinese.

Climate

I have already expressed my views on this subject, but for convenience of reference insert the following table, compiled by Professor H. A. Hazen, of the United States Weather Bureau, from the records of the Jesuit observatory at Manila.

	January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.	Annual.
Temperature (degrees F.):													
Mean monthly	77	78	81	83	84	82	81	81	81	80	79	77	80
Warmest month	79	81	82	85	87	85	82	82	82	82	81	80	82
Coolest month	74	76	79	81	82	81	79	80	79	79	77	75	79
Highest	91	96	96	99	100	98	95	94	94	95	94	92	100
Lowest	60	61	65	66	71	70	70	69	71	69	63	60	60
Humidity:													
Relative, per cent	77	73	71	70	75	80	84	84	85	82	80	80	78
Absolute, grains per cubic foot	7.75	7.60	7.90	8.42	9.27	9.39	9.33	9.53	9.33	9.24	8.59	8.06	8.75
Wind movement in miles:													
Daily mean	98	115	132	145	144	138	182	165	192	111	94	93	134
Greatest daily	152	187	220	229	236	361	267	264	282	196	164	153	204
Least daily	66	72	82	92	68	96	110	79	69	48	67	59	95
Prevailing wind direction	n.e.	e.	e.	s.e.	s.e.	s.e.	s.w.	s.w.	s.w.	n.e.	n.e.	n.e.	...
Cloudiness, per cent	45	37	35	32	47	65	74	68	72	58	54	53	53
Days with rain	4.3	2.2	3.4	3.5	9.2	15.4	22.1	19.8	20.7	14.4	11.3	8.4	135
Rainfall in inches:													
Mean monthly	1.15	0.47	0.65	1.11	4.30	9.68	14.70	13.88	15.01	7.47	4.92	2.09	75.43
Greatest monthly	7.59	1.97	3.94	5.37	10.11	25.81	29.71	43.20	61.43	23.65	15.27	13.67	120.98
Least monthly	0.02	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.98	5.28	5.15	2.00	0.90	1.17	0.01	35.65

Rainfall record for 32 years, 1865–1896; remaining data for 17 years, 1880–1896.

Labour

The labour problem is a serious one. There is little trouble in getting a limited number of fairly good workmen, but when it comes

to conducting any enterprise necessitating the employment of men in large numbers, difficulty is sure to be encountered.

Wages are low, running from four to eight dollars per month, but one is often compelled to seek labourers at a distance, and to make them heavy advances against salary account. Should they desert before working out the debt, there is, under existing conditions, no legal redress.

It is often necessary to sub-let parts of large estates to natives who work for a percentage of the crop raised, but they improvidently spend their wages as soon as earned, or sooner, and have nothing left to live upon. It is therefore necessary to loan them money on the security of a crop not yet harvested, perhaps not even planted; and should it fail, one is left out of pocket. Considerable losses from this and similar causes are inevitable.

At the best, the native is an intermittent worker. He is indisposed to exert himself unnecessarily, and is apt to relapse suddenly into idleness when he has accumulated a small sum in cash. It is to his dislike for steady, systematic labour that the failure of so many mining enterprises has been due.

Manufactures

Cigars are the only manufactured article exported in any quantity. In fact, outside of the products of the tobacco factories, the Philippines can hardly be said to have any manufactures worthy of mention, although fabrics of several sorts are woven on simple hand looms. Ilocos province has a reputation for its woollen and dyed cotton stuffs, while in several provinces an exquisite fabric called *piña* is made from a fibre obtained from pineapple leaves. It is often beautifully embroidered by the native women.

Husi is a coarser cloth, composed of mixed *abacá* and *piña* fibres. A very coarse cloth is also made from unmixed *abacá*. It is used for rough garments, sails, and the like.

In some parts of Luzon straw matting, and hats of split bamboo, are quite extensively manufactured.

Wood-carving and furniture-making are practised at Paete on the

Laguna de Bay. At other points are made wooden clogs, and leather shoes, *petates* or sleeping mats, *bayones* or grass-bags, alcohol, leather, candles, soap, and other comparatively unimportant articles needed for home use.

There are some magnificent water-powers in the northern islands, and the day will doubtless come when the manufactures of the archipelago will be much more important than at present.

Telegraphic Communication

A cable extends from Hong-Kong to Cape Bolinao, from which point there is an overland line to Manila. All the more important towns of Luzon are also in telegraphic communication with the capital. In 1893 a line connecting Ilo Ilo and Capiz, in Panay, was in process of construction.

Transportation

There is but one railway in the islands. It extends from Manila to Dagupan, a distance of about 120 miles. Elsewhere transportation must be by water, by carts or sledges usually drawn by buffaloes, but sometimes by bullocks, or finally by coolies. The last method is often the only practicable one. This lack of any adequate means of overland transportation has contributed as much as any one cause toward retarding the commercial development of the colony.

There is fairly regular communication between the more important islands by means of steamship lines, but freights are high. I have paid twice as much on a shipment from Calapan to Manila, a distance of 120 miles, as it cost me on the same packages from Manila to New York.

Mineral Wealth

No serious and systematic effort has ever been made to develop the great mineral wealth of the Philippines. There have been spasmodic attempts at different times, but they have almost invariably resulted in failure, owing to insufficient means of transportation, to difficulty in securing labour, and especially to lack of capital. Within

the past few years a British company, "The Philippines Mineral Syndicate, Limited," has been conducting systematic explorations, and some new data have consequently been made available.

Coal. — True coal has not been discovered in the Philippines, but very extensive beds of excellent lignite have been found in Luzon, Cebu, Masbate, and Mindoro. Experimental tests have shown it to be a fairly satisfactory fuel for steamers, and nothing save the complete lack of suitable means of transportation prevents the development of these deposits. Systematic exploration would doubtless lead to the discovery of true coal.

Copper ore occurs in Luzon and Mindanao, but it has not been successfully mined by Europeans.

Galena. — Veins of galena containing a good percentage of gold and silver have been found both in Luzon and Cebu.

Gold has long been known to exist in the Philippines, and in fact was mined by the natives long before the Spanish discovery. They still continue to dig it in a haphazard way, using the rudest and most wasteful methods. They know nothing of amalgamation, nor do they understand the value of pyritic ores. They have neither powder nor dynamite, and work only rich quartz and alluvial deposits. For the latter they use wash-boards and flat wooden bowls, losing all the float-gold. The gold-bearing quartz is crushed by hand, or ground between heavy stones turned by buffaloes, and is then washed.

Their shafts are bailed by lines of workmen who pass small water-buckets from man to man. Even so they obtain the precious metal in considerable quantities.

The operations of the syndicate above referred to have proved the alluvial deposits in Luzon to be extensive as well as rich, while the auriferous formation from which they have been derived is believed to extend throughout the "backbone" of the island. The mountain peoples nearly all traffic in gold.

Valuable deposits have been found in several other islands of the group. There are old alluvial workings in Cebu and Mindanao, while the latter island certainly has rich gold-bearing quartz. On Panaon there is at least one vein of auriferous quartz.

The name of Mindoro is said to be derived from *mina de oro* (gold mine), and while we were in the interior of that island the natives were always offering to take us to places which shone with "oro" so brightly as to dazzle one!

Many of the deposits on the Pacific slopes of Luzon are very near the sea, and indications are that if modern machinery were introduced, and transportation lines opened, the Philippines might become a great gold-producing centre.

Gypsum. — There are deposits on a small island opposite the village of Culasi in western Panay, and also in Mindoro.

Hot baths, the waters of which have valuable curative properties, occur at several points.

Iron ore of excellent quality, yielding up to 85% of pure metal, exists in Luzon, but thus far it has proved cheaper to import iron than to mine it.

Marble. — There are large beds of good marble both in Romblon and Luzon.

Paint Mines. — Mines of natural paint, probably red-lead, are found in Mindoro.

Petroleum. — During our stay with Mr. Pickford, near Toledo, in western Cebu, a free-flowing petroleum well was opened on his estate.

Sulphur is to be had in unlimited quantities about the volcanoes. It is sometimes pure, sometimes mixed with copper, iron, or arsenic.

ADDENDUM

SINCE the first edition of this book was published my attention has been called to the desirability of a fuller statement of our experience with the prescription mentioned on page 251. As given by Hornaday it reads: —

Sulph. Quin.	1 ʒ
Liq. Strych.	1 ʒ
Cardam. Tinct. Comp.	4 ʒ
Acid Sulph. Dil.	2 ʒ
Water suff. to make ad.	12 ʒ

The dose mentioned is one-half a wineglassful. Hornaday calls attention to a probable error in the prescription as given, noting that the dose prescribed would contain a very large amount of quinine, and suggesting that the amount of this drug should probably be 1 ʒ instead of 1 ℥. Curiously enough he fails to note a much more serious matter; namely, that half a wineglassful (say 1 ℥) of the mixture would contain 40 minims of Liquor Strychnæ, *a poisonous dose.*

Our attention was called to this fact when we first had the prescription filled. We therefore reduced the dose, taking a dessertspoonful (say ¼ ℥) estimated to contain 10 minims of Liquor Strychnæ, after each meal, until relief is obtained.

We employed the remedy only when very badly infected with malaria and unable to rid ourselves of it by ordinary means, and the results were most satisfactory.

The error referred to by Hornaday would seem to have been not in the amount of quinine indicated, but in the dose prescribed. It should be clearly borne in mind that 10 minims of Liquor Strychnæ are the maximum dose for persons not accustomed to the drug, and that in employing the prescription as above given great care MUST be exercised or serious results may follow. The dose should not exceed ¼ ℥.

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